The Saturday Evening
POST
October 31, 1959 – 15¢

OCT 26 '59

New Clues To Cancer Cures

By STEVEN M. SPENCER

SAL MINEO

By DEAN JENNINGS

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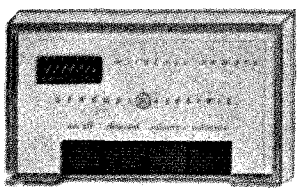
THE THREE BIG **NEWS** IN TELEVISION!

The New Look: as individual as your home, your taste, your purse. A spectrum of styles and finishes, each with General Electric's renowned picture quality. This year, there's triple the sensitivity for distant reception.

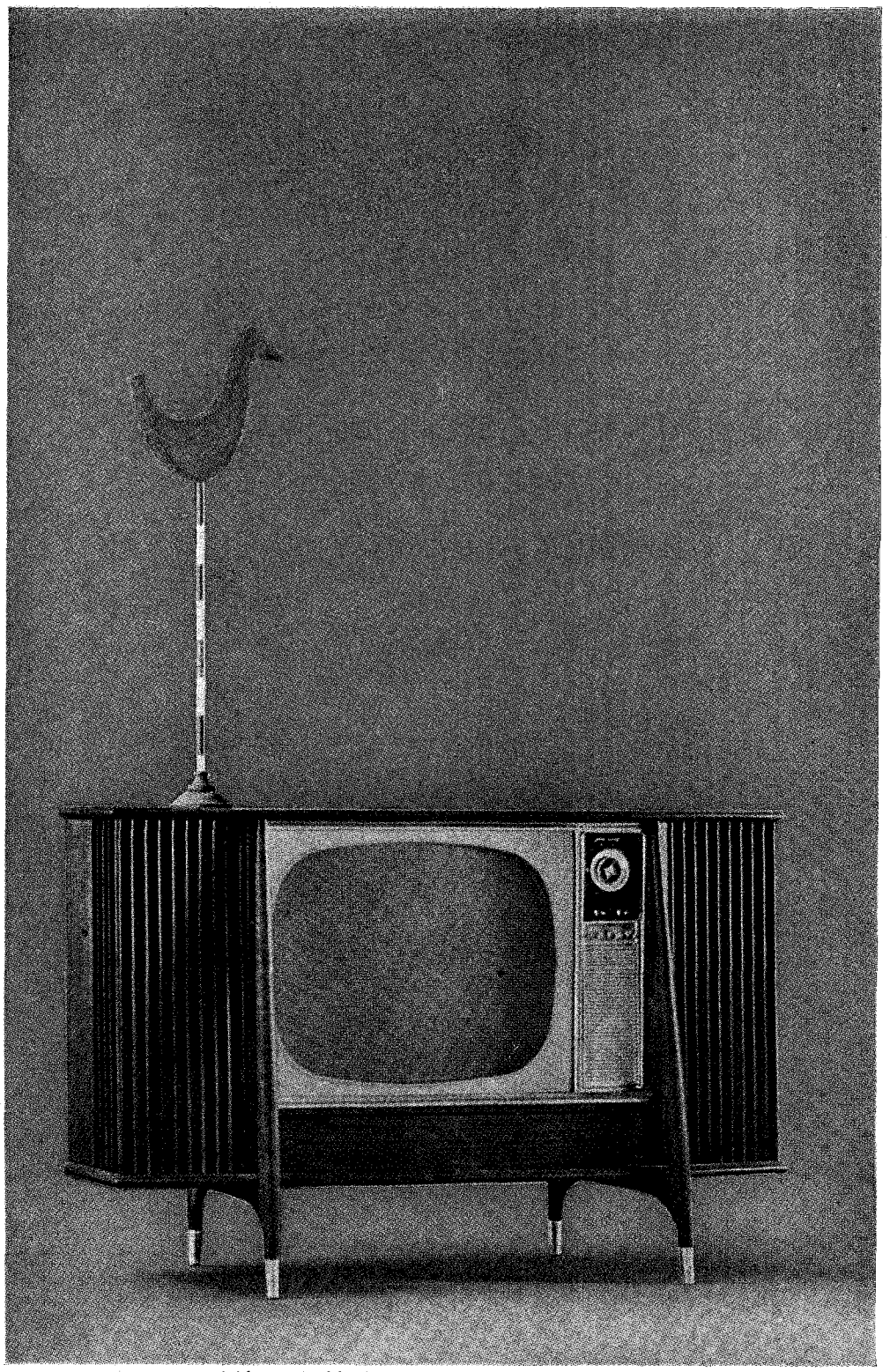
The New Sound: teaming the biggest speaker in TV, a 21 x 9-inch woofer with a high-frequency electrostatic tweeter. It's a Hi-Fi speaker system in itself, or, if you look at it this way, it can be the other half of your stereo set.

The New Control: new Four-way *Wireless* Remote Control not only turns your set on and off and changes channels, but gives you *infinite* command of volume control.

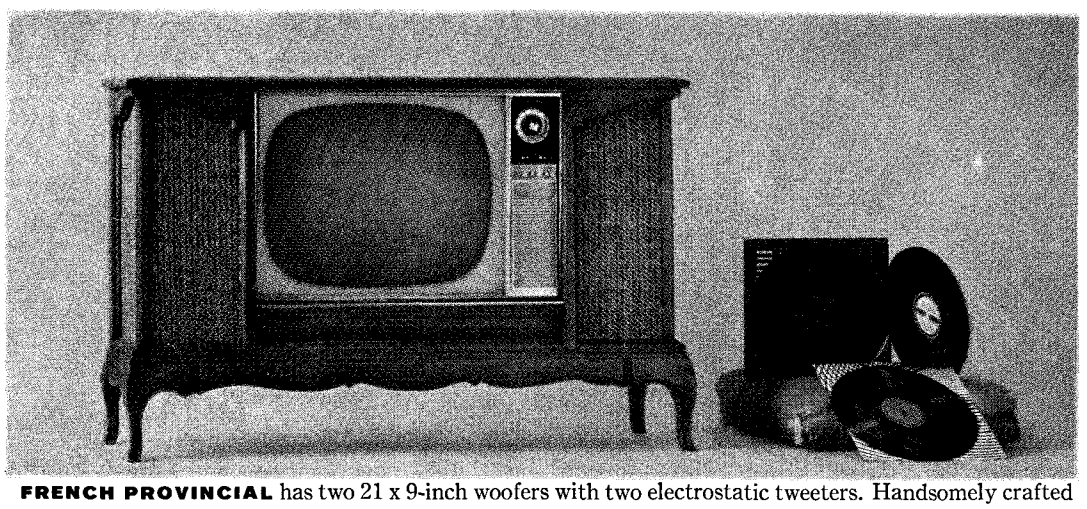
The three big TV News await you at your General Electric dealer's now. General Electric Company, Television Receiver Department, Syracuse, New York.



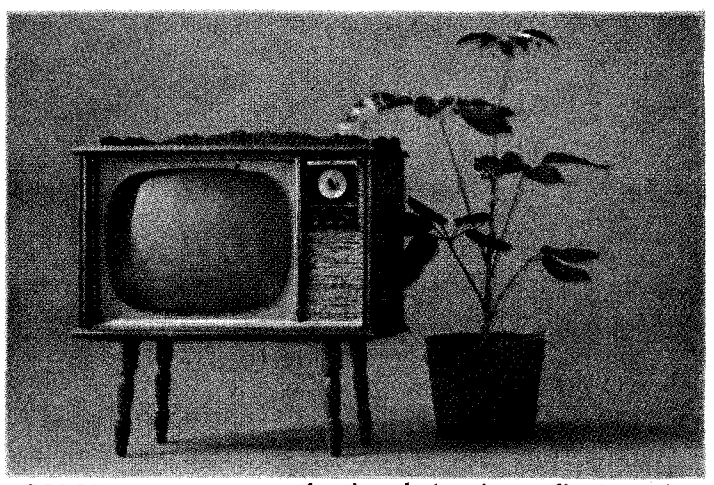
GENERAL ELECTRIC TV 1960 STYLE!



DANISH WALNUT richly worked in fine veneers and solids. *Two* 21 x 9-inch woofers with electrostatic tweeters. Stereo-Phono Jacks. With or without *wireless* remote. All sets shown have 262 sq. inch viewable picture area—21″ overall diagonal tube measurement.



FRENCH PROVINCIAL has two 21 x 9-inch woofers with two electrostatic tweeters. Handsomely crafted in cherry veneers and solids. Stereo-Phono Jacks. With or without Four-way *Wireless* Remote Control.



COLONIAL LO-BOY—authentic early American styling in maple veneers and hardwood solids. 6½-inch speaker. Stereo-Phono Jacks.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Take it from me- Take Bufferin. Greatest thing for headaches I've ever used. It works twice as fast as aspirin for me and it doesn't upset my stomach the way aspirin often does. Try Bufferin once and you'll swear by it.

Arthur Godfrey

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America's most wanted portable ...and no wonder!

MODEL 3055 WITH REMOTE CONTROL 17" overall diagonal measurement screen—155 sq. in. viewable area.

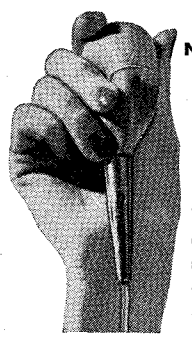
Slimmest, lightest, most compact—priced from $159.95 LIST
MODEL 3049

From the moment you first see Philco Slender Seventeener you'll want one! It's "Brief-Case"-slim, has a smooth-finished back. Comes in smart decorator colors or vinyl-clad leather, black or white alligator finishes.

This famous portable is an outstanding performer. It boasts a powerful "Perma-Circuit"® chassis and 3 stages of I.F. sensitivity that give you a sharper, brighter picture. The exclusive Philco Scan-Tenna handle rotates to bring in the strongest signal.

So wonderful to watch, so easy to carry, you'll take it with you everywhere! See it at your Philco Dealer's now. Philco Slender Seventeener prices start at only $159.95.

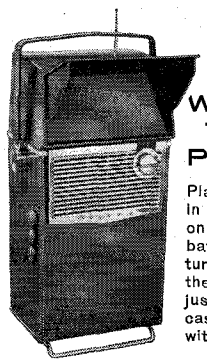
Philco Replacement tubes improve the picture of any make set.



Now enjoy the convenience of built-in

REMOTE CONTROL!

Turns the set on, off—even changes channels with merely a squeeze! Yours at no added cost in many portable models. See it—try it—only Philco Portable TV has it!



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World's First Transistor Portable TV!

Plays anywhere . . . even in brightest sunlight . . . on its own rechargeable battery. Sensational picture, like looking at a theater screen. Weighs just 15½ pounds. Leather case, natural or black with handsome stitching.

SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER SOUTH AND WEST.

PHILCO QUALITY FIRST!

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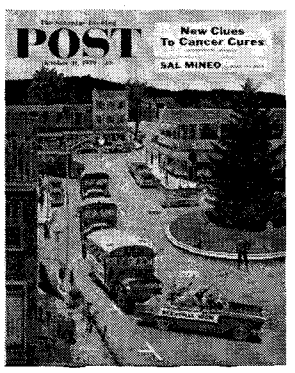

THE COVER

This sportive nation of ours, having survived a summer of baseball hysteria, is now devoting weekends to getting upset about football. Next will arrive basketball, hockey, and so on; then baseball, not to mention golf, tennis and, oh, what else lathers you up? Well, today it seems that Glenville High has invaded a hostile town and taken the big bruisers, 7–0, in their own bailiwick. So now as autumn's premature twilight creeps over the hills, home come the conquerors, proudly preceded by special heroes, including a superhero—No. 33—in a disintegrated jersey. And wow, are they ringing the welkin! Artist Ben Prins, in painting Glenville, made it a composite of five small towns, which poses the question: With all that football talent to choose from, why didn't they win 35–0?

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Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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from the
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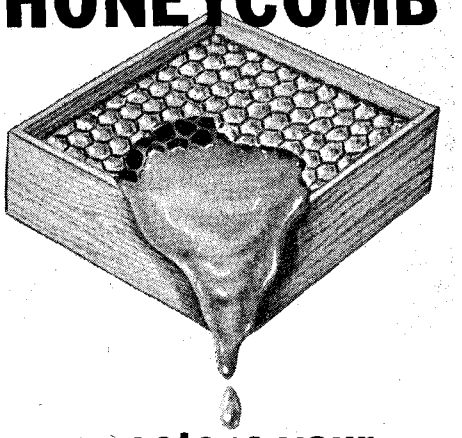
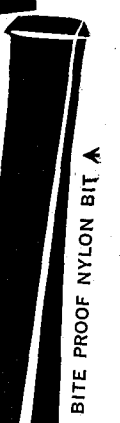


sweetens your

YELLO-BOLE

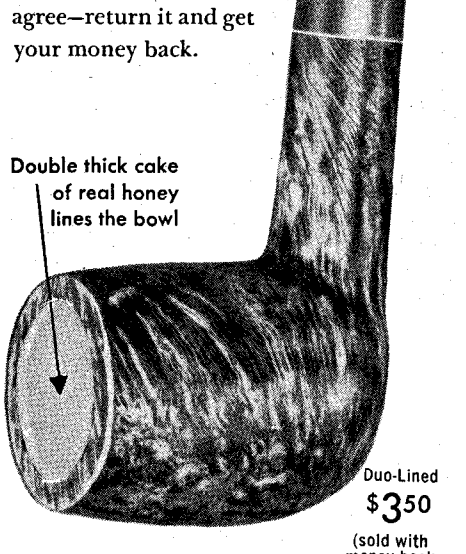


To break in your pipe before you buy it, Yello-Bole lines the imported briar bowl with a thick cake of real honey from the honeycomb. That's why your Yello-Bole starts Honey-Sweet! Smokes Honey-Sweet! Stays Honey-Sweet!

Try new DUO-LINED—Money-back guaranteed

Double lining of honey from the Honeycomb makes Duo-Lined the sweetest pipe you ever smoked. If you don't agree—return it and get your money back.

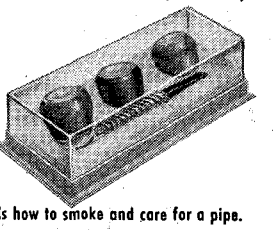
Double thick cake of real honey lines the bowl



Duo-Lined
$3.50
(sold with money-back guarantee)

Other Yello-Bole Pipes and sets, $1.50 to $5.95. Imported briar.

Be sure to see the famous Air-O-Grate "Icepak" with 3 interchangeable bowls, only $5.95.



Send for FREE FOLDER. Tells how to smoke and care for a pipe.
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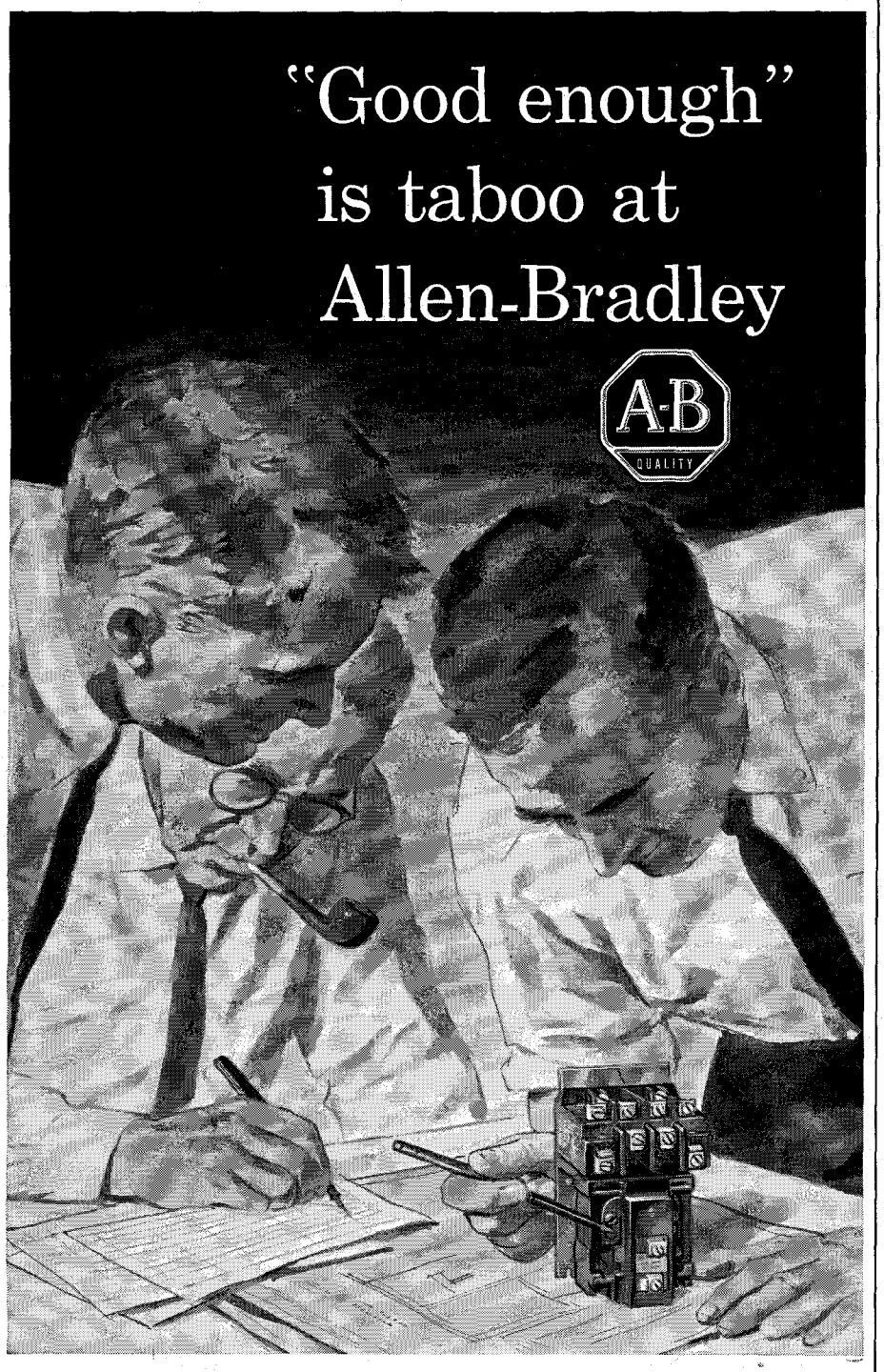
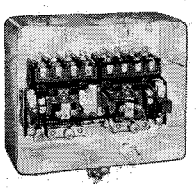
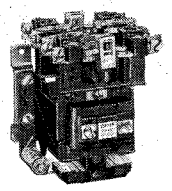


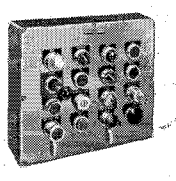
Engineers—trained by customers' demands—make certain Allen-Bradley is the most dependable motor control you can buy

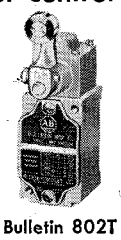
A-B engineers are constantly striving to make the best even better! For example, Allen-Bradley's new industrial relays are a refinement of the relays that, over the years, have produced an outstanding record of customer service. Mechanical life has been increased by many millions of operations. Electrical reliability has been improved many times. The cast coil can be more easily removed—it is a coil that will stand up under any kind of atmospheric conditions. These new relays with their superior features bring you *more* quality than ever before—for the same price!

Allen-Bradley makes a complete line of quality motor control


Bulletin 705
Reversing Switches


Bulletin 700
Control Relays


Bulletin 800T
Control Stations


Bulletin 802T
Limit Switches

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Letters

Strictly From Cubesville

Dear Sirs:

Your article IT ALL STARTED WITH ELVIS [by Ren Grevatt and Merrill Pollack, Sept. 26] was very good as far as it went, but man are you living in prehistoric times. How could you be so cubic as to write an article about rock and roll leaving out Frankie Avalon, Edd (Kookie) Byrnes, Ricky Nelson and the Fabulous Fabian? . . .

Don't be antique.

BARBARA KOHL
Brooklyn, N.Y.

● *Man, didn't you feast your eyes on Frankie, Ricky and Fabian in Pete Martin's Oct. 10 article,* I CALL ON DICK CLARK? —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Fabian . . . is a healthy-looking, clean-cut, all-American gentleman. . . . He does wear his hair long—but so did Mozart and Beethoven.

CAROLINE RIEGEL, *age* 15½
Leicester, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

One of the few articles about rock and roll I have seen which treat it with even a degree of impartiality.

This teen-age music has been greatly misunderstood and underestimated. Its true character is happy, youthful music, not grinding, monotonous beat. . . . As an older teen-ager and a college student, I for one hope rock and roll continues to develop and expand.

BILL BEIK
Haverford College
Haverford, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I wish Elvis could take the credit for beginning rock 'n' roll, but unfortunately he can't. The real credit belongs to Bill Haley and his Comets. They were

Bill Haley: He found the beat.

the first to discover the backslap on the guitar which gives the rock its real beat.

JACK FISH
Bowling Green, Ky.

Dear Sirs:

The Boswell sisters sang *Rock and Roll*—this is the title—on a Brunswick record made in Los Angeles with Jimmie Grier and his orchestra in 1934. . . .

The first real "rock 'n' roll" was made by King Mutt and his Tennessee Thumpers in 1928. Titles were *Nuthouse Stomp, Maxwell Street Stomp, Original Stomp,* etc.

HENRY HENRIKSEN
Minneapolis, Minn.

ARE MEN TIDIER THAN WOMEN?

Dear Sirs:

Re comments on your Sept. 19 cover: . . .

I would . . . be willing to bet the cover comments were written by a man—hence the dig about both ladies taking a tidiness lesson from the dream girls. Have you ever seen a man's desk when his secretary has been away for a week? Have you ever seen a kitchen when the wife has been away for a *day?* Ha!

ELLA EMERY
Memphis, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

Either your artist isn't married or else never did a dish for his wife. No woman would do the pans and skillet before the glasses and dishes.

MRS. NORMAN HENNINGS
Hemingford, Nebr.

● *Right the first time. Cover artist Alajálov is a bachelor, and his maid washes the dishes.* —*ED.*

(Continued on Page 6)

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IMPERIAL CUSTOM FOUR-DOOR SOUTHAMPTON

PROUDEST ACHIEVEMENT OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Craftsmanship is back in style

When you first see Imperial of 1960, you'll likely want to stand back a little . . . to get a full view of its nicely unified design, and to note the fine balance and feeling of movement this unity achieves.

Now, the closer look . . . which tells you this is the car that has brought craftsmanship back to auto making. You can see it in the precise fit of its doors, the smooth inlaying of window frames, the flawless tailoring of its interior . . . the clean, fitted look . . . finished . . . wholly good. No car in three decades has been so patiently put together.

There's also a flattering concern for your comfort. Seat backs eased with six lush inches of foam rubber. Doors are high, broad, so you enter and leave with uncrushed ease. Optional swivel seats now turn untouched as you open the door. Passenger space is long, wide, high so people and their legs and hats have ample room. Even the steering wheel is revised . . . flattened top and bottom so you see clearly over it, slip easily under it. Our exclusive Auto-Pilot is now a much more convenient option.

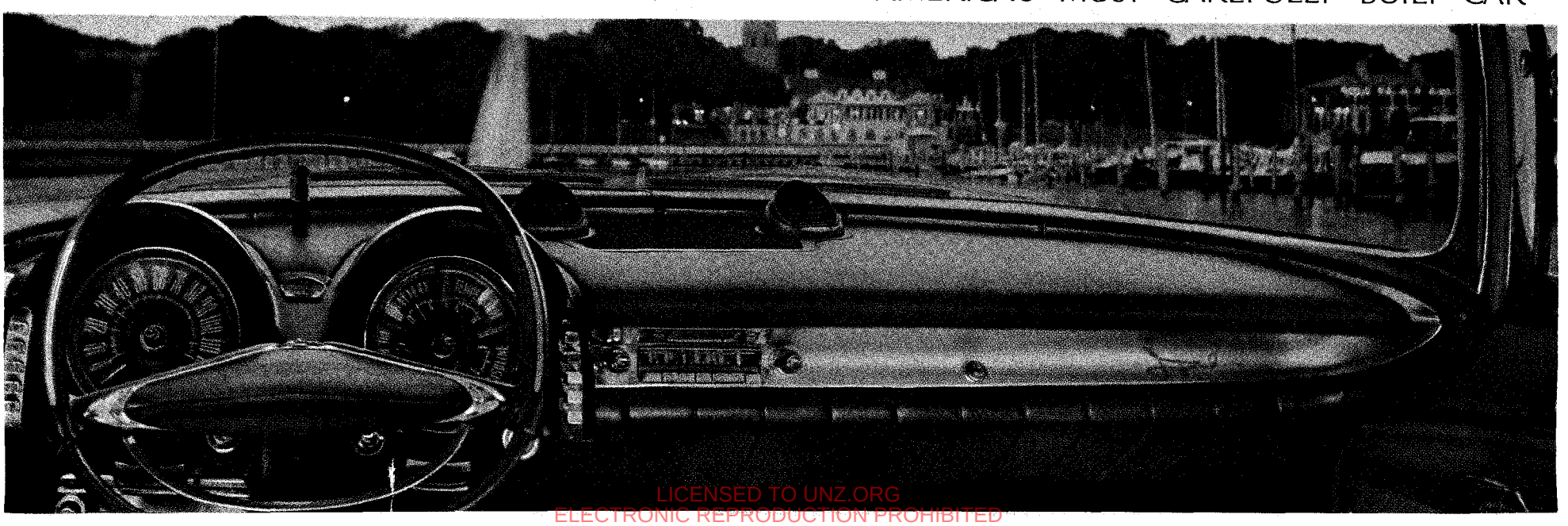
But, important and interesting as all this is . . . the one great fact of Imperial's superiority is the skill with which it is built . . . the thoroughness of its testing.

Compare Imperial critically with any car or cars you know about . . . and discover that craftsmanship, in happy truth, *is* back in style.

the exclusive

IMPERIAL OF 1960

AMERICA'S MOST CAREFULLY BUILT CAR



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'TAVERN' TIME...

time to enjoy America's best Premium Bourbon—every drop a glorious 7 years mellow. And what a happy choice awaits you! There's TAVERN 86 Proof—genial, popular leader in the great new trend to lighter, milder Bourbon enjoyment. It's drawn from the same Premium stocks as the aristocratic 100 Proof Bottled-in-Bond TAVERN—delight of Kentucky Straight Bourbon fanciers for three-score years. Glenmore Distilleries Co., "Where Perfection of Product is Tradition," Louisville, Ky. ©1959

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Blubber

Dear Sirs:

We enjoyed the article by William L. Worden [THE TOWN THAT CAN'T WAIT FOR TOMORROW, Sept. 19] because he has accurately analyzed the economy of Anchorage. But somebody evidently pulled Mr. Worden's flipper, because he wrote of men "who pretend to like *muk-tuk*, the dried meat that the natives once ate when they could get nothing else."

In my almost fourteen years in Alaska I've been privileged to eat *muk-tuk* once—and I like it because it is exceptionally rich in vitamins and tastes like coconut. But *muk-tuk* is not meat and is never dried. It is raw whale, half blubber and half skin.

SANFORD L. DAVIS
Fairbanks, Alaska

Dear Sirs:

I hope all of his quotes were not as biased as that of the Alaskan "schoolman" who said, "These youngsters are smart—smarter than most, and more willing to work. If I have a criticism, it's that they're a little uncouth. Too many of them live in trailers, and it shows." I beg your pardon, but just *how* does it show? Are trailerists' children tall and skinny as compared to short and broad house kids? I take especial exception to that prejudiced statement because it was made by a "schoolman" and because my husband and I are not only teachers but trailerists with children. . . .

I'm sure that the Alaskan "schoolman" will agree with me that travel educates, which may indeed be why his youngsters are "smarter than most."

MRS. RICHARD W. SIMMERS
East St. Louis, Ill.

Underwater Nonsense

Dear Sirs:

Never have I met so many pleasant characters as in Jack Finney's THE U-19's LAST KILL [Aug. 22-Sept. 26]. My curiosity was aroused by the number of smiles and grins, and I went back to the Aug. 22 [installment] and counted twenty-six.

Not so bad. But in the Aug. 29 issue I counted forty-four. A total of seventy. . . . A Cheshire cat or two would complete the picture. Nevertheless it is a right good yarn.

GEORGE R. SEELEY
Lakeland, Fla.

● *We counted ninety-six assorted smiles, grins and laughs in happy Jack Finney's first two chapters.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

Jack Finney should have done more research before sending his submarine crew on such a desperate venture. Episode 5 . . . states that the radio signal from the submarine to the *Queen Mary* said in part, "H.M.S. Submarine *Trident* calling *Queen Mary*." Such a signal would have immediately alerted the radio operator of the *Queen Mary*, not to mention the captain, who would certainly hold a commission in the Royal Naval Reserve. The correct title is H.M. Submarine *Trident*. You cannot say Her Majesty's Ship Submarine *Trident*.

This incident in itself might have doomed the escapade, but the salute to the captain of the *Queen Mary* would have confirmed previous suspicion. The author says, "He saluted, palm outward, British style." That is British military style certainly, but the naval salute is quite different and is made by raising the right hand horizontally to a point just above the right eyebrow with the palm facing down.

Such a pity after all that preparation the plot should fail.

BRYAN DOVE
Hamilton, Bermuda

Remembering Pearl Harbor

Dear Sirs:

Thanks for the excellent article, THINGS THEY WISH THEY HADN'T SAID [by Beverly Smith Jr., Sept. 19]. The reference to the *American Magazine's* "ironic blooper" was, I believe, surpassed by your own article just a short time before Pearl Harbor: IMPREGNABLE PEARL HARBOR.

I kept that article in my desk for years to remind me about the fallibility of man.

FRED G. HARTMAN JR.
Manager, WPDM
Potsdam, N.Y.

● *A good idea. But that article appeared in the June 14, 1941, issue of* Collier's. —ED.

Dear Sirs:

On page 140, Smith stated his [*American Magazine*] article, WE CAN WIN ON BOTH OCEANS, "hit the newsstands a few days *after* Pearl Harbor." Yet on page 142, a picture caption referring to the same article says, "The issue reached the newsstands on December 2, 1941." That was five days *before* Pearl Harbor.

MRS. JAMES DOYLE
Kirkland, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

Is this a "blooper"? If not, what is the right technical term to describe it?

VERNON MCKENZIE
U. of Washington
Seattle, Wash.

● *A superblooper. The caption on p. 142 is correct. Blissfully sleeping at the switch, we neglected to make the text conform.* —ED.

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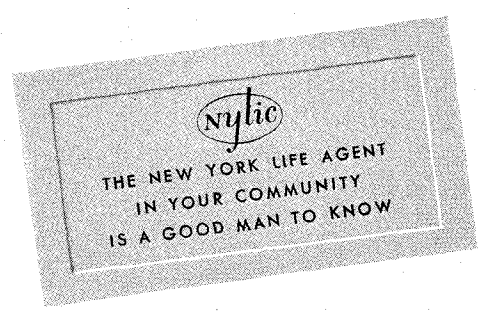

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Editorials

Teachers Find Prisoners Their Most Eager Pupils!

By DR. HARRY A. SNYDER

Harassed teachers in some of the more "difficult" schools in our larger cities must occasionally wish they could have the services of guards to shepherd pupils between the classrooms and to maintain order during the recitation. No such concern was expressed by teachers recently taking part in the educational programs conducted by the Pennsylvania Bureau of Correction. Actually they have found their experiences in teaching prison inmates at least as rewarding as their regular jobs in the public schools.

The difference, according to many teachers with prison teaching experience, is in the attitude of the learners. Said one instructor: "These men are so anxious to learn that every session just clicks and bubbles over with tests, questions, answers and discussions."

In order to avoid conflicts with inmates' day work, a comprehensive evening education program was organized in Pennsylvania last year. To supplement the work of the institution staff, teachers from public schools near the commonwealth's seven correctional institutions have been recruited to teach arithmetic, spelling, history, biology, art, printing, civics, reading and a number of vocational subjects. Twenty-nine of these "outside" teachers have been employed to work with the eleven institutional teachers, and the early returns are more than encouraging. Of the total prison population of about 8000, some 1000 were enrolled in each of the two evening terms.

Following accepted prison procedure, guards controlled the movement of the prisoner-pupils to and from the cell blocks and patrolled the corridors while the classes were in session. But the possibility of trouble seems not to have entered the heads of our outside teachers. Most of them expressed the view that teaching in a prison wasn't so very different from teaching anywhere else.

Teachers from suburban districts generally described the attitudes of their prison classes as equal to or better than that of the majority of their own, regular classes, but not the equivalent of the upper sections. Teachers from the cosmopolitan districts of Pittsburgh and Philadelphia not infrequently used the term "superior" to describe the prison group. All the teachers were pleased with the lack of any need for classroom discipline. Many of them reported a surprising willingness to do "homework," with frequent requests for additional lesson assignments for cell study. After all, homework in a prison cell is less likely to be interrupted than in the average home.

Progress was reported in all subjects offered—elementary, secondary and apprentice training. Interest, however, seemed to predominate in mathematics and science. An instructor in English was pleasantly surprised to find several of his pupils embarked on a "great books" reading series. In an institution for defective delinquents, 230 inmates made appreciable and measurable progress. One carefully selected class was conducted on the junior-high-school level. Perhaps we need some new evaluation of the term "defective."

The teachers believe that the by-products of the program have been almost as important to their pupils as the learning itself. After all, the average inmate of a Pennsylvania prison has completed only the seventh grade. The revelation that self-improvement is possible engenders pride in men who haven't had much to be proud of. They associate with others in a new and challenging experience. Indeed, the prodigious task of qualifying men to return to society as assets, not liabilities, appears to be less insurmountable because of this program.

Doctor Snyder is the educational-program specialist in charge of Pennsylvania's educational program in the state's prisons. Prior to this position he was director of Veterans and Extension Education, Pittsburgh Public Schools; and producer, TV Adult School of the Air. —THE EDITORS

We Must Not Permit Our Good Relations With Canada to Drift Into a Grouch

For almost 150 years there has been no armed conflict between the United States and Canada, and as President Eisenhower said at the dedication of the St. Lawrence Seaway, they furnish "a magnificent symbol of how democratic nations can work together." Boundary disputes have been settled; vast river resources have been developed on a co-operative basis; the soldiers of both countries have fought three times together, and defense has been closely co-ordinated. Reciprocal trade is larger than between any other two countries. Canada not only is our best customer but is vital to our plans of defense.

Unfortunately these fundamental reasons for mutual friendliness do not automatically produce smooth relations. The House of Representatives Committee on Foreign Affairs, in its timely report of its Special Study Mission to Canada, says that "the friendship has been subjected in the past few years to ever-increasing strains, and there has been a rising tide of resentment against the United States on the other side of the border." The report adds that, while one hears "protestations of continued affection, anti-United States sentiment is nevertheless widespread."

Why do Canadians harbor irritation and apprehension in regard to the United States? One explanation involves early education. Very little emphasis has been laid in the education of American children upon the early efforts of this country to annex Canada, and the attempt of the leaders of the American Revolution to include Canada in the revolt against the crown. Montreal was occupied by colonial troops, and Quebec invested. The attempt to make Canada part of the United States failed then, as it did later in the War of 1812. For nearly a century the idea of annexation has been dead. But this earlier history has not been forgotten by the descendants of the loyalists who fled to Canada during the American Revolution.

Canadians no longer fear political absorption, but they are apprehensive of outside economic domination. Our vast investment in Canadian industry and the more than 5000 subsidiaries of American corporations operating there make it inevitable that many Canadians would see external economic influence conflicting with their own surging nationalism. Our limitation of imports of oil and our policies on the disposal of agricultural surpluses do not improve matters.

But the roots of anti-Americanism seem to be psychological rather than economic. "Each problem exists not in isolation," says the report of the Study Mission, "but in the pervading context of an intense Canadian desire for constant recognition of its separate national identity. In each case it might generally be said that an apparent attitude of bland indifference by the United States has been a source of greater irritation than the economic facts and policies themselves."

Rightly or wrongly Canadians feel they know far more about the United States than we know about them and, what is worse, that Americans do not want to learn. A Canadian student at Columbia University recently wrote a New York newspaper that she was asked if there was electricity in Canada, if she carried a gun to ward off Indians and if she lived in a log cabin.

But indifference is an even deeper irritant than ignorance. "We want you to notice us. We do not want to be taken for granted," Gordon Churchill, Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce, told the New York Economic Club in a recent address. Senator Mansfield of Montana, after listening to a thoughtful speech on Canadian-American relations by Senator Aiken of Vermont on June 25, 1958, said that it was the first major speech on the subject he had heard in the sixteen years he had been in Congress.

With a country as large as ours, with several provinces larger than Texas, with its rapid increase in population and its fantastic development of natural resources, Canadians are proud and perhaps too touchy at being overlooked. Perhaps we are a little touchy too. Some of that "anti-Americanism" may be pro-Canadianism on the other side of the border. Prime Minister Diefenbaker was right when he said that our relations "require constructive and continuous consideration."

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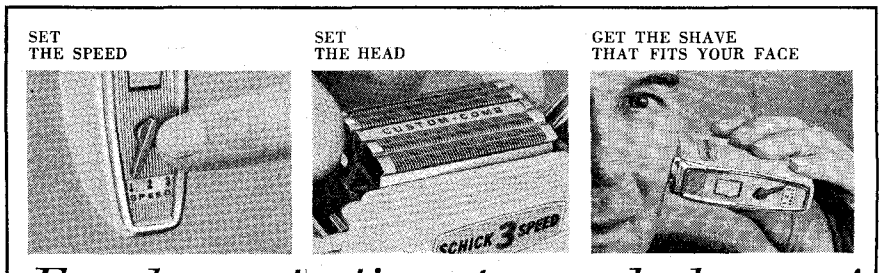

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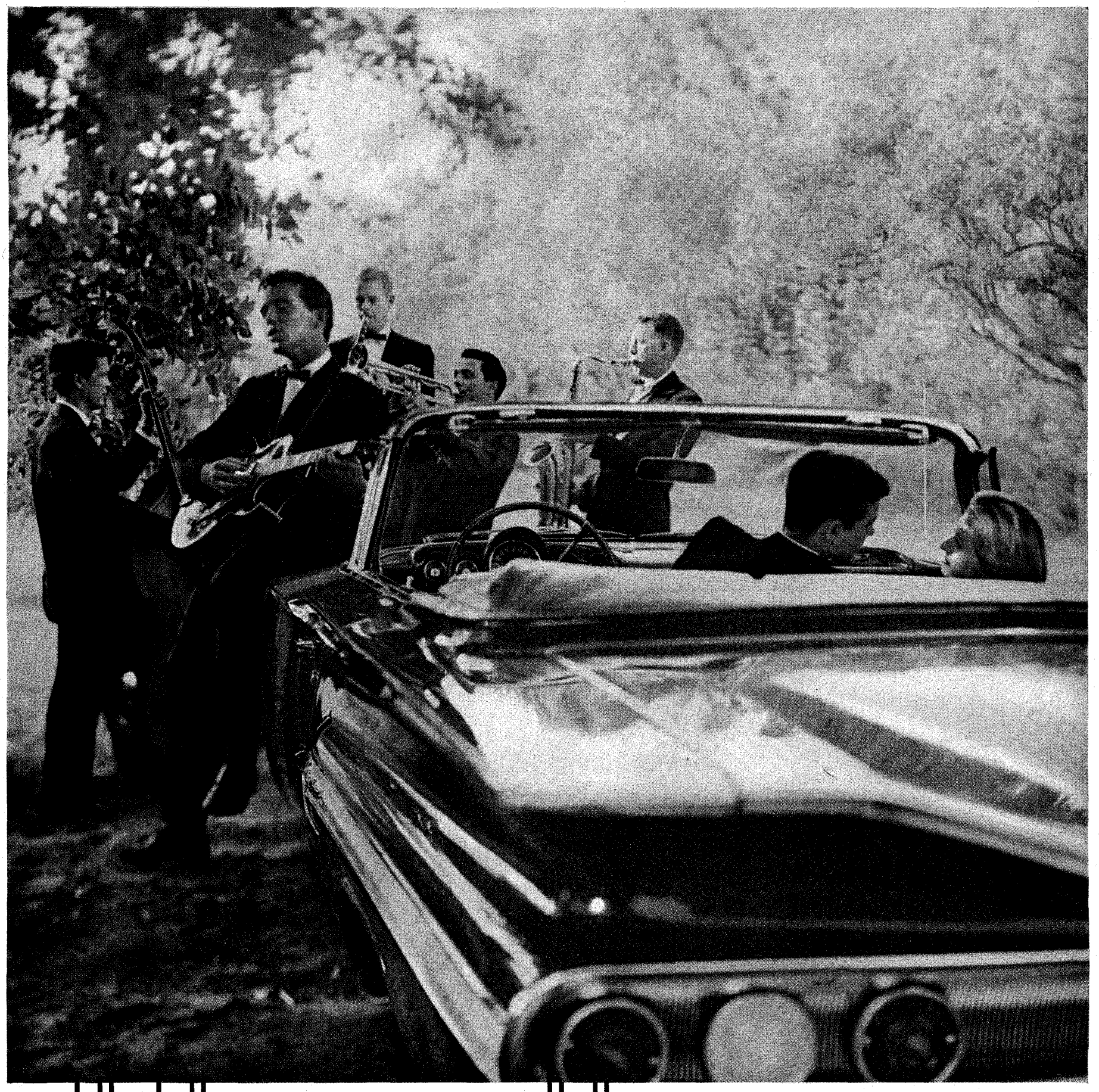

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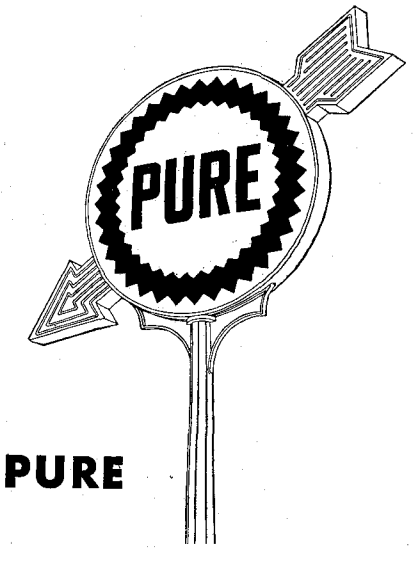

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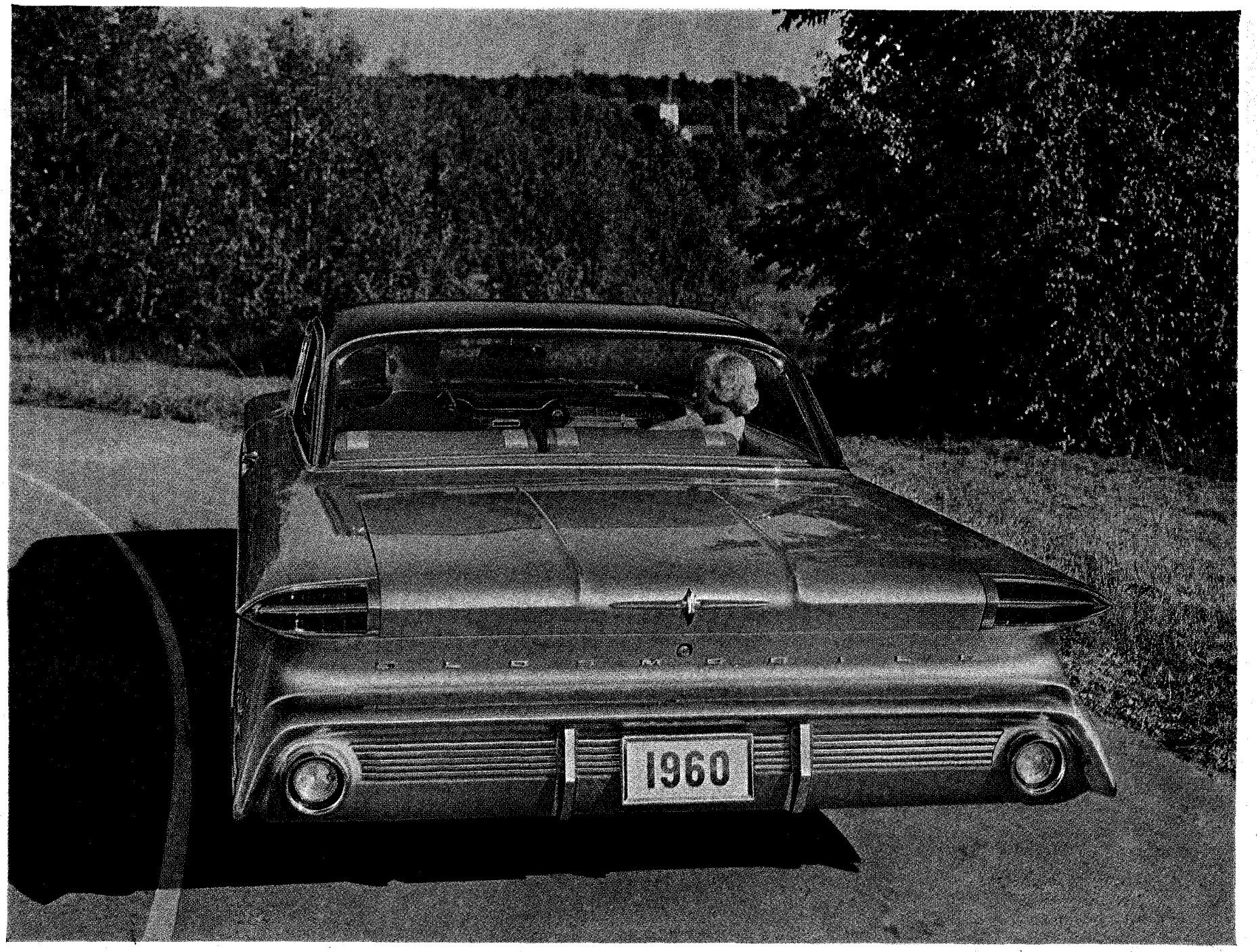

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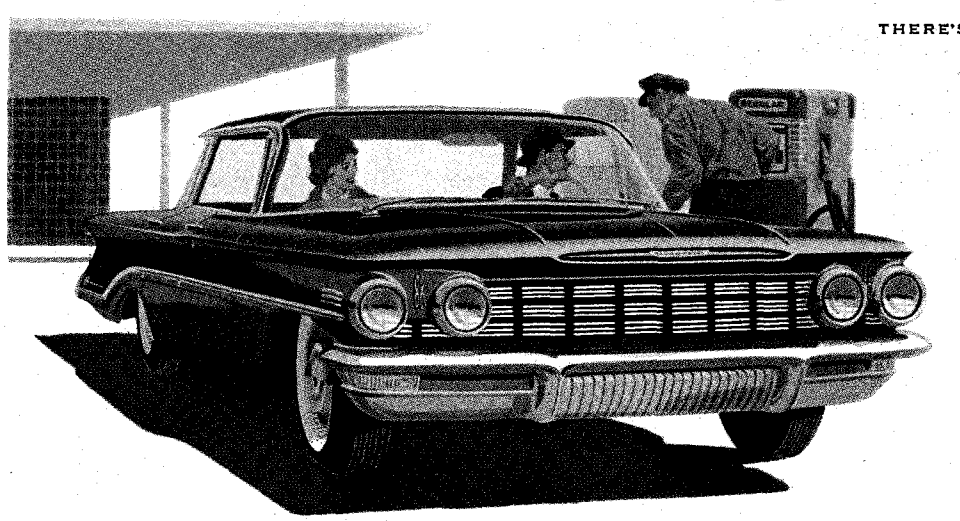

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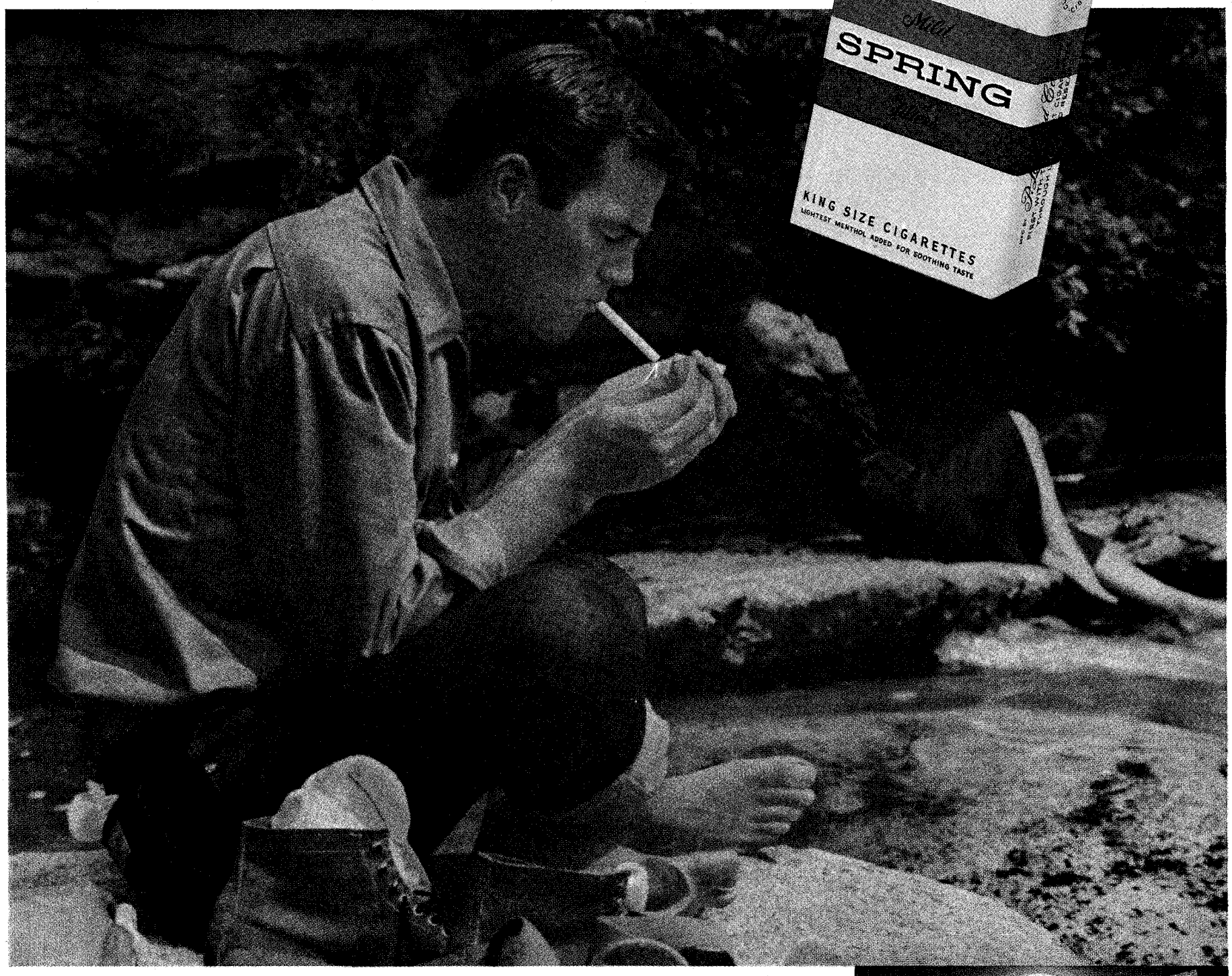

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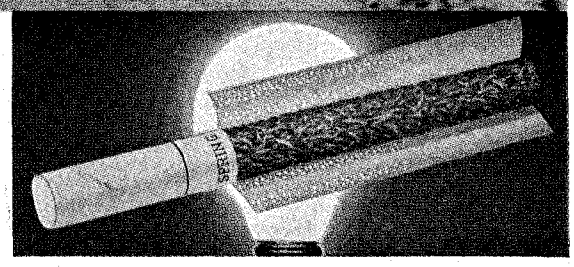

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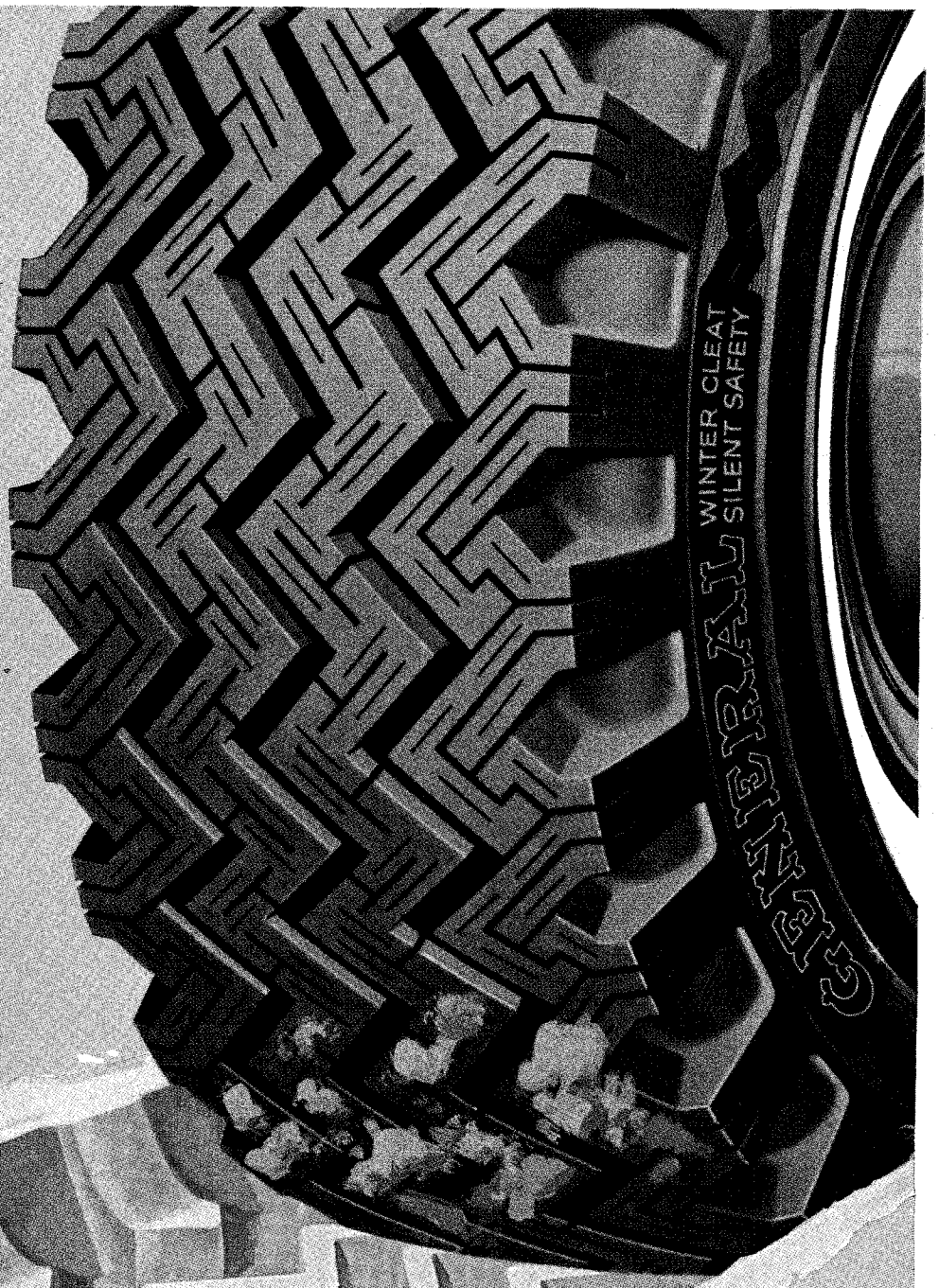

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The Saturday Evening POST
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New Clues in the Search for Cancer Cures

In a massive effort to find an effective weapon against cancer, American scientists are screening 40,000 chemicals a year from every corner of the world.

By Steven M. Spencer

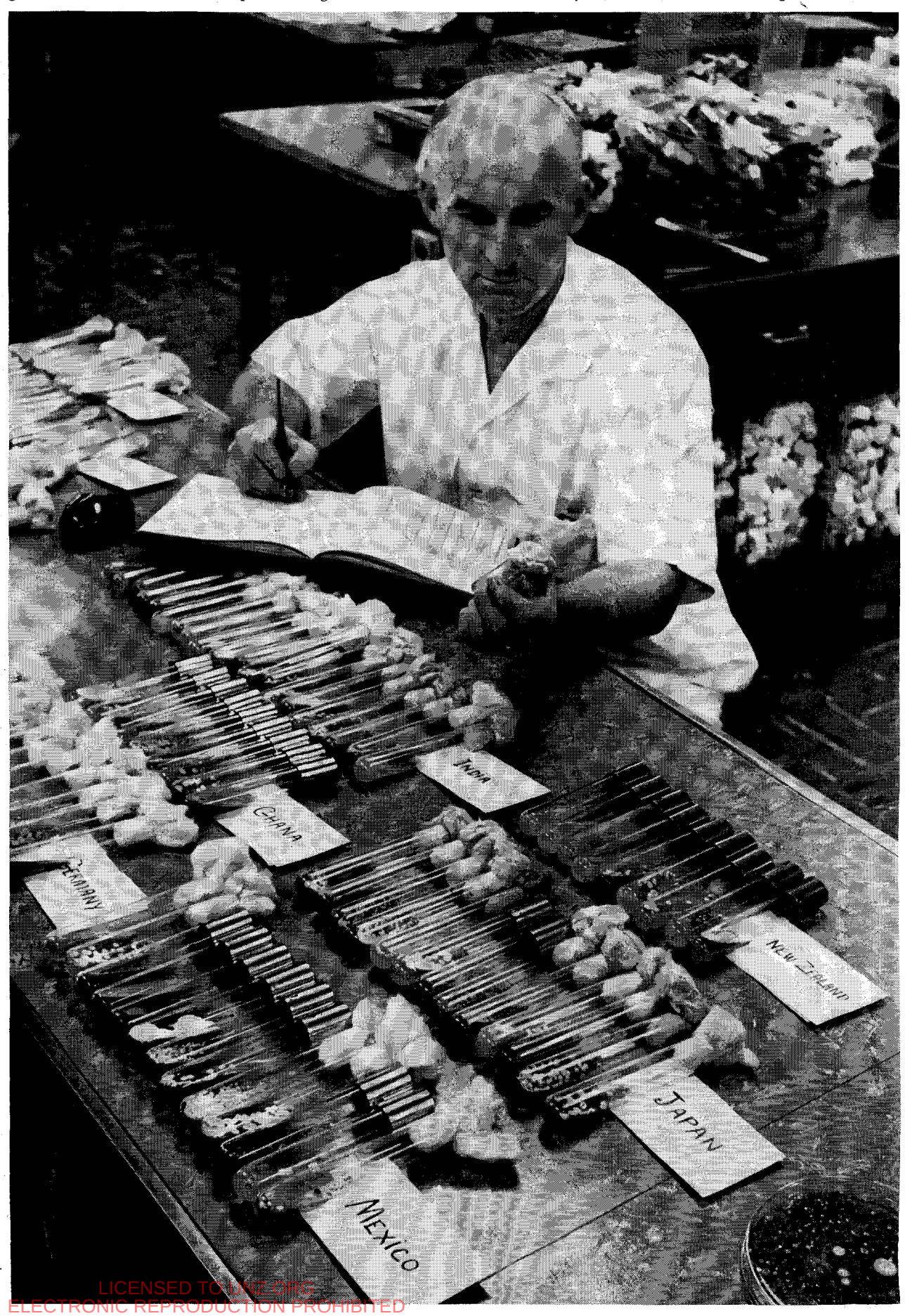
Today's search for cancer cures follows many strange paths, and not all of them start in the laboratory. One begins, for example, in a sun-drenched village of Thailand, where an American tourist stops by the roadside, takes out a plastic spoon, digs up a bit of earth and puts it into a small vial. After making a note on the label he sticks the bottle into his pocket and walks on. A half mile farther down the road, in a grove of trees, he spoons up another sample of dirt, puts it into another vial.

A missionary doctor in French West Africa, returning from a bush clinic, pauses to make a similar collection. And the same procedure is followed by a hardware salesman in India, a rancher in Australia, a vacationing schoolteacher in Greece, a student hitchhiking through the British Isles.

More than 500 of the soil samples, sent by collectors all over the globe, arrive each week at a research laboratory of Charles Pfizer and Company in Maywood, New Jersey. Hundreds more—some in plastic bags instead of bottles—are received by several other pharmaceutical firms in what has become the biggest treasure hunt in medical history. The hunt is for chemicals that will halt the growth of cancer. Several have already been found

Whenever she walks her Dalmatian, Ina Radziminska of the Hoffmann-LaRoche Laboratories at Nutley, New Jersey, gathers soil specimens for testing. In such samples scientists hope they may eventually find a remedy for cancer.

At the Pfizer Company's laboratories in Maywood, New Jersey, microbiologist William S. Marsh records cultures grown in a collection of soil samples. Among his soil-culture discoveries is viomycin, an antituberculosis drug.



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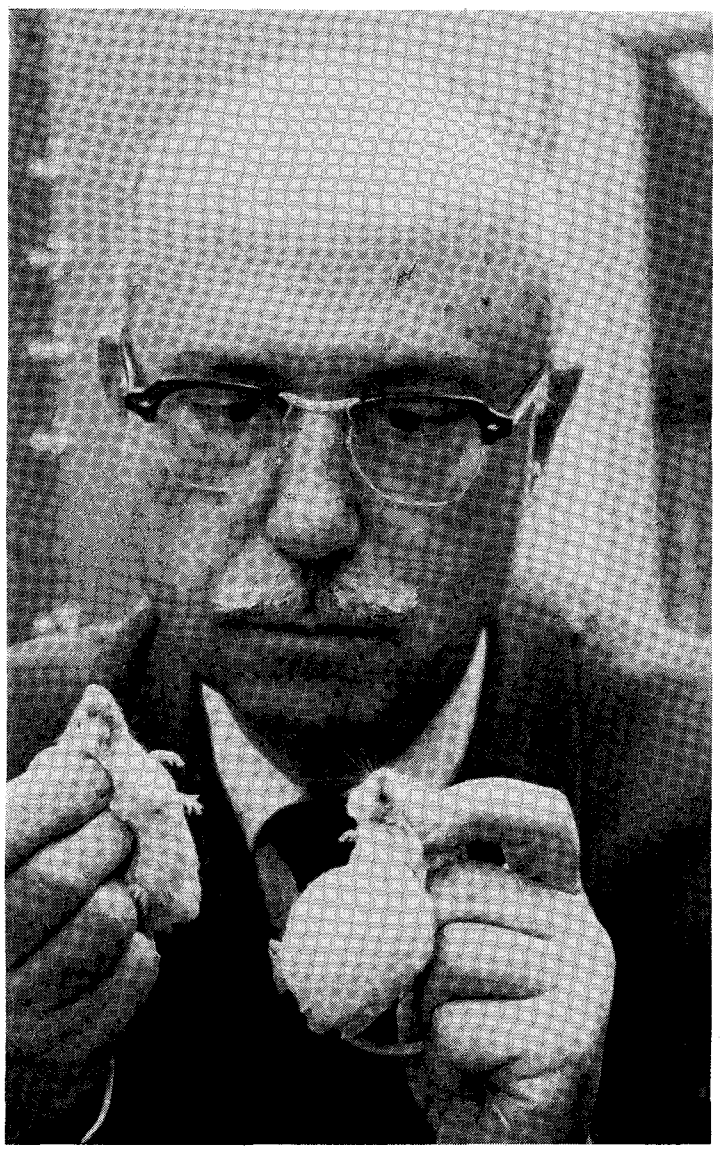
which do this temporarily, and a few of the effective compounds were derived from soil microbes similar to those which gave us our antibiotics.

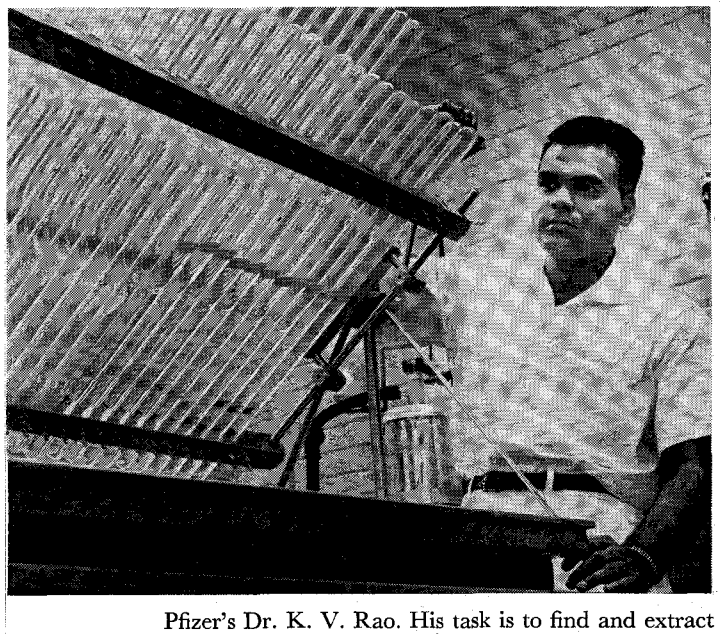
It will be recalled that Fleming's penicillin came from a vagrant mold that landed in a laboratory culture of staphylococcus germs. Dubos' tyrothricin was produced by a bacillus in a handful of earth from a South Jersey cranberry bog. Burkholder's chloramphenicol came from a mulched field in Caracas, Venezuela; Duggar's aureomycin from a Missouri barnyard, Waksman's streptomycin from the gizzard of a sick New Jersey chicken.

Nothing has been turned up yet that will hit cancer as hard as penicillin and the other antibiotics hit infections. But the goal is so important, and the universe of soil organisms so vast and varied, that thorough exploration of the teeming microbial populations beneath our feet is considered well worth the effort.

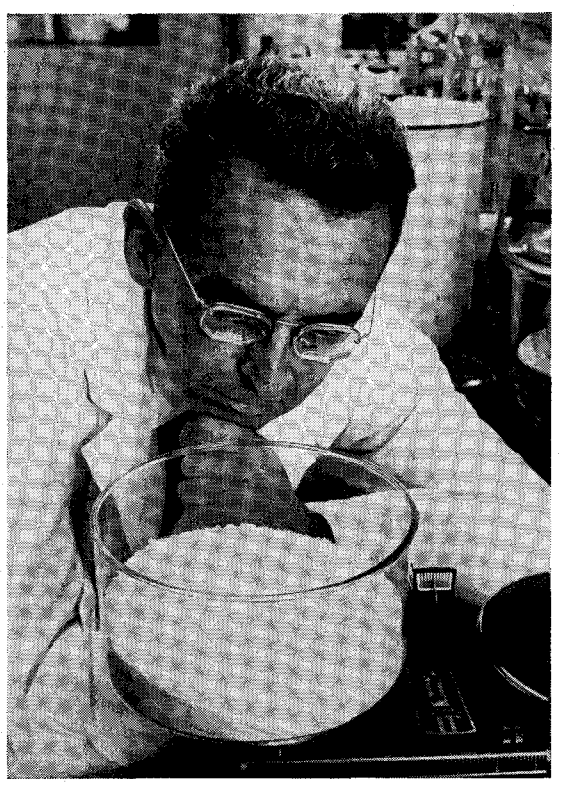
The specific target is the vast number of cancers that surgery and X ray cannot cure. In the United States the American Cancer Society racks up the score like this: 450,000 persons will become new cancer patients during 1959. A third of them, or 150,000, will be saved by surgery and radiation. Another 75,000 could be saved but will not be, because treatment will be applied too late or inadequately. This leaves 225,000 whose cancers are so resistant or so widely disseminated that the surgeons and radiologists are helpless. These individuals are marked for certain death unless new and more powerful therapeutics are found. "For these, the greatest hope," in the opinion of Dr. John R. Heller, director of the National Cancer Institute, "lies in chemotherapy—treatment with drugs that can reach and destroy malignant cells wherever they may be in the body."



Dr. Murray Shear, a pioneer chemotherapist. He is holding a pair of laboratory mice, one with no tumor (left) and one with an implanted tumor.



Pfizer's Dr. K. V. Rao. His task is to find and extract the active antitumor agent from the crude broth made out of soil-sample cultures.



Dr. Robert Duschinsky with 5-fluoro-2'deoxyuridine, a compound he helped synthesize, which has checked cancer growth in some cases. The single pound of it above is worth $12,000.

Not only soil samples but thousands of synthetic compounds and hormone preparations are being examined in this treasure hunt, known officially as the National Chemotherapy Screening Program. Now in its sixth and most active year, the project is financed by Federal funds totaling $23,000,000 in fiscal 1959. It is conducted as part of the National Cancer Institute's $75,000,000 operation, and the work is co-ordinated by a Cancer Chemotherapy National Service Center located at Silver Spring, Maryland. Most of the actual screening is done outside of Government institutes, however. Approximately 1000 scientists and physicians in research laboratories and hospitals all over the country—and a few abroad—are participating in what has been called "the largest peacetime program of voluntary research co-operation in a specific field."

More than 75,000 different compounds have already been tested on animal cancers, and the screening is now proceeding at a rate of about 40,000 chemicals a year. It should be pointed out that no one expects to find many needles in this vast chemical haystack. Dr. Stuart A. Sessoms, thirty-eight-year-old director of the chemotherapy program, says not more than one or two of every 1000 chemicals screened turns out to be worth a try in human patients. But this is no cause for discouragement. In the search for antibiotics, fifty-five scientists of the Pfizer Company, to cite just one example, spent several years and more than $4,000,000 before they came up with terramycin, and they considered the time and money well spent.

In the cancer program twenty chemicals have already been found which exert a temporary restraining effect on some thirty forms of malignancy. Ninety more are undergoing clinical test in 150 hospitals, with results ranging from slight palliation to complete, though probably not permanent, disappearance of tumors in a few patients. From this evidence many investigators are encouraged to believe that even more potent medicines will in time be picked up by the gigantic chemical and biological screen.

This is admittedly a program of "engineered" research, a highly organized but still empirical approach to the most complex of our major diseases. Each chemical is put through three stages of rigidly prescribed and controlled testing, moving on to the next stage only if it has "passed" the preceding one. The first phase is a series of tests on three types of mouse tumors; the second, a more intensive study involving tumors in rats and other animals, and the third is a careful determination of the drug's toxic effects and—if it appears safe—its trial in human patients.

The plan was initiated under the pressure of Congress, which had been impressed by testimony of some of the pioneers in cancer chemotherapy. Many other scientists have not been convinced that mass screening is the best way to tackle the cancer problem. They have objected to the engineering aspects, just as they objected to the large-scale screening for antimalarials during and after World War II. Yet the malaria project sifted from 17,000 compounds a number which have proved highly effective in preventing and treating this world-wide infectious disease.

Chemical cancer medicines have always had to buck strong opposition from the conservative element in the medical profession. This is understandable, for in the early days the field was pre-empted by the quacks, with their corrosive salves and useless snake-oil remedies. It took real courage for a reputable scientist to follow a chemical gleam when he saw one. Among the first of the modern chemotherapists, a man who stood virtually alone for many years,

(Continued on Page 56)

Photographs by Larry Keighley

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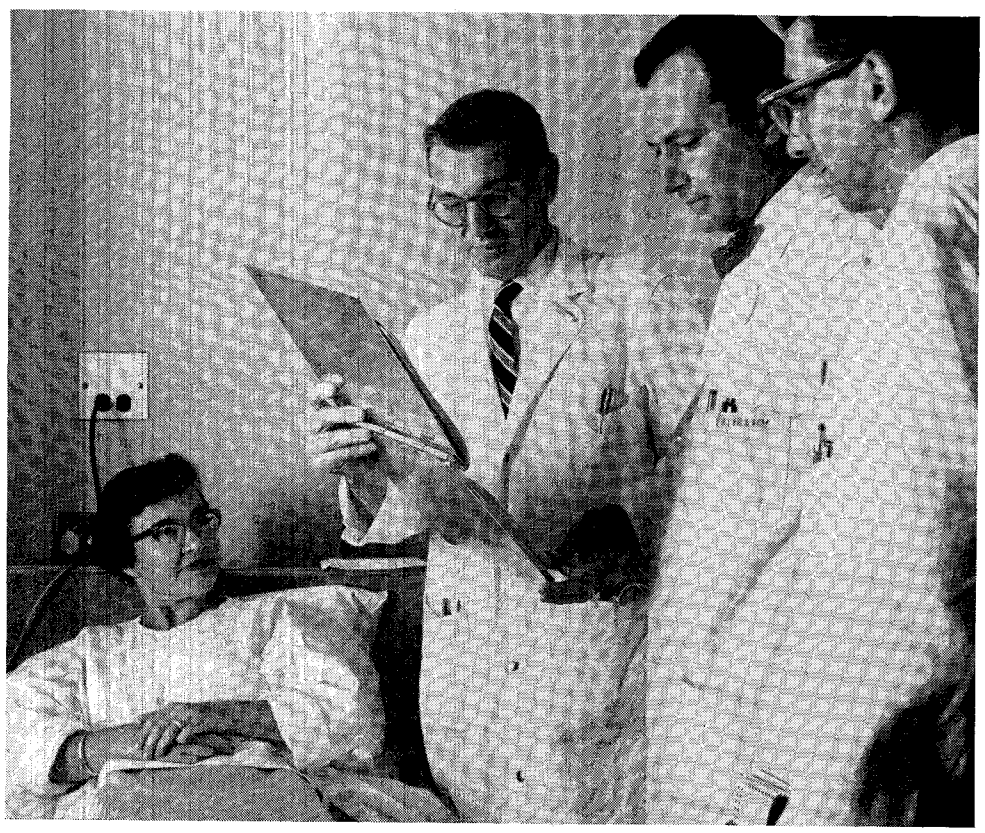
Children's Cancer Research Foundation, Boston. Dr. Sidney Farber and a five-year-old patient suffering from cancer of the kidney. He is treating her with actinomycin D.



Dr. Charles Zubrod (center) and associates of the National Institutes of Health, Bethesda, Md., with cancer patient Elaine Kendzie. She is receiving chemotherapy.

New drugs helped prolong the life of three-year-old Kathy Cappelli, a leukemia victim. Her story is told at the end of this article.

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A strange figure in nun's habit turned the old manor into a place of terror.

Too Many Ghosts

Beginning a serial of suspense by PAUL GALLICO.

There was no doubt whatsoever as to the agitation and urgency of the distinguished-looking gentleman asking to see Mr. Alexander Hero, psychical researcher and ghost breaker extraordinary. Mrs. Harris, Hero's daily woman, having admitted him to the library sitting room of the neat white-washed house at 88a Eaton Mews North, near London's fashionable Eaton Square, went scuffing and flapping off to the laboratory at the back, impressed by the stern and martial good looks of the visitor, as well as pleasantly excited at the excuse to poke her nose into forbidden territory.

In the laboratory a tall, slender young man, wearing a long, white linen coat, was standing in the midst of a tangle of gadgetry, mostly of his own devising. He was watching with disbelief an oscillating needle on a dial, and at the same time trying to keep an eye on a boiling flask. He had an engaging appearance, characterized by an unruly mop of light brown hair, which had a way of gathering itself like a cockscomb over the top of his brow, a mouth that was easily mobile and an extraordinarily stubborn chin. He did not even bother to turn around when he heard the scuff of Mrs. Harris' musical-comedy shoes, but merely called out, "Hoy there! Out of bounds! Shut the door; there's a good girl."

Mrs. Harris stood her ground. "Oh, go on with you," she said. "There's a 'andsome gentleman here to see you. He said it was very urgent."

Alexander Hero called out, "Eh, what's that? Come in or stay out, will you? You're making a draft."

Mrs. Harris said, "You said I wasn't never to come in."

Hero said, "Well, you may now." He removed the Bunsen burner from beneath a flask and turned around, grinning at her. His eyes were intelligent and full of humor, and he had the large family nose of the Huguenot Heureuxes, the name Hero being an Anglicization, which had always kept the men of that line from being prettily handsome, but had not interfered with their being devilishly attractive. "Now," he said, "let's have it from the beginning."

Mrs. Harris gazed upon him fondly and unabashed. "Coo," she said. "What a stink! He said his name was Sir Richard Locker-

"Once my investigation is begun, it must be carried through to the finish, no matter how unpleasant it may turn out," Hero said.

something, and 'e come from some place sounded like Paradise 'all. 'E don't 'alf seem to have the wind up. You'd better see him, ducks."

The young man said, half to himself, "That's odd—if it is Sir Richard Lockerie, he doesn't live at Paradine Hall." He flipped a switch, turned out the Bunsen burner and wiped his hands on a piece of chemical-stained toweling. He located his brier and, clutching it between his teeth, trailed Mrs. Harris to the library, where he found his visitor nervously pacing.

Hero said, "How do you do, Sir Richard; it has been a long time since I have had the pleasure." A look of intense relief spread itself over the features of the visitor. Soldiering had left its mark upon Sir Richard Lockerie. He had the clipped mustache, piercing eyes and military air. He had commanded armor during the war.

"By Jove, Hero," he said, "I am fortunate to find you. I should have telephoned, but I have come straight from Paradine Hall."

"Ow, I must of got it mixed," said Mrs. Harris, who had ensconced herself comfortably in the middle of the doorway. "I thought you said Paradise."

Mr. Hero went to her and turned her gently about, "Go away, love," he said. "I'll tell you all about it later."

The apple-cheeked char with the naughty eyes grinned wickedly and said, "You'd better just," and flapped off.

Hero turned to his visitor and said, "Sorry! Of course one can't do without them. Please sit down, sir. It was at Cambridge wasn't it? We were mightily impressed at you chaps coming back after six years of war to take refresher courses."

Sir Richard said, "I remember being rather impressed myself by an extraordinary bit of work you did while I was there. You surely saved old Grantham's life. As a matter of fact, that is why I looked you up and came to you." The baronet suddenly became agitated again; he arose, lighted a cigarette, went to one of the bookshelves, then to the window before returning to face the younger man. "Look here," he said. "I feel like a bloody fool."

Hero said, "You needn't, sir. Most people of sane and common sense do when they think they have seen something."

"We are haunted down at the Hall," Sir Richard suddenly blurted. "Nastily and visibly haunted. There has been a filthy attack on a young girl. If she weren't the pluckiest thing in the world, it might have killed her. Something's got loose there. The place is turning into a hell. I would have thought they were all mad, and telling the wildest and most fanciful of tales—Isobel, Beth, Susan and all of them. I simply should not have believed it—only I saw it with my own eyes. I am not a fool, Hero, and I don't think I am a coward. I have been through a lot—but I am a badly shaken man."

"What was it you saw?" Hero asked.

"Last night at dinner at Paradine Hall, a chair that moved by itself; candles, dozens of them, that extinguished themselves suddenly, one after the other; a dead rabbit that materialized out of nowhere; and in the minstrel's gallery the figure of a nun. We all saw it; but afterward there wasn't anybody there."

"Oh, yes," Hero said, "the nun, to be sure." He went to the bookshelf and took down a volume titled *Ghosts and Ghostly Legends of Old Norfolk*, opened it to a chapter headed "The Phantom Nun of Paradine Hall," and showed it to Sir Richard. "It's a well-known legend."

Sir Richard looked down at the book and for a moment

(Continued on Page 72)

© 1959 by Paul Gallico

Illustrated by Edwin Georgi

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THE BOY CALLED SAL

By DEAN JENNINGS

Twenty-year-old actor Sal Mineo, who once fought in the streets of the Bronx, now has many thousands of adoring fans who enable him to make $300,000 a year out of movies and records.

Mr. Terrence O'Flaherty, the influential television critic of the *San Francisco Chronicle* who often writes with a blowtorch, recently got a Hollywood communiqué that for him fogged up an otherwise pleasant day. This bulletin informed O'Flaherty that twenty-year-old actor Sal Mineo had been signed to star in a remake of *The Pagan*, a steaming South Seas idyl that had the ladies swooning over a Latin lover named Ramon Novarro back in 1929. O'Flaherty heated up his blaster and wrote:

It will come as a shock to learn that Hollywood is remaking this torrid tropical tale starring (brace yourself) Sal Mineo, the baby-faced hero of the popcorn set, who was last seen on television as a rock-'n'-roll crooner.

The casting points up an interesting switch in Hollywood's changing concepts of male beauty. It is

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also a comment on the age level of today's moviegoing public. Gone is the classic Greek profile with body attached. In its place we have the moonfaced teen-ager with the Pablum personality.

The column went to press, and the roof fell in shortly afterward. The Sal Mineo Fan Clubs far and wide—and more about them later—cried out in fury, and O'Flaherty was figuratively lynched, shot or burned at the stake. One Mineo disciple suggested an even worse fate—that O'Flaherty be sentenced to a lifetime of watching nothing but the late, late shows starring Gary Cooper or Clark Gable.

Temporarily retreating from the salvo of mail, O'Flaherty found himself abashed and mystified at the enormity of his crime. Actually he need not have been surprised. The American teen-ager, with an estimated spending power of $9,000,000,000 a year, is the new and dominating force in the world of entertainment. With millions of adults staying home nights to gape at their television screens, the movie theaters are filling up with youngsters in the thirteen-to-nineteen age bracket. They, in turn, have created a whole new class of movie stars who, like themselves, have more or less just learned the art of shaving or daubing on lipstick.

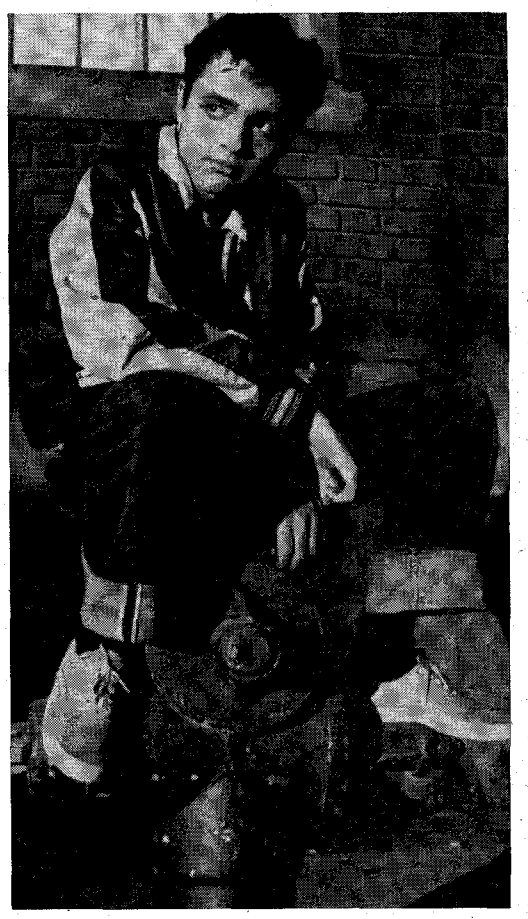
The current crop of young stars—and their teen-aged followers can make or break them with deadly certainty—includes Elvis Presley, Fabian, Frankie Avalon, Bobby Darin, Tab Hunter, Ricky Nelson, Pat Boone, John Saxon and Mineo.

Probably the most versatile member of the group with the most promising future—and, in view of what happened to O'Flaherty, this appraisal is as hazardous as sniffing cyanide—is Sal Mineo, a lad with a delicate, almost girlish face, wild black hair he deliberately musses up for effect, eyelashes half an inch long, full, sensuous lips and enormous glowing brown eyes.

Mineo's prettiness is deceptive. Trained in the street-gang warfare of the Bronx district in New York, he survived countless fights and was considered a disciplinary problem child in school. He is fast with his fists, and when he handled a knife in hoodlum roles—he was long known in the trade as "the switchblade kid"—he did it with the lethal skill acquired in the back alleys and vacant lots of the Bronx.

Now, at the age of twenty, when some of his former pals are either putting the bite on dad for the family car or working up to the penitentiary, Mineo has a formidable record. He appeared in *Giant*, *Rebel Without a Cause*, *Somebody Up There Likes Me*, *Rock Pretty Baby*, *Tonka*, and seven other pictures that rolled up huge grosses, and he was nominated for Academy Awards in both television and movies.

Though he does not want to be classified as a singer, his first (Continued on Page 91)



Above: Sal and his mother outside the $200,000 house he bought for his parents in Mamaroneck, N.Y. From here Mrs. Mineo energetically directs Sal's fan-club campaign, a $40,000-a-year operation.

For the fun of it, Mike Mineo (at left, above) and his younger brother Sal often like to pretend they're mobsters of the prohibition era. "Those gangster days," says Sal. "I wish I was born then. Everybody was living it up."

Left: Sal as a teen-age tough in the 1956 film, *Crime in the Streets*. Because of such roles, he is frequently a tempting target for belligerent strangers on the streets and in restaurants.

Make-up man Jack Young (at center, above) preparing Mineo for the part of drummer Gene Krupa. At left is Yvonne Craig, who plays a supporting role.

Right: Sal, who has an almost obsessive preoccupation with health and strength, takes bullfighting lessons for his co-ordination and poise.

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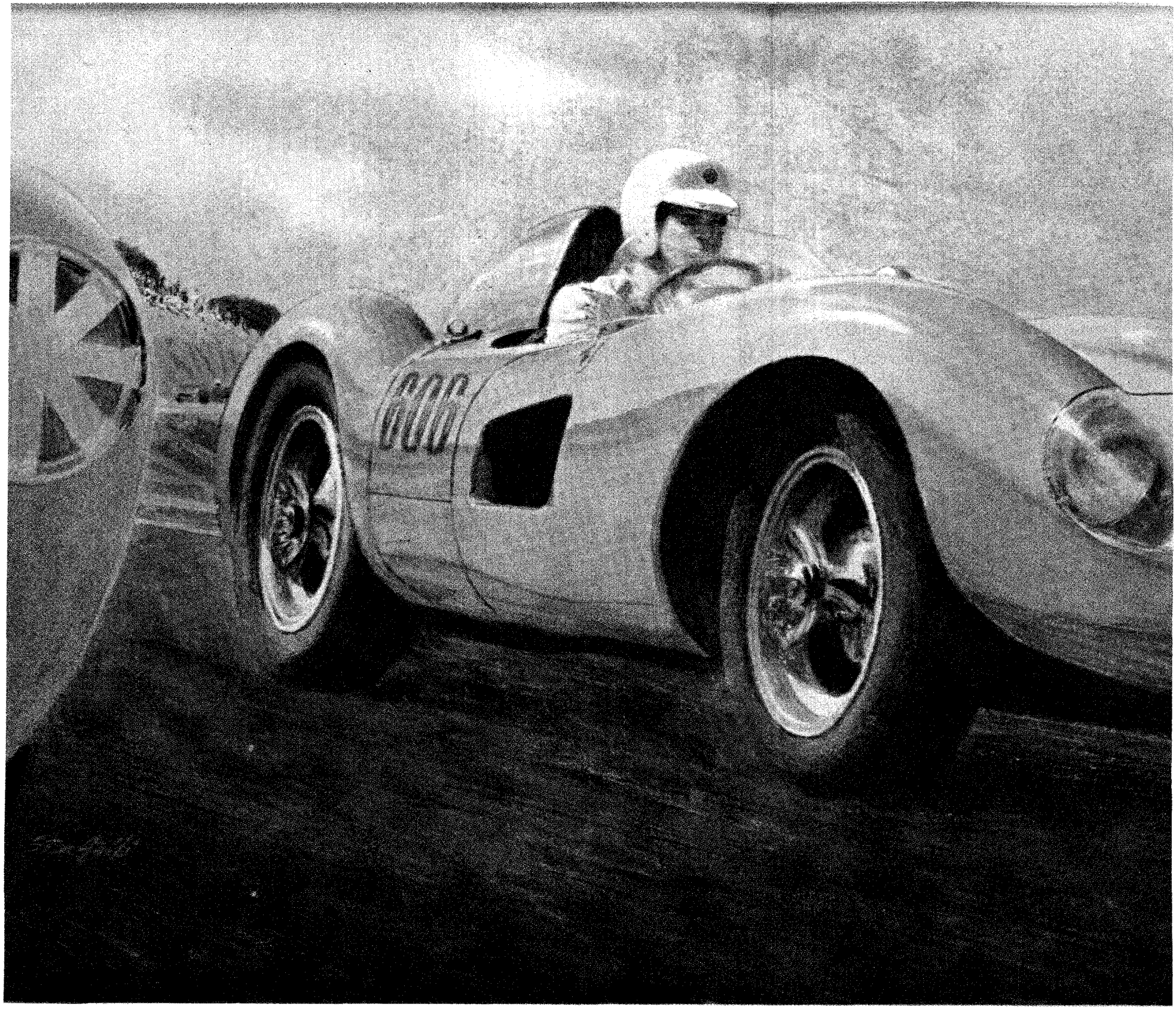

As they came out of the curve, Dar felt caught in an inexorable trap.

For the first time in his racing career he was learning the taste of fear.

Duel on the Track

By HOBERT SKIDMORE

Topping the ridge, Darwin Elliot pulled the red Porsche to the side of the road and stopped. To the east, across the dry basin, the California hills were turning pink in the last of the day's sun. As quickly and imperceptibly as his years had passed, he knew, the light would fade and the hills would vanish into the mindless darkness. Beneath him the Laguna Seca Sports Car Course wound around the basin, up the ridge and back to the start-finish line.

He thought of the next day and the race, and it filled him with yearning. He felt restless, as though there were not many races left for him—but a few more times in which he would become totally alive. He smiled ruefully, reminding himself that life goes in one direction and passes only once.

"I guess I never got with it," he told himself aloud, "and the only times I saw the brass ring it was going so fast I couldn't grab it."

Just inside the quick curve beneath him, where the thick bales of hay were stacked high

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in case a car spun out of control, he saw that the mechanics were already pulling his Ferrari apart after the trial runs. In the pit near them other drivers and mechanics checked engines and wheels, tested for oil or water leaks. He saw Steve Bancroft, who had placed first in the trial, Hal Cone with his modified Buick, Old Red, and Larry Sims with his beautiful Aston Martin.

They'll give me a good time tomorrow, he told himself, wondering if there was any way he could explain the wonderful sense of serenity, the almost hypnotic joy and aliveness he felt when he raced. There was never fear nor tenseness in him, but an elation as though he shared an experience more vital than life itself. Even in the tight moments with the tires screaming, in the instant when a driver racing one second ahead spun out, hitting the dry shoulder and blinding the track with yellowish dust, he felt content. When roaring together at better than a hundred miles an hour, they packed into a corner close enough to touch, drifted, screeching, the rear ends skidding, shooting ahead, trying desperately to gain on the straightaway, he never felt anything but an inexplicable contentment.

He wondered why, in his daily life, he always appeared indifferent, unawakened. Although he was only forty-six, the other drivers and the mechanics sometimes called him dad, speaking the word with deference and respect. They thought he had guts and courage and a consuming desire to win. They knew death had often brushed him, like a wind-swept dark feather, and they believed that, like themselves, he got his kicks from the competitive, quick evasion of disaster. They did not understand that in the years he had been racing he had never once felt anything but a joyous awareness of life. Though he rarely failed to place unless he threw a rod or burned out a bearing, winning was not really important, he knew. The brief minutes of a race—briefer, seeming, than the days of his youth—were all that gave glory to his life.

Pulling back onto the road, he drove down through Monterey and along the coast to Pebble Beach. On his right the blazing orange sun grew immense as it dropped onto the Pacific's edge. Looking at it, he wondered why the other drivers felt alone as they thundered through a race. He never did. It was in the thousands of interminable other hours of life that aloneness surrounded him with an awkward sense of incompletion. People thought he was one of the lucky ones, he knew. Celebrating after he had won a race or closed a quarter-million-dollar deal for his filmed TV commercials, they shook their heads in bewilderment and said, "Good Lord, Dar, doesn't anything excite you?"

Parking across from the huge cream-colored stucco building he walked through the lobby of the Del Monte Lodge and down the outside steps on the beach (Continued on Page 78)

Illustrated by Stan Galli

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The Face of AMERICA

On His Way Down

Pvt. Edward Strong, a soldier assigned to the United States Military Academy, demonstrates a free fall toward the solid earth of Wallkill, New York. Strong, a member of the West Point Sky Divers Club, has just jumped from 2800 feet and will hold his free-fall position for five seconds before opening his chute. After three years of sky diving and 154 practice jumps, Strong can direct his descent so that he will land reasonably close to the target at left center of photograph. Cart wheels, rolls, loops and directed glides are all within the province of the accomplished sky diver. Parachuting for fun is a rapidly growing sport, but not an inexpensive one. Jumping equipment can top $500—$150 to $400 for the jumping chute, seventy dollars for the reserve chute (worn on the chest) and the rest for goggles, helmet, shoes, altimeter and jump suit. A course of basic instruction costs about thirty dollars. The charm of sky diving seems to lie in the euphoric sense of freedom which comes to some when they make like a bird. For all this, sports parachuting must be classed as one of man's ultimate frustrations; no matter how skilled he becomes, the parachutist never can hope to emulate the fluttering successes of the smallest baby sparrow. Below, Strong and friends impatiently sit out the climb to jumping altitude. ● Photographs by John Burns

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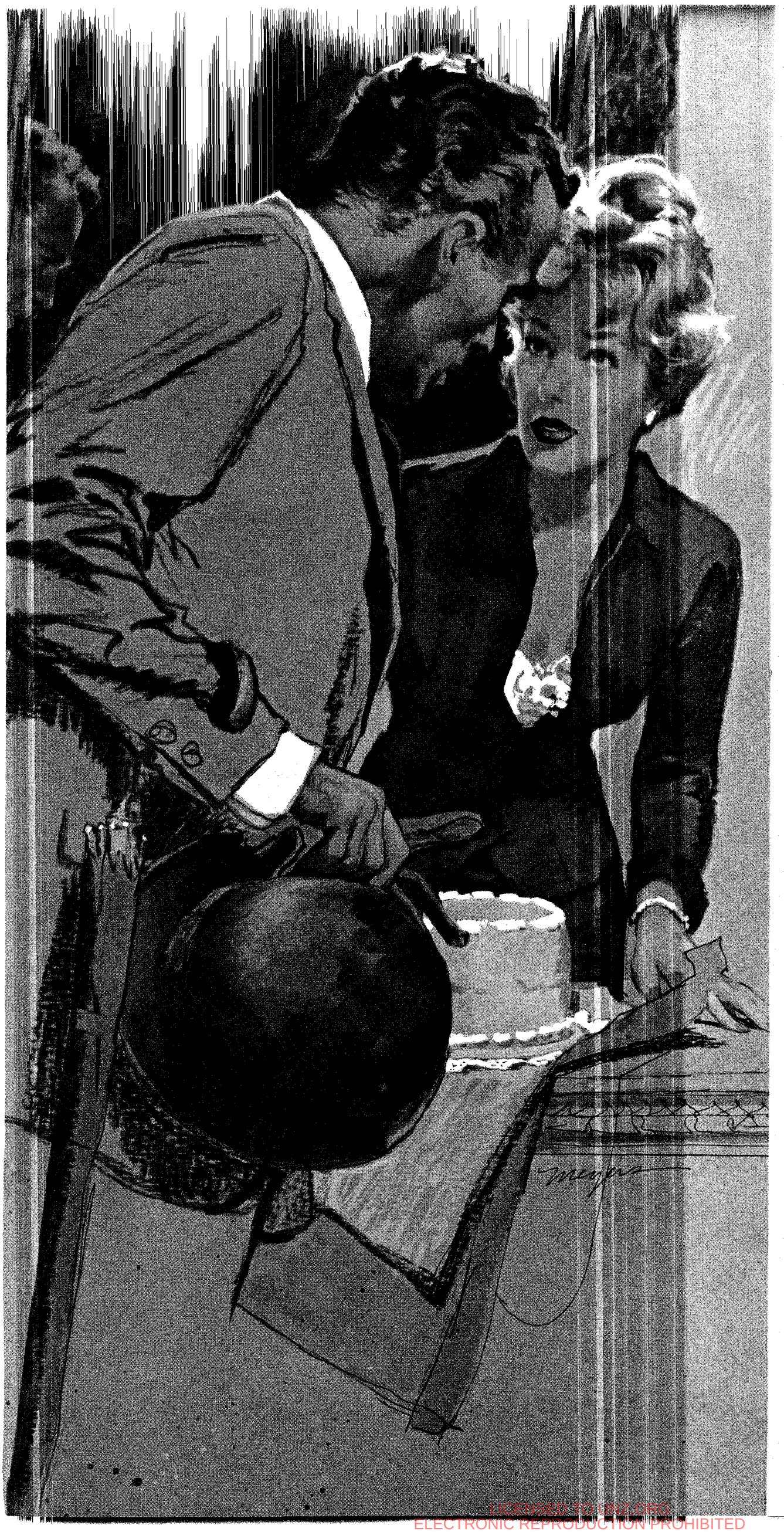

FOR LOVE OF DENISE

By P. B. HUGHES

Before he could marry her, he had to humble the tyrant who owned her.

This was the Patisserie Beaulieu. It stood here on the east side of Metcalfe Street, facing Dominion Square, about at the north end of the present Sun Life Building. On this spot Beaulieu's famous cakes were produced. That is, they were made here. Things were not produced in those days, and did not possess the perfection and the uniformity we associate with production. Yet they were sought after by the rich because they were the best in Montreal, and Beaulieu prospered.

That Beaulieu was a tyrant. Tyranny was a characteristic of master tradesmen in unenlightened days. Such men, having endured much in their acquisition of skill and capital, became very great in their own eyes, and their employees were not permitted to forget it. He could bow and scrape before his customers. He could bark and bellow at his own people. There was nothing admirable about Beaulieu except the sublimity of his conviction that the bodies and souls of those who worked for him were his to rule over. There he was, fat and unctuous, strong and peremptory, fearing God and not much else, and in this last we do find some little cause for admiration, we who fear God not at all and are beset with fears.

Of course, he knew as little about managing a business as he did about personnel techniques. Nevertheless, he was shrewd enough to place Denise Lalande at the counter under the central chandelier of gaslights, for there was nothing that shone in all that shopful of gilt and marble and glass and sugar frosting so brightly as Denise Lalande. She was eighteen that spring, or maybe turned nineteen, the Easter season of the dreadful events that must be told. Young men

(Continued on Page 82)

"Dearest," he whispered, "your boss is a monster."

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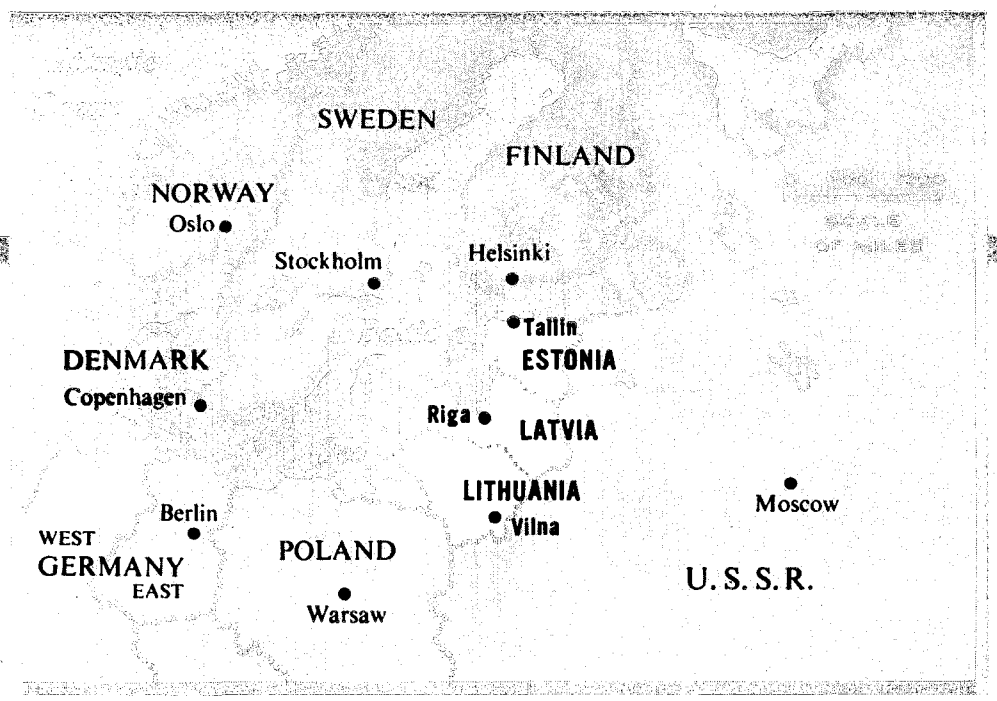

Despite the new freedom of access to the three Baltic nations, they are still an integral part of the Soviet Union, with less independence than the Polish and East German satellites, says Bess.

Inside the Captive Baltics

By DEMAREE BESS

A *Post* editor reports what he learned in Riga about Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia, which the Russians have thrown open to the outside world after nineteen grim years.

Not long after the Eisenhower-Khrushchev exchange of visits was arranged last summer, the Soviet Government made a concession which passed almost unnoticed in the United States. It opened to American and other foreign travelers the remaining two capital cities of the three Baltic states which Moscow annexed during World War II. It is curious that this partial lifting of the Baltic blackout attracted so little attention here, because Americans have a peculiar interest in the Baltic states. Our Government has not recognized their annexation and still maintains diplomatic relations with embassies who represented these states in 1940. Congress only last summer unanimously passed a resolution describing the Baltic states as "captive nations."

The opening of Baltic capitals gave me an opportunity to renew my acquaintance with this region which I had last visited in 1938. At that time the three Baltic states were independent republics—Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania—and I was obliged to get three separate visas. But these tiny countries became battlegrounds between Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia during the war, and since 1940 Moscow has listed them among the fifteen so-called republics of the U.S.S.R. This time I needed only a Russian visa. During most of the fourteen years since World War II these states have been shut off from the non-Soviet world, while Moscow was altering their boundaries and making widespread changes in their populations.

The first Baltic city the Kremlin opened to Americans was Latvia's capital, Riga, which has been open for two years. Now the Russian travel agency, Intourist, also arranges visits to Tallin, capital of Estonia, and to Vilna (Vilynus), capital of Lithuania.

Obviously there were many interesting questions I wanted to explore when I visited the Balts. Have they become resigned to their inclusion in the Soviet Union? How far are they being permitted to retain their distinctive identities, which were so pronounced when I last visited them? Do their children study their own ancient languages, so very different from Russian? How does their standard of living compare with that of the Russians themselves? Has Moscow's treatment of Baltic minorities moderated since Stalin died?

This report is based upon conditions in and around the three Baltic capital cities, because other areas of these countries are still closed to Americans, apparently for military reasons. The Baltic coasts are ideally situated for missile bases.

(Continued on Page 68)

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Air Force cadets cheering their team as it defeated the University of Wyoming, 20–7, in the opening game of the season at Laramie last month.

The Airmen Hit the Big Time

This Saturday the Air Force Academy's team meets Army in a contest that may become a milestone in football rivalry.

By Tom Siler

Photographs by Joern Gerdts

Below is the academy mascot, a falcon named "Mach 1," which the cadets always bring out at halftime.

Coach Ben Martin. Last year, in his first season at the academy, he led the Falcons to nine victories and two ties.

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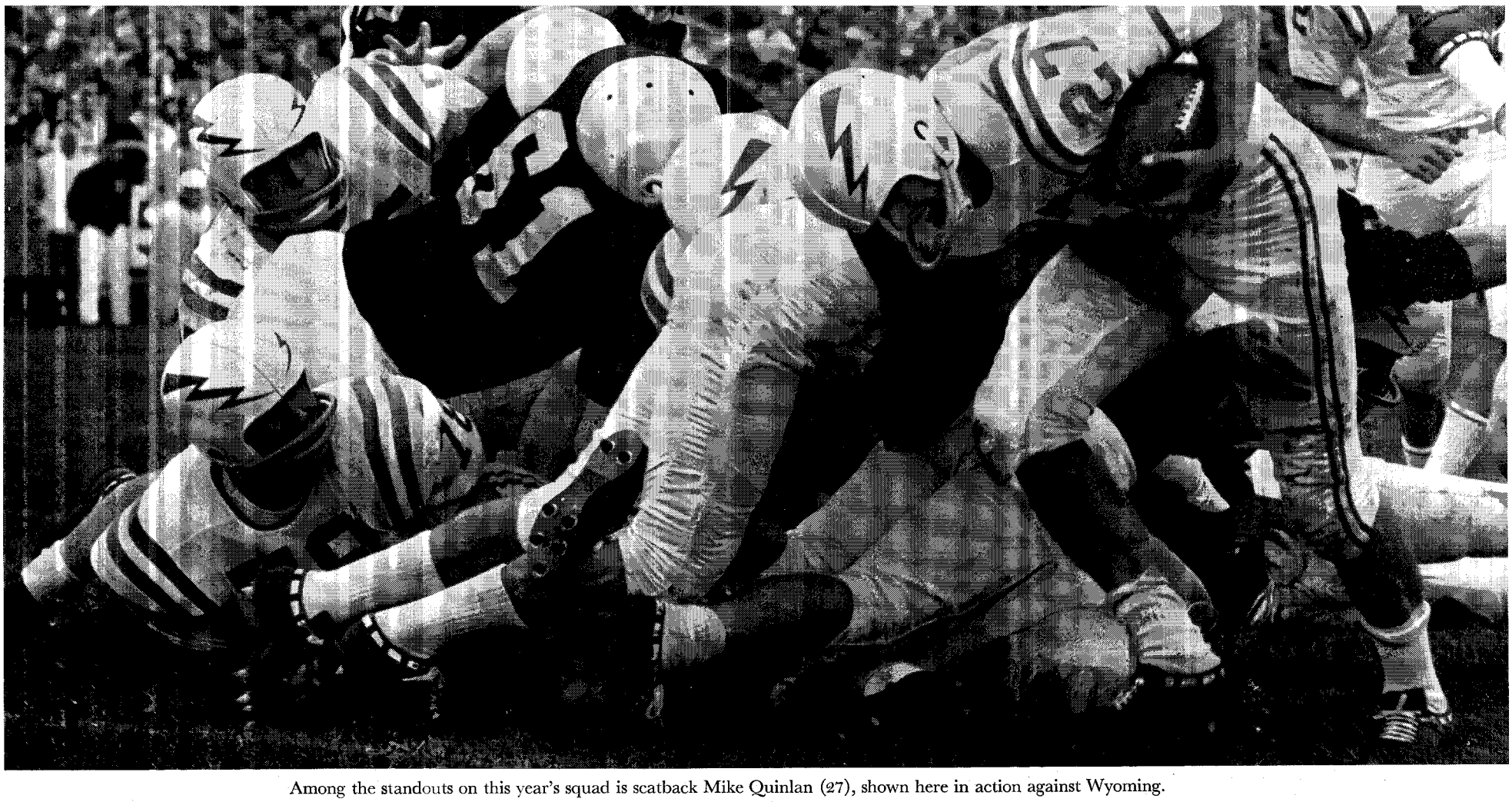

Among the standouts on this year's squad is scatback Mike Quinlan (27), shown here in action against Wyoming.

One of the most significant things about the inaugural Army-Air Force football game this weekend is the fact that it is taking place in 67,000-seat Yankee Stadium in New York. Originally it was scheduled for West Point's Michie Stadium, whose modest 27,000 capacity seemed ample for the occasion. After all, the Air Force Academy had been in operation only since 1955, and hardly figured to be in Army's football class by 1959. The new school's own officials thought it would be 1960 before their team could establish itself as a national power.

When the Falcons—a nickname chosen by the first class to enter the academy—swept through an undefeated season last year, all previous calculations went out the window. West Point authorities switched the game to Yankee Stadium, in happy anticipation of a large and profitable crowd, and the Air Force people were more than glad to go along with the change. Although they hadn't expected football prominence to come this soon, they never doubted that it was coming. Big-time football has been an Air Force Academy objective from the very start.

The Falcons may hit some air pockets this season, but however they make out against Army and other major 1959 opponents, you can bet that they are in the football headlines to stay. The ingredients for enduring success are present—an aggressive nationwide player-recruiting program, a tightly controlled student body, and a sports-minded administration.

In addition, they have a coach with special qualifications for handling service-academy athletes. This is thirty-eight-year-old Ben Martin, who was an Annapolis graduate himself and later an assistant coach at the Naval Academy. In his memorable first season at the Air Force Academy last year, he took over a group of players (Continued on Page 65)

The partially completed academy, which will cost an estimated $197,000,000 when finished, is located on a 17,900-acre site near Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Football players get no privileges in the classroom. In foreground below, center Mike Rawlins. Next to him is Quinlan.

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The coon hunters.

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Monk and Frieda.

Hunters' Hassle

By ROBERT MURPHY

Which comes first, a man's dog or his friends?

Coon-hound men being what they are—scuttlers-about by night, brush-poppers who run whooping after their hounds in the lantern-lit darkness, with their ears fixed on hound music and their minds fixed on varmints—it can readily be seen that they would have scant regard for the grouse-dog man. For the grouse hunter works by the fine light of day, quietly and with decorum, and his dog is even more decorous than he; for the grouse is a touchy bird, and unless hunter and dog approach it quietly, neither of them is liable to see their quarry.

All this is by way of explanation, and by no means implies that the grouse hunter is more worthy than his coon-hunting brother. They are just different in their opinions. It is this difference which has produced a good deal of tribulation in the world and was to produce more of it as four men waited on the station platform in the village of Shortly on a Wednesday afternoon as the daily train came in. They were waiting for a friend and fellow *aficionado* named Moncure Roberts and called Monk, a coon hunter's coon hunter, who had been snatched away from them by his business for a year and was now coming home.

They were impatient to welcome him and start in where they had left off, for sport had faltered while he was away. The best hound had been his, and none of them had been able to cheer a hound above itself as he had been able to do. Lacking a leader, they had all wanted to lead and lost their unity. Their hounds had rioted and chased possums, and things had gone from bad to worse; and so they stood grinning happily in anticipation of better days as the train pulled in.

Several people got off, and their heads swiveled this way and that; the conductor climbed back on the train, and a groan arose from them. It was then that Monk jumped down from the baggage car ahead. He was long and lean, with legs that could flatten any slope, black hair, dark eyes and a grin that warmed up everything. They started toward him; he waved; then he turned, opened up his arms, and received into his embrace a big, handsome, mouse-colored creature with a docked tail and the general appearance of a bird dog. A *bird* dog.

The group stopped as though it had run into an invisible wall and stared. They had been betrayed, but they didn't realize it yet; a state of shock numbed them. They watched, unbelieving, while the beast licked Monk's face all over and was put down. She—it was a she!—then circled Monk and fell in at heel, wagging the abbreviated tail and grinning up at him. It was a dreadful sight.

The group still couldn't move, and Monk strode over to them. He grabbed limp hands and patted shoulders. "Bo!" he said. . . . "Archie! . . . Ham! . . . Jones, you old tree climber! Sometimes I thought I'd never see any of you again."

As one man, they stared at him while the dog cocked its head and looked inquiringly from one to the other with blue eyes. It was an unnerving sight; none of them had ever seen a blue-eyed dog.

"Well?" Monk said puzzled. "Say something. I never saw any of you so quiet before."

The group shrank together and managed to push Jones forward. He swallowed. He looked from Monk to the dog and back again. "Hi, Monk," he mumbled. "What's that?"

"Why, boy, that's a Weimaraner, a German breed."

Jones shook his head, as though to dispel an evil vision. "What's it for?" he asked.

"To hunt grouse with," Monk said.

A collective shudder passed through the group, and someone poked Jones. "I ——" he said. "I mean, you're taking it to somebody? You're doing a man a favor maybe?"

"No, she's mine. While I was away I got to grouse hunting with a man, and I liked it so much he gave me one of his dogs. Just wait till you watch her work." (Continued on Page 50)

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

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My Father F.D.R.

PART FOUR

By JAMES ROOSEVELT
as told to Sidney Shalett

WE MOVE INTO THE WHITE HOUSE

James discloses some of the pranks his irrepressible father played on staff and friends while he was President.

On Election Night, November 8, 1932, after Mr. Hoover had conceded and father had been elected President of the United States, I went with father from campaign headquarters in New York City to our town house on East 65th Street and helped him into bed. We talked a long time about a number of things. Then as I kissed him good night—a custom in our family—he looked up at me and said, "You know, Jimmy, all my life I have been afraid of only one thing—fire. Tonight I think I'm afraid of something else."

Albany, July 2, 1932: F.D.R.'s plane as it took off for Chicago, where he set a precedent by accepting his Presidential nomination at the convention itself.

"Afraid of what, pa?" I asked.

"I'm just afraid," he said, "that I may not have the strength to do this job. After you leave me tonight, Jimmy," father continued, "I am going to pray. I am going to pray that God will help me, that He will give me the strength and the guidance to do this job and to do it right. I hope that you will pray for me too."

I stood there a moment unable to say anything. Then I went to my room and did as he had asked me.

As the oldest son—I was twenty-four, married, beginning a business career in Boston, and an enthusiastic dabbler in politics—I had traveled with father during most of the 1932 campaign, in order to make myself generally useful.

It was a glorious—and highly educational—experience.

Though I was only two years out of college and still pretty damp behind the ears, father had named me his attorney-in-fact to line up Massachusetts delegates. I began my political activities not too promisingly by getting myself tied to the late James Michael Curley, the colorful ex-boss of Boston. This was almost unavoidable, for Curley was one of the few professional politicians in Massachusetts to climb early on father's bandwagon. Most of the others were supporting the once-defeated and now-embittered Alfred E. Smith. The Curley tie-up brought father some vitriolic criticism, but father took it with equanimity and told me I would "learn a good deal about practical back-room politics from Brother Curley."

I was an eager errand boy more than anything else in the campaign, but occasionally I opened my mouth—and the results were not always entirely

(Continued on Page 95)

The author (right) with the late James M. Curley, and Curley's daughter Mary. James' involvement with Curley—described on this page—embarrassed F.D.R.

©1959 By James Roosevelt and Sidney Shalett.

April, 1932: Governor Roosevelt of New York with the two men chiefly responsible for his successful bid for the Presidency. Left, James A. Farley, then chairman of the New York State Democratic Committee. Right, the late Louis Howe, F.D.R.'s long-time political adviser.

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As Tillman's boat drew near the swimmers, the destroyer cut loose a salvo.

ATTACK AT DAWN

The skipper was risking his ship to save just a handful of men.

By JACLAND MARMUR

Sometimes you see a most peculiar signal flag, two-blocked at the yardarm of a fleet destroyer steaming past Ballast Point toward her mooring in San Diego Bay. The tin cans relish an unorthodox gesture now and then. The *U.S.S. Paul Goddard* had a reputation for it. This time, coming solo home from Pearl, she was wearing a large white cloth folded into triangular shape by an enormous, homemade safety pin. As she rounded North Island, that startling signal snapped from the halyard above her bridge. You could almost hear the ripple of chuckles on the decks of all the gray ships at the buoys in Tin Can Row.

"Well, sidemeat an' black-eye peas!" drawled Chetland on the quarter-deck of the *Denman*. "What in the world is that?"

Chet was a first-cruise sailor, striking for signalman. The rawboned chief at his side looked out at that homemade flag and grinned. "Don't poke through the signal book," Gus Ralston said. "You'll never find it there." The chief's eyes twinkled. "Maybe you're just too young to know. Sonny, that's a diaper!"

"Well, pour me the gravy, pappy! What kinda crazy ——"

Just then a flight of jets went roaring out toward the sea. When the shuddering thunder passed, Lt. Cmdr. Jesse Tillman, the executive officer, was at the gangway head in shoreside blues. He, too, was staring at that amazing signal at the passing *Goddard's* yardarm. Tall and lean, his scarred face tipped aloft, his grave eyes smiled.

"Well, chief," the exec was saying, "the skipper over there made it at last!"

"Yes, sir. Looks like." Ralston was still grinning. "Three girls in a row! I guess Commander Rigby got himself a boy this time. Someone must have radioed the word to him at sea."

"Me, chief, I did."

"Oh," said Ralston. "Well, that's how the *Goddard* is, sir. Never stays jinxed too long."

Chet was sure there was something here he didn't understand. The exec and the chief, eyes on each other for a fleeting instant, exchanged some secret knowledge. Chet frowned. Then the exec was on the gangway platform, shifting the small canvas case he carried from his right hand to his left. Everyone in the ship knew what it was. Mr. Tillman never went home on a weekend leave without his concertina. He gave his salute to the quarter-deck, turned aft to salute the ensign, and went down the ladder to the waiting gig.

Chetland, leaning on the rail, watched the sunset wash red fire across the small boat's canopy as the coxswain swung her smartly toward the officers' float at Fleet Landing. Then he pushed his white hat back.

"He sure is an ugly man," drawled Chet. The chief

(Continued on Page 61)

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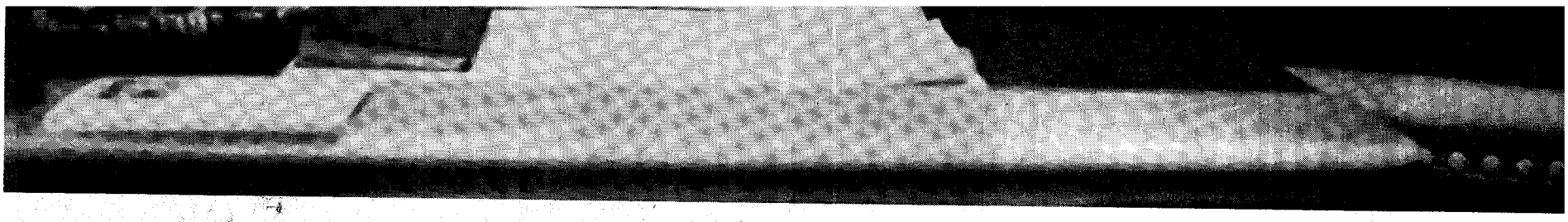
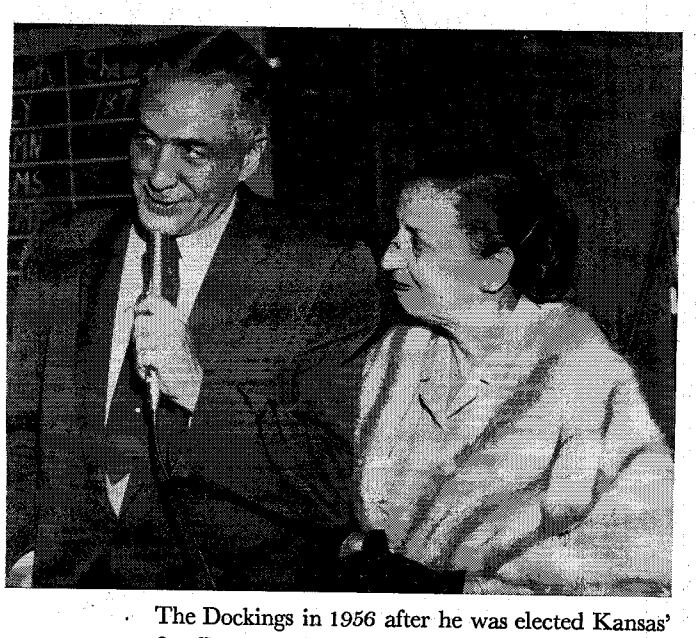


February, 1959: Docking (right) at the interview in which he told student reporters that the University of Kansas is "a trouble spot" in need of a cleanup.

The Governor Leaves Them Gasping

George Docking of Kansas can be hot-tempered and sometimes abusive, but he has set the state's finances in order. His supporters are backing him for the Vice Presidency.

By Peter Wyden



The Dockings in 1956 after he was elected Kansas' first Democratic governor in twenty years. It was his wife Virginia, he says, who pushed him into politics.

Take a man in his fifties who freely confesses to having been unhappy and frustrated most of his life. Make him a small-town banker, a nonjoiner, and a nonconformist widely disliked by the "right" people. Leave him unencumbered by the most elementary political experience, but note that he is a Democrat who was a registered Republican until a few years ago. Endow him with a temper sufficiently volatile to let him punch his closest associate in the eye. Step back, and you are looking at a politician whose friends are grooming him as a candidate for Vice President: the Honorable George Docking, Governor of Kansas.

If this portrait is confusing to outsiders, it is downright unsettling to the folks in Lawrence, Kansas (pop. 23,296), Docking's home town. ("They'll tell you what a bum I am," says the governor, chortling.) They were perplexed when the president of their First National Bank announced his candidacy for the state's highest office in 1954. His defeat confirmed their conviction that a curmudgeon like their George couldn't be elected county tax assessor. In 1956, when he became Kansas' first Democratic governor in twenty years, they were greatly surprised. In 1958, when he was re-elected by a towering majority, they just plain gave up trying to explain this odd local boy who made good.

So did a lot of politicians who keep remembering how Docking, now fifty-five, gray-haired and looking like something of a motorized Abraham Lincoln, periodically blows his fuses at legislators, reporters, students or whoever is handy; and how he deliberately outrages sacred cows traditionally respected by more seasoned campaigners. He has charged, for example, that the University of Kansas at Lawrence, his own alma mater and that of most native Kansans who matter, is a stunning example of wasteful management; that doctors have a stronger union than teamsters; that newspaper publishers are fat cats who drive expensive cars while ditchdiggers pay their taxes for them; and that Kansas Republican lawmakers "can be bought very cheaply."

It's all a bit baffling, especially since even Docking's most embittered opponents, while accusing him of ruthlessness, demagoguery and more colorful sins, rarely claim that he is

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Within twelve days in January of 1957 each of these three men was governor of Kansas. Before Governor-elect Docking (left) took office, outgoing Gov. Hall (center) resigned in favor of Lt. Gov. John McCuish (right). Then, by prior agreement between the two Republicans, McCuish named Hall to the Kansas Supreme Court.

poor at his job. Quite a number of Republicans actually find him *simpatico*. "By and large he hasn't made a bad governor," allows Topeka's Alf Landon, who rose from the same spot to G.O.P. presidential candidate in 1936. "I guess he does have a pretty bad temper, but nobody gives a damn about that." Harry Darby, for twenty years Kansas' Republican National Committeeman, testifies, "He does good thinking. I like him very much."

Such sentiments are, in part, a tribute to Docking's mental agility, his superb ear for public relations and the raw fact that a lot of people are afraid of making him angry. In Kansas politics the cliché "It's nothing personal" is rarely heard; nearly everything *is* personal, and since Docking blew into the State House in Topeka some politicians' skins have been seared in brand-new places.

Chiefly, however, the governor's relatively charmed political life is attributable to his popularity at the polls in the face of a legislature which the opposition controls by a comfortable majority in the House and four to one in the Senate. This approval, in turn, is the product of an image which every political contemporary might paste on his shaving mirror. It is the picture of a man honest, drastically—almost violently—independent and, above all, tight with the tax dollar.

"Money is kind of sacred to George," says one of the governor's business partners.

And not just public money either. The governor is wealthy. One of his investments alone—a one-fourth interest in Lawrence's gas company—is worth more than $500,000. Yet he carries his cash in an ancient purse and doles it out reluctantly, coin by coin. He operates on five drip-dry shirts, three winter suits and, until three years ago, never spent more than forty-five dollars for a suit. He has advanced to eighty-five dollars now, but feels guilty about it. When he goes on a trip, he brings back enough traveler's checks to live on for a long time.

"He just never spends any money for anything," says his wife, Virginia.

By no coincidence, neither did the most important man in the governor's life, his father. William Docking preferred to buy no suits at all, and waited until the family gave him one for Christmas.

(Continued on Page 44)

As governor, Docking averages one "official proclamation" a day. For Kansas Bakery Week he signed the huge cake above.

At left, Docking as he crowned Sharon O'Neal Miss Kansas of 1960. At right is a candid photo of the governor and author Wyden (taking notes). It was snapped backstage at the pageant.
The governor normally has a keen sense of "public relations," but he refused to pose for a *Post* photographer.

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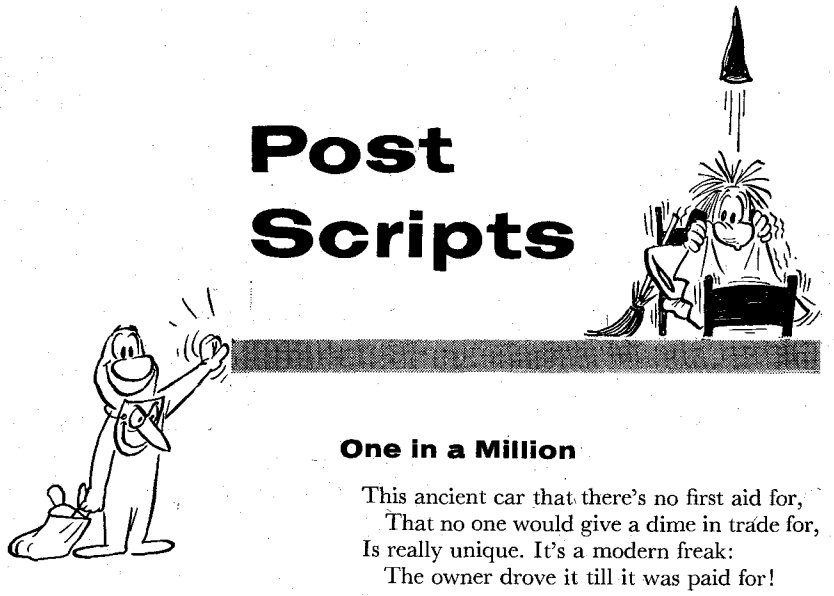
Post Scripts



One in a Million

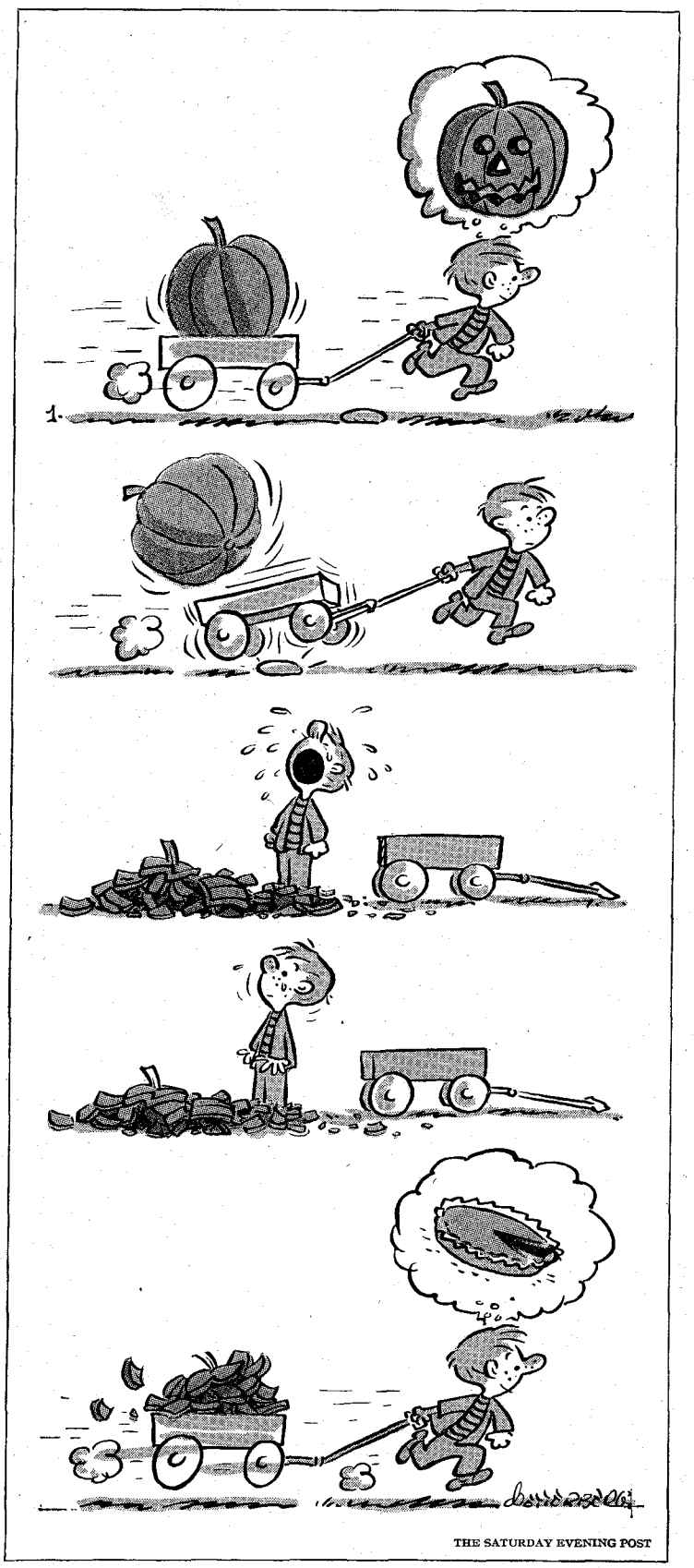
This ancient car that there's no first aid for,
That no one would give a dime in trade for,
Is really unique. It's a modern freak:
The owner drove it till it was paid for!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

"Yes, Harmon,
there is someone else!"

jerry marcus

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Spills and Chills on the One-Yard Line

My near-fatal fumble . . . **. . . and my last-second recovery**

"I'm glad they fit you, honey. They're the first slacks I've ever bought you, and I didn't realize at first how large . . . . . a selection they had in that store."

"Sure I remember what today is—Monday. But is that any reason to . . . . . think I'd forgotten our anniversary?"

"I know this must be something you put in a tie box just to fool me, because if there's one thing I don't need it's . . . . . anything expensive."

"The girl back there by the bus stop? Sure, I've known her for years. In fact, she was the first girl I ever ki— —idded in grammar school. She had millions of freckles, and ——"

HAL TENNANT

Puppies for Sale

OCTOBER 3: Five AKC reg. dachshund pups, six weeks old. $75 each. See at 15 Murdock Drive between 2 and 5 P.M. Sunday.

OCTOBER 10: Five cute dachshund puppies, seven weeks old. AKC reg., $50 each. See at 15 Murdock Drive Sunday.

OCTOBER 17: Five adorable dachshund puppies, AKC reg. Have had puppy shots. Come early to 15 Murdock Drive for pick of the litter. $25 each.

OCTOBER 24: Five paper-trained dachshund pups, over two months old. Any reasonable offer accepted. Stop at 15 Murdock Drive any time.

OCTOBER 31: Let's Swap! We have five AKC reg. dachshund pups, worth $75 each, which we will trade for floor-length drapes, living-room rug or what have you? 15 Murdock Drive.

HILARIE BROWN

Oh, Promise Me!

(With a beat, man)

Hand in hand I am doing a stroll with Living Doll, who is my childhood sweetheart. She squeezes my hand a little one, I squeeze hers a big one, and then I say, "You like me, Living Doll?"

I lean down to catch the key word. "Crazy, man," she whispers, her lips close to my ear.

I squeeze her hand another. "Let's—let's get married, Living Doll."

Her eyes turn starry. "Oh, man! We'll rent Birdland for a one-night stand. What about a wedding band, boy next door?"

"A wedding band? How's about Meathead Morton and the Silent Six?"

"Lika the real Meathead Morton—he who wrote *You're Darn Tootin'*, *Rasputin?*"

"M'm-m-m—lika the same, Living Doll. Now—get the picture, Living Doll. The joint's ajumpin', old Meathead is slappin' his guitar, and then here you come, the cutest doll at the ball!"

"What'll I have on?"

"Something gone, doll—something frilly. We stand there together, you and me, while the emcee folds his hands and says, 'Do you take this man?'"

"Oh, man—you know!"

"So we tie the knot while the music's hot. Where to for our honeymoon, Living Doll?"

She turns up her face and her eyes are all misty. "Lika—out to the drag strip at the airport, boy next door. We'll have a ball."

If you await further word of our wedding, take ten and hear this then: We could not rent Birdland for a one-night stand, Meathead Morton had previous commitments, and they closed the drag strip at the airport.

Also I might mention that Living Doll's mamma is a real mamma doll, like wanting a wedding in a church and all that.

We'll wait—like till next year, maybe.

A. R. SWINNERTON

Nest Egg

The money I've salted away
Has lost its savor.
Inflation has carried the day,
And not in my favor.
In short, though it isn't my fault,
This saver has lost his salt.

LAURENCE EISENLOHR

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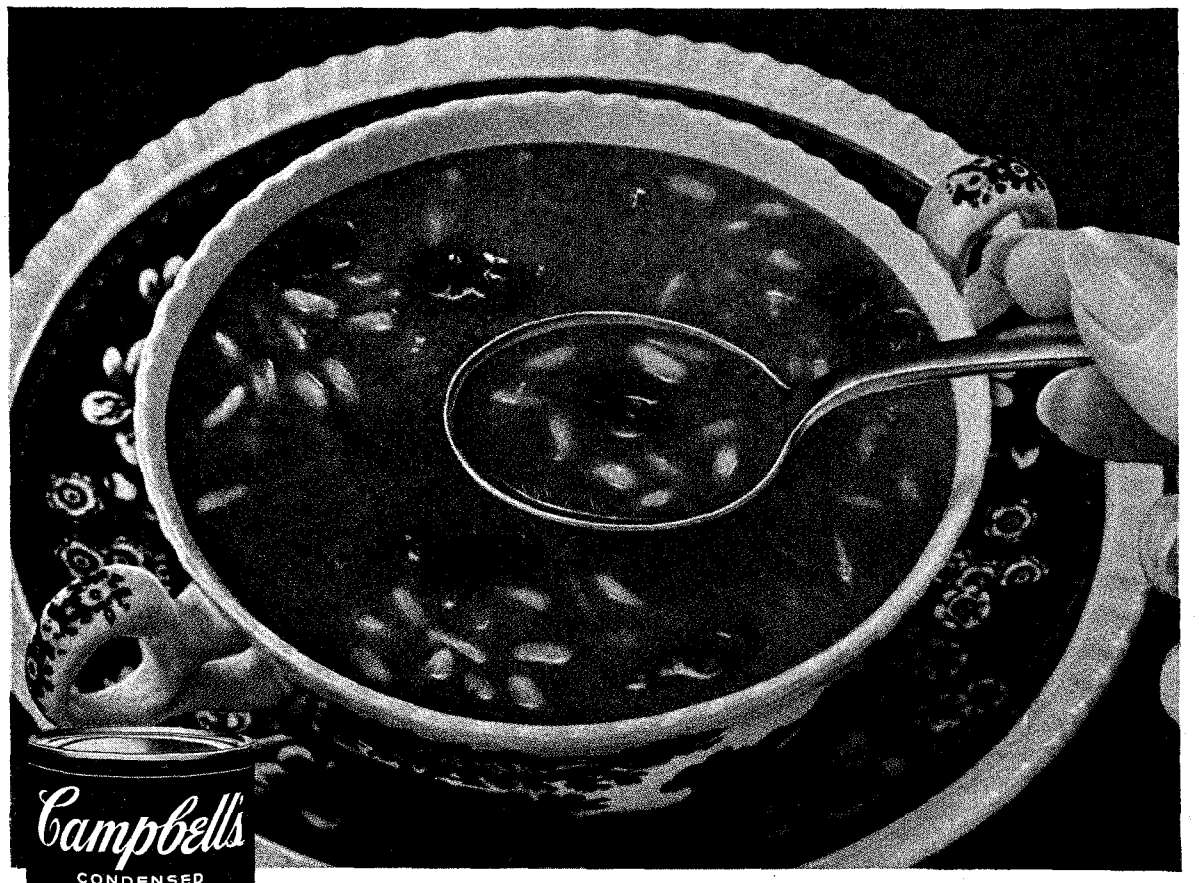
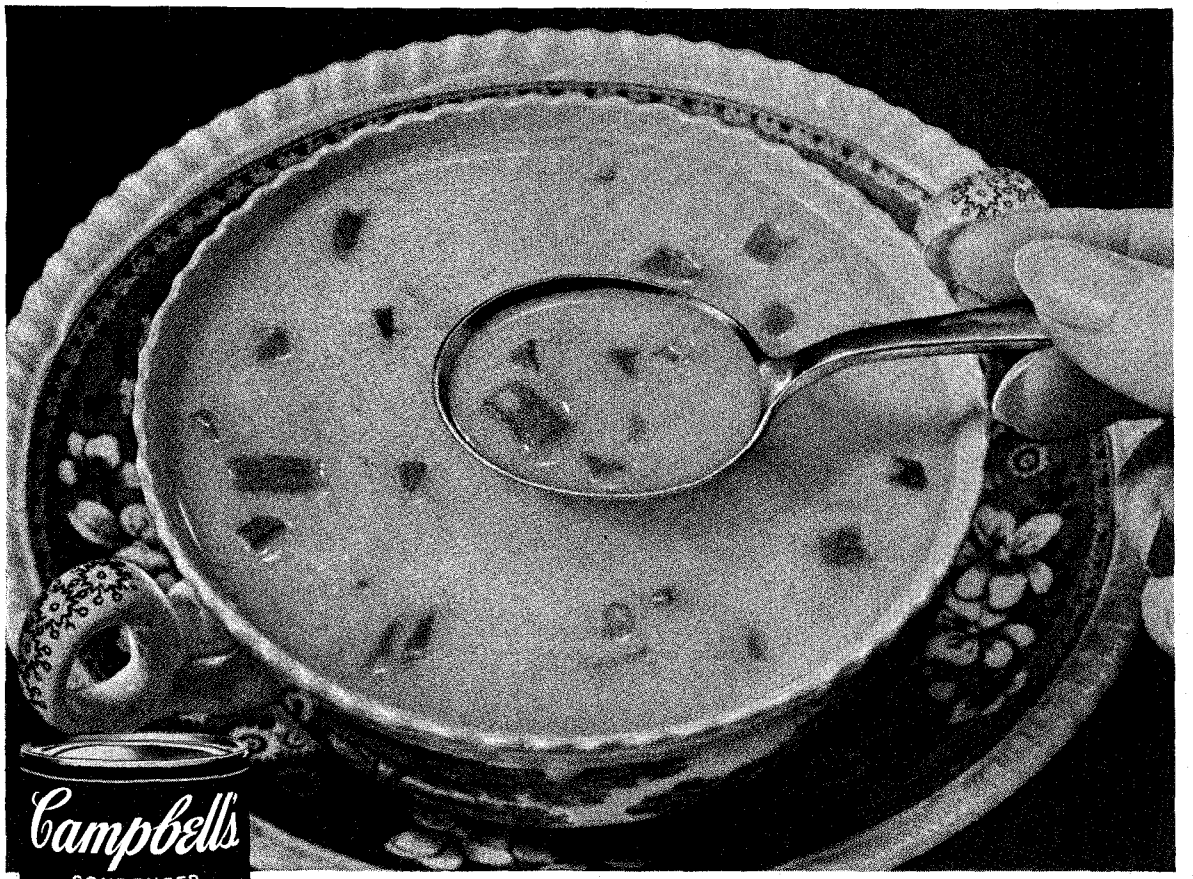


1 New! A great old-time soup

Old-fashioned TOMATO RICE

There are good *pieces* of the famous Campbell Tomato in this soup – deliciously blended with selected long-grain rice and gently seasoned with celery and other garden vegetables. You'll *like* this good hearty soup – so will everybody in your family!



2 New! A great country-garden soup

CREAM OF VEGETABLE

You'll serve this good country soup with pride. It's a creamy blend of seven vegetables – celery, carrots, corn, green beans, mushrooms, onions and tomatoes – gently seasoned and simmered to perfection. Heat up plenty. One bowlful makes you want more!

Campbell

invites you to try

2 GREAT NEW SOUPS

A great new Tomato . . .
A great Cream of Vegetable

Brand-new from Campbell – 2 hearty, warming soups everybody will love! Old-fashioned Tomato Rice! Cream of Vegetable! You'll be proud to serve these great new Campbell's Soups. When your family says you're a great cook . . . *smile!*

Get Both

FREE!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO: Buy Campbell's 2 new soups — Old-fashioned Tomato Rice, Cream of Vegetable. Send both labels with your name and address stating the price you paid for both cans to: 2 New Soups, P.O. Box 40, Mt. Vernon 10, N. Y. You get your money back in cash. One refund per family. Offer expires Dec. 15, 1959.

Buy both . . . at your grocer's now!

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Time you got acquainted with America's 1st *Fine* economy car.
Offers more solid comfort than cars costing barrels of money:
No "low bridge" doors to knock your hat off . . . no "sitting on the floor"
to get headroom. New Economy Slant "6" lies on its side to save money,
and a zippy V-8 likes "Regular" gas best. Prices start so close to the "cut-down
cuties" you can't believe it. 20 models, all body styles, in Seneca,
Pioneer, or distinctively smart Phoenix Series. You're in for a real thrill . . .

THE DAY YOU DISCOVER DODGE DART

Comfort is king in the new low-priced 118″ wheelbase Dodge Dart. Revolutionary *Unibody* does away with space-wasting "double decker" construction, where body is perched on top of frame. Now body and frame are united in a one-piece "fortress of steel," more solid and more spacious. You sit in a natural position, get in and out more easily. It is a fine car in every respect: roominess, ride, performance, beauty. Yet with all its fine-car qualities, Dodge Dart is an *economy* car. First cost is remarkably low. You can cruise 400 or more miles on a tank of gas. Upkeep costs should compare favorably with the midgets. And Unibody construction keeps your Dodge Dart *new* longer: solid, rattle-free, squeak-free, and protected against corrosion. Make today *your* day to discover Dodge Dart . . . a complete line of economy cars in the low-price field.

DODGE DART

NOW DODGE BUILDS TWO GREAT CARS: DODGE DART • '60 DODGE

Dodge Division of Chrysler Corporation

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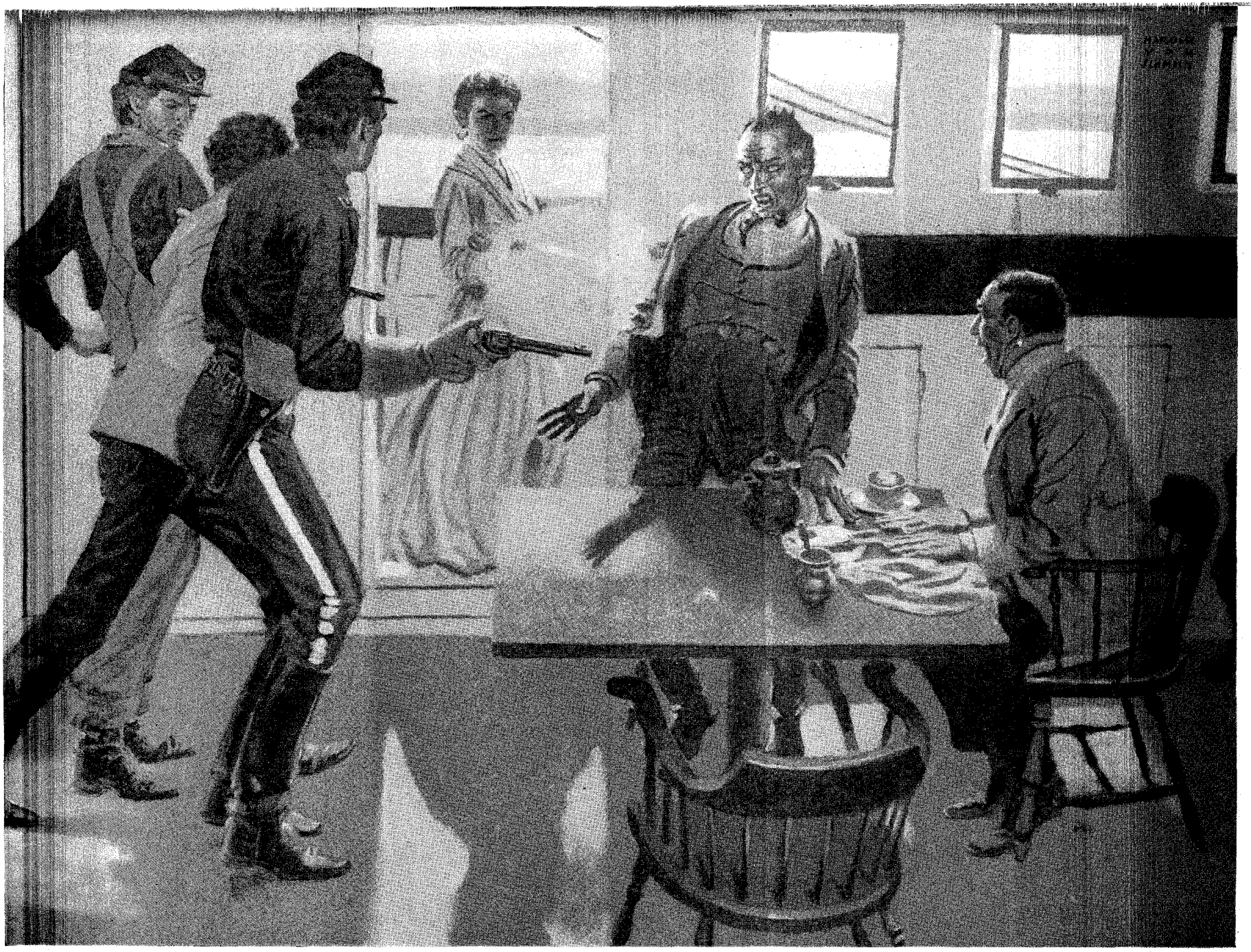

Moktir leaped for her the moment she fired into Barras.

Ordeal on Blood River

By JAMES WARNER BELLAH

She had vowed to kill.

This was her chance.

Cohill," said Colonel Alshard, "I don't like any of this." Alshard was ordering Lieutenant Cohill's cavalry platoon up the Colorado River to relieve the garrisons at forts Yuma and Mohave. For Cohill's transportation, the colonel commandeered space aboard the ship *Clan Cameron*, which with the *Amos Orr* was under lease to former United States Senator Bentinck. Bentinck was posing as leader of a government colonizing expedition, but his real aim was to set up his own empire in the Colorado country. In this venture he would be joined by one Inigo Barras, who commanded an outlaw army. Bentinck saw Cohill as a threat to that mission.

Cohill had no allies. Carracoe, the drunken militia major, was under Bentinck's control. Even Countess Athena, whom Cohill loved, was on the *Clan* as Bentinck's guest. Worse yet, as the ship sailed from San Francisco, Cohill discovered that Bentinck had deposited fifty thousand dollars in Cohill's bank account. Now in everyone's eyes it would appear that he, too, belonged to Bentinck.

III

There was an afterwash of light, broad across the Western sky as the bay darkened and, against it, Cohill could see the *Amos Orr* ahead of the *Clan* on the port tack, coming about for a short beat toward the Sausalito shore before she reached for the Gate and the open ocean. Then close down to the water between the ship and the shore a light winked twice and went out, and the *Amos Orr* came up into the wind. (Continued on Page 85)

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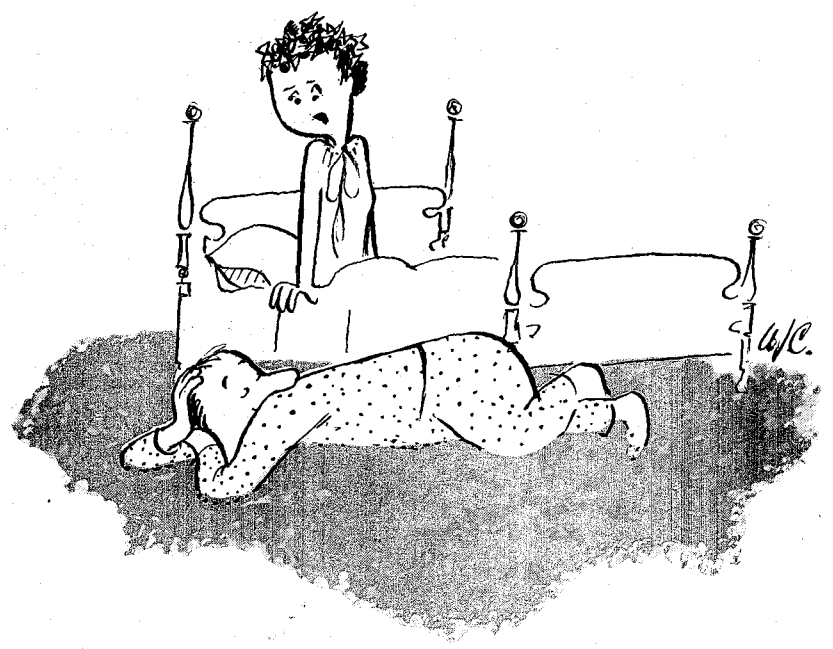

"If it's that comfortable, let's get twin Bigelows!"

Naturally, two Bigelows are better than one! Better yet, have a whole houseful of beautiful Bigelow Carpets and keep the entire family cozy, happy and proud! The rich, deep pile and bouncy resilience of Bigelow Carpets on the floor really create a feeling of rest and quiet in any home. Everybody lives better, looks better on Bigelows.

People who know... buy Bigelow

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The Governor Leaves Them Gasping

(Continued from Page 39)

He had come from Cambridgeshire, England, in 1876 and started out as an office boy in a Kansas City furniture factory. He died a rich man in 1952 at eighty-seven. Not long before his death he broke his hip. Daily thereafter until his bones mended, he was carried into the First National Bank of Lawrence on a stretcher and propped up behind his board chairman's desk to run the bank as usual.

The governor's friends and family agree that William Docking shaped his son's life as few fathers can. To begin with, George was "spoiled rotten"—and not without reason. When he was eighteen months old, one of his kidneys was removed and found to be malignant. Today the governor measures five feet eleven inches, weighs 180 pounds and, despite a chronic bronchial condition, exhibits enviable endurance. But as a baby he was underweight, and his mother, Meda, never carried him without a pillow between his body and her arms. His father believed that if little George screamed he would injure himself. His sister Alice recalls, "All he had to do to get what he wanted was to scream."

Politicians, unaware of this clinical history, suggest that the governor would still like to get things done that way. "He's just a spoiled kid—that's the way I have it diagnosed," says State Sen. Gus Lauterbach, G.O.P. chairman of the Senate Ways and Means Committee. "I've seen him so mad that another word and he'd have gone right through the dome of the State House!"

Having overprotected his son until he was healthy enough to win the Topeka city tennis championship, William Docking proceeded to bully him. A bright boy who breezed through Lawrence High School in three years, George was graduated from the University of Kansas—as were his wife, his two sons and their wives—and wanted to become an English professor. Papa would have none of it. So, after learning the ropes in banks and bond houses in Kansas City and Topeka, George became cashier of the parental enterprise.

He hated it: the "small, nagging details," as he puts it; not being able to prove himself on his own; and especially, his father's domineering manner. An insomniac, Old Bill often called George and Virginia at two or three A.M. and said, "Come talk to me." And they did.

"George was scared to death of him," says a loyal friend of both men, George Melvin, a Lawrence attorney and former Republican state senator.

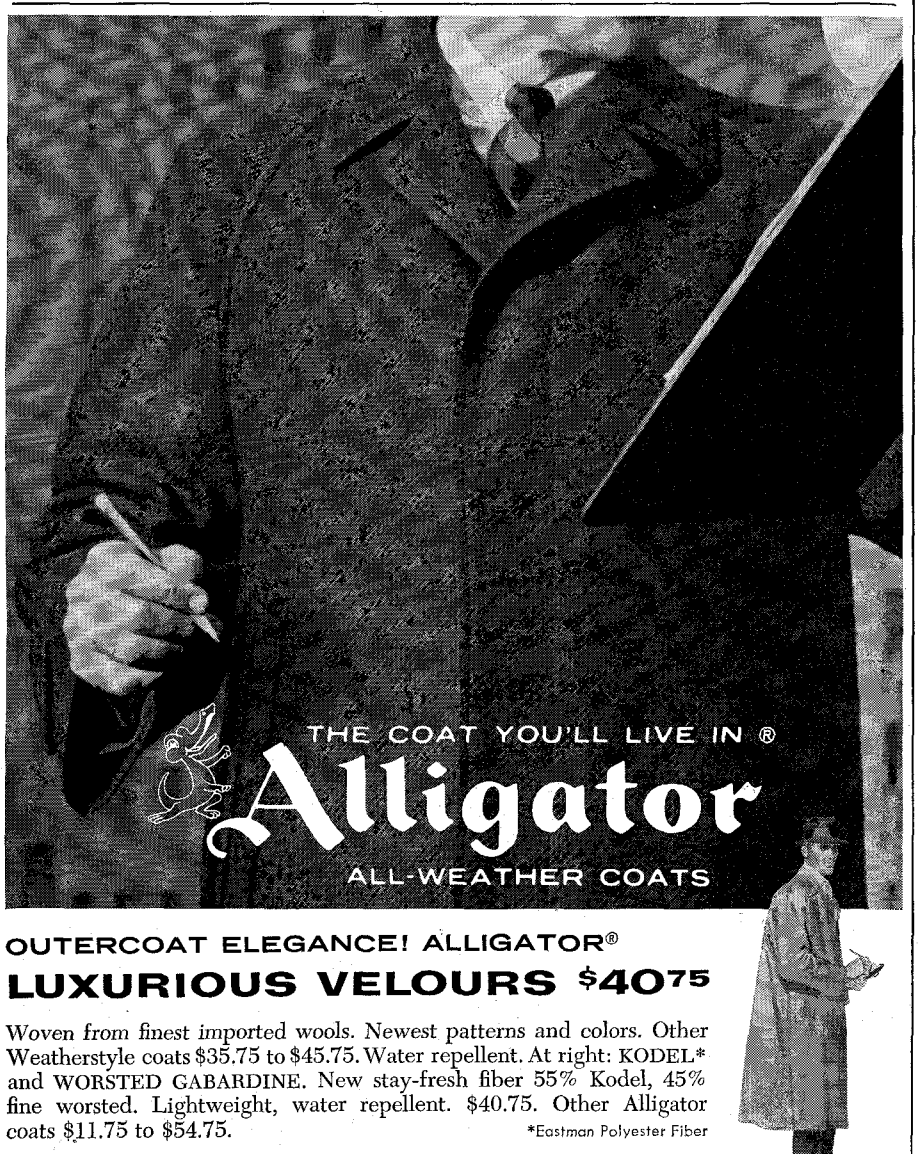
Old Bill was a banker's banker. He knew when to buy and when to sell. He knew this so well that he owned almost no stocks in 1929 and lost next to nothing in the great crash. But he did not own effective control of his bank, and the bickering between him and his son and the other stockholders created almost unbearable behind-the-counter tensions. Repeatedly George wanted to quit. Once he actually resigned, but was talked back into the fold by Kelvin Hoover, another stockholder who became executive vice president when George became president.

This did not prevent George, on September 22, 1947, from slugging Hoover in the eye, right in front of employees and customers, over a routine business disagreement. Hoover's eyeglasses were broken, and he suffered eye and head injuries. Some years later Docking punched Hoover again and knocked him against the wall. In 1941 a customer named Walter Dunmire had already sued the bank and George for $10,000, claiming that he had been cursed and socked by Docking. Nobody substantiated Dunmire's testimony, and the jury found Docking not guilty.

"We didn't meet the public very well," the governor recalls. To cure what he diagnosed as shyness, he attended speech courses. He went for seven summers, but never won one of the class "improvement prizes" which were awarded by student vote.

Watching the governor nowadays in his office, with the state motto, *Ad astra per aspera*—to the stars through difficulties—woven into the rug right in front of his desk, one suspects that he has been exposed to a force more persuasive than speech courses.

Few officials meet more of their public and meet it better. The leather-covered folding doors to his inner office have been closed only twice: when the governor was getting some of his fancy new clothes fitted. Constituents walking in when he is busy may peek through the door. An aide explains who's who and what's up. If the governor has nobody with him, the taxpayer may walk in for a smile, a handshake and a chat. The taxpayer or his wife or offspring may sit in the governor's chair while two floodlights are



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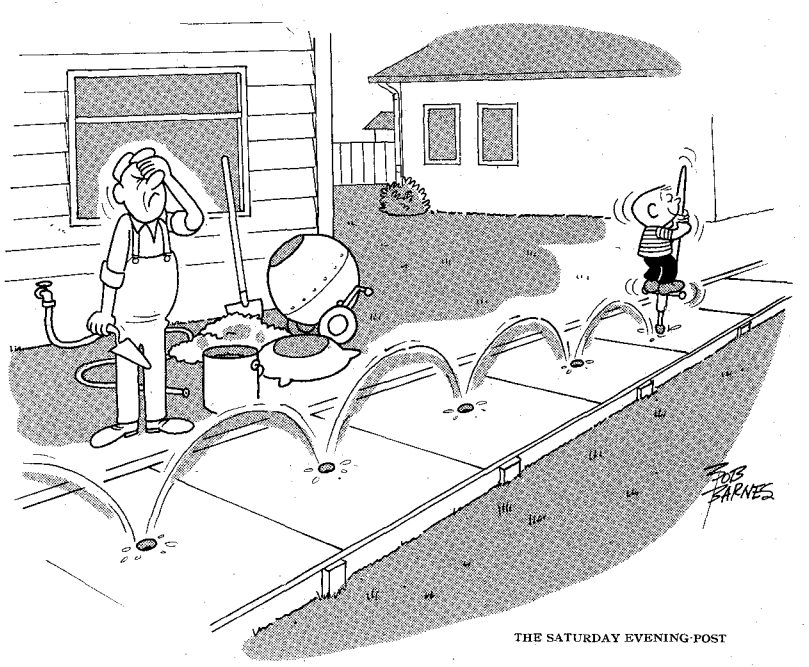

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switched on and an assistant, Z. Arthur Nevins, the bulky ex-mayor of Dodge City, gets on his knees to catch a good pose with his camera that supplies a finished print. In one minute visitors have a picture of themselves and their benevolently beaming governor—and a conversation piece for the home folks. Entire schools sometimes line up for a reception.

The Topeka press corps never had it so good. Reporters are invited into the governor's office for some of his livelier meetings with irate dignitaries. Legislative committee hearings have been thrown open. The governor holds two press conferences daily, sometimes in the "coffee room," a cubbyhole off his suite where a machine dispensing free coffee was installed. If he can't answer a question, he frequently picks up a phone to get the answer then and there.

Just about daily he and his wife set forth to meet the voters. For one brief period recently his engagement book lists Pancake Day in Liberal, Kansas; a scout circus; a barbershop-quartet singing competition; and attendance at the dedications of a new International Business Machines office in Topeka and a pigpen at Kansas State University in Manhattan, Kansas.

Not long ago I spent two days traveling 603 miles with the Dockings in their official air-conditioned 1959 limousine. We left Topeka at 8:30 A.M. for the annual roundup of 4-H club leaders at Kansas State. The governor reminisced about his "country banking" days and told the 1200 delegates from all 105 Kansas counties, "We always lent money to Four-H projects, and never did we have a slow note."

That evening, at a Junior Chamber of Commerce dinner in Pratt, the governor struck another fiscal note. "We're in an extremely dangerous position," he said. "We've got money coming out of our ears!" The Republican legislature, he said, had raised taxes unnecessarily, but he would try to persuade it to agree to a reduction. Meanwhile "bureaucrats" were scurrying about trying to find new ways to spend all that money. But he was examining every scheme under his rule: "If you don't need it right away, don't do it!"

After dinner we marched into the jammed local auditorium to the tune of *Home on the Range*, the state song. By eleven P.M., after applauding the customary "talent" demonstrations, the governor crowned—and roundly kissed on the mouth—the new Miss Kansas. By one A.M. we were in Larned to help celebrate the centennial of the old fort there. There was a luncheon at which Mrs. Sarah Frizell, a Republican committeewoman, told me she had voted for Docking twice: the first time as protest against G.O.P. scandals, and then again because "he meets everybody and he says what he thinks. People like that around here, right or wrong." In the afternoon we led a parade. The governor waved at the crowds, beamed and shouted, "Hi!"

Then we met the Pioneers of Pawnee County, attended another dinner, got into his car and were back in Topeka at 1:15 A.M., with Mrs. Docking sleeping curled up in the back seat and the governor chatting merrily about all the fine folks he knows all over.

What turned the Lawrence curmudgeon into a Smiling Jack? Those who know him best agree: for once he was doing something on his own. For once he enjoyed himself. And for once he encountered a force even curmudgeons crave: approval.

He had certainly found approval lacking in both public and social life in Lawrence. His one venture into politics, as candidate for the school board in 1932, had ended in defeat. After that he told friends who were active in local affairs that they were wasting their time. He was a tournament-grade bridge player, but one partner recalls that ladies got up and left his table in tears because he was so abusive about their game.

He seemed to be a compulsive aginner. He opposed a school-bond issue which won by almost four to one. He declined to support a local industrial-development corporation and quit the Chamber of Commerce in a huff. Mayor John Weath-

> In the game of love, a woman doesn't try to beat a man—she just wants to tie him.
>
> MAURICE SEITTER

erwax says, "If there wasn't anything in it for the First National Bank, he immediately lost interest."

Shortly after Docking became the genial governor, Larry Miller, general manager of the Kansas Press Association, asked him what had happened to the pre-election-model Docking he'd heard so much about. "I left him over in Lawrence," the governor replied. "It made me money over there, but it won't make me votes over here."

Docking has an offbeat sense of humor and may have been kidding. Moreover, it soon developed that the new Docking wasn't going to be all geniality, particularly about the University of Kansas.

He wondered out loud, for example, whether the university was spending too much tax money on research. Did art objects contribute to higher education? Was the Endowment Association efficient? Was some of the faculty "underworked and overpaid" and should it travel less outside the state? And why shouldn't the Athletic Association pay rent for the stadium?

Later he suggested that some of the faculty should be fired and certain courses eliminated. Angrily, he told a group of student reporters that "K.U. is a trouble spot" in need of a cleanup. Darkly he said it was significant that Fred Ellsworth, secretary of the Alumni Association, is the father of attorney Robert Ellsworth, the G.O.P. county chairman in Lawrence with whom the governor was once friendly, but whose hand he will no longer shake at social functions.

Another eruption occurred when the governor, campaigning for a second term against Clyde Reed, a Republican publisher, found Young Republicans from K.U. distributing anti-Docking handbills in front of a Leavenworth hotel. Docking asked one of the demonstrators, Steve Newcomer, for his name. Newcomer said he was "Joe Reed." The governor, shaking in cold fury about the handbills, asked whether he was the "illegitimate son" of Clyde Reed.

Docking's feud with K.U. is, first, a personality clash with Dr. Franklin D. Murphy, an Eisenhower Republican, a brilliant physician who had been dean of the medical school and became chancellor (president) of the university in 1951 at thirty-five. Doctor Murphy wants to turn his fine school into a Midwestern Athens. He also is a salesman of such energy that one legislative operator likens him to "a bunch of crabs on a motorcycle."

The governor told me, "I don't like the way he runs the school. I think he's terrifically expensive. He's more interested in building (*Continued on Page 48*)

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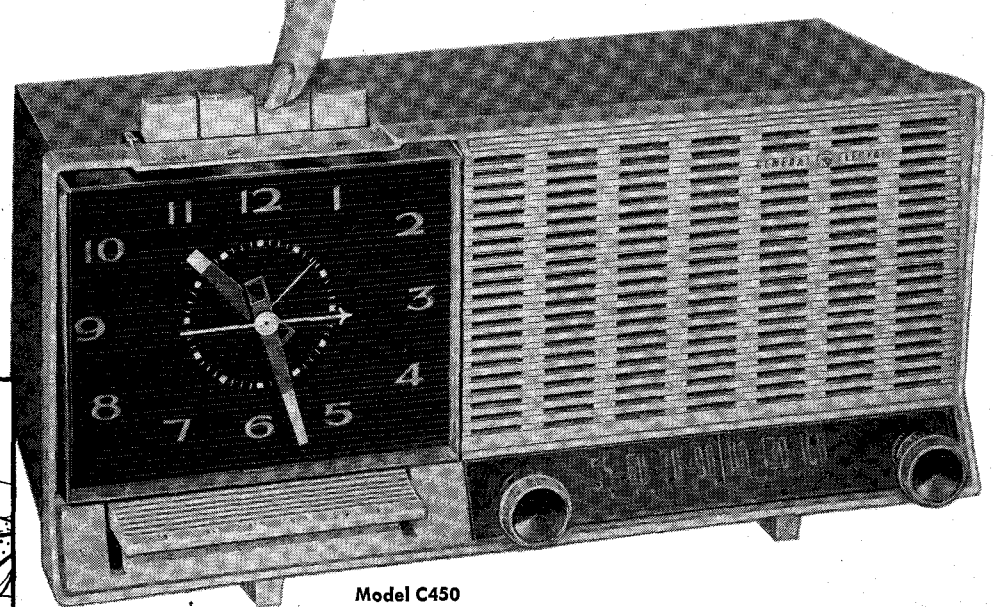

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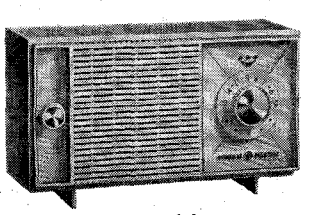

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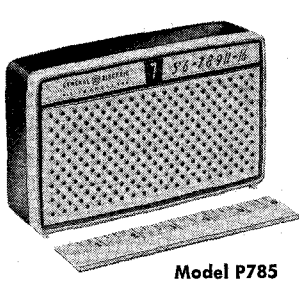

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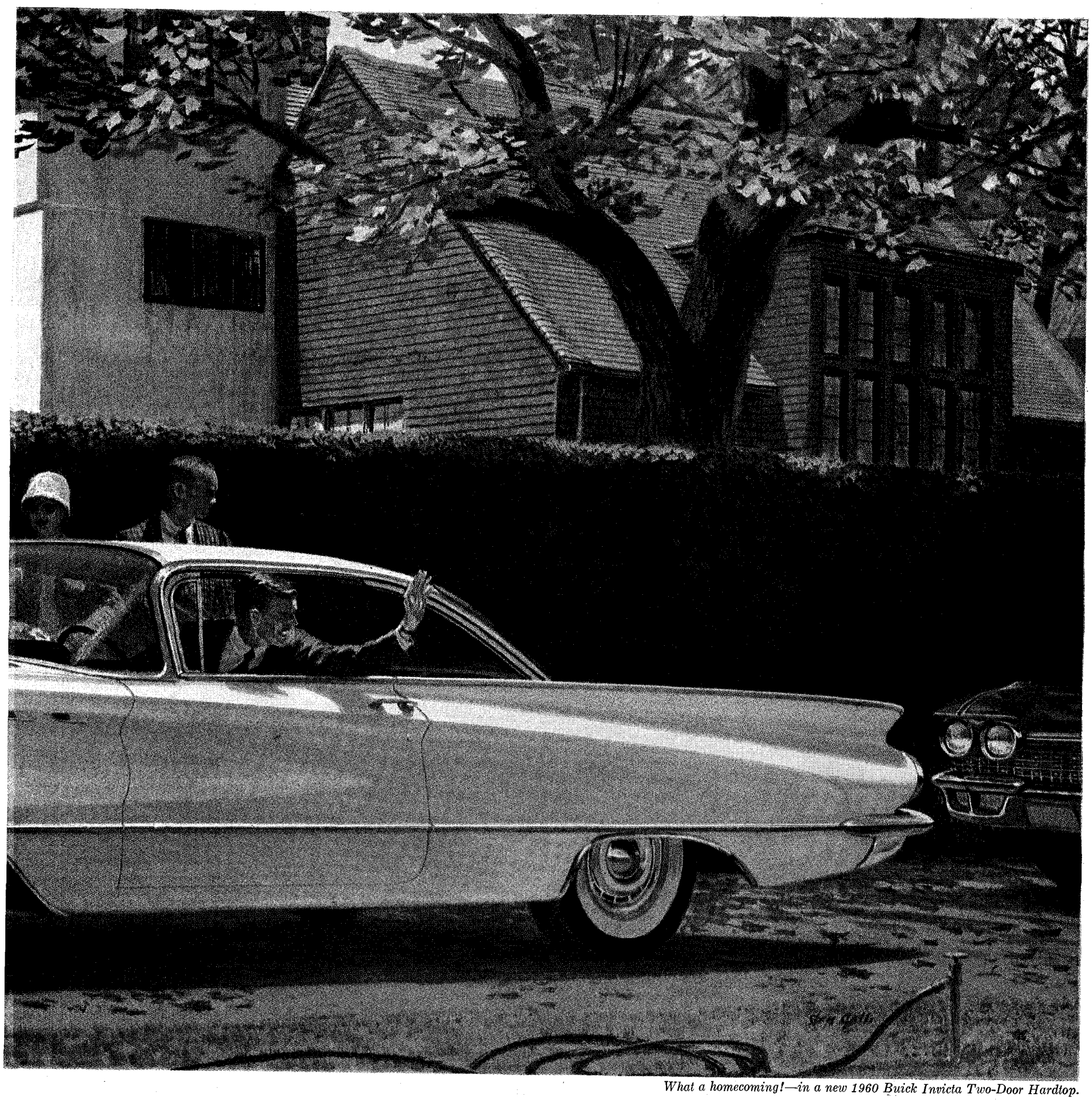

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(*Continued from Page 45*) an art center than building an educational institution."

Doctor Murphy believes that art, among other influences, is essential to educate today's citizens. Early in the first Docking administration he warned that if the Kansas school situation should develop "as some would like," the state would wind up with the best highways in the country—to let the young generation drive to better schools in other states. Since then he has observed silence in public and depended, usually with success, on the Republican legislature to give him what he needs. But many of his colleagues believe that public confidence in the university has suffered.

Politically motivated or not, the governor's skirmishing with K.U. not only helps him keep down the budget; it also is yielding what a Docking assistant smilingly terms fringe benefits. Some top Republicans agree that the feud has netted the governor the votes of many Kansans who aren't convinced that all these newfangled—and costly—wrinkles in education are necessary.

Is a new isolationism of the mind sprouting in the wheat belt? Some think so. Others blame the antiuniversity trend on a growing general tax fatigue which has intensified the inborn economy-mindedness of Kansans. As Governor Docking says, "They might pay fifty cents to see the burning of Rome. If it was a dollar, they wouldn't go."

In Lawrence, the governor's crusade is more likely to be interpreted as his way of paying back the university for never having asked him to serve on the prestigious athletic, endowment or alumni boards. These groups—and Lawrence itself—are dominated by a coterie of team-minded businessmen, mostly descendants of the original New England settlers. A brainy lone wolf like Docking, who reads Voltaire and hero-worships Toynbee, did not find this "in group" compatible. Instead, he presented papers on the slave society of the South, on Mary Baker Eddy and on municipal bonds before the Old and New, a literary society with a membership of twelve. He still regards many leading lights of Lawrence as bores and stuffed shirts, which is not surprising for a governor who likes to pop popcorn in his mansion and walks across the street to a hamburger stand when he gets hungry at night.

How Docking wound up a Democrat remains a question. The governor says he became a follower of Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1932. Nevertheless, he registered Republican for most elections until 1950, so that he could vote in Lawrence's G.O.P. primaries. The governor's friends accept his explanation for wanting to participate in the only meaningful contests in a county carried by Herbert Hoover and Alf Landon. But they snicker at the picture of Docking the New Dealer. "He admired Roosevelt for his originality and the variety of his new ideas," says Homer Neville, the governor's brother-in-law and a noted Kansas City architect, "but not the basic philosophy at all. F.D.R. *did* things. He didn't sit there like a bump on a log, like perhaps George sat in the bank."

In fact, Docking's political coloration is murky enough to invite a variety of labels. He believes, for instance, that social-security payments are going hog wild and that inflation is so deadly a problem that it may doom the nation to defeat by the Russians. Kansas Republican newspapers have called him a standpat conservative. E. R. (Bus) Zook, Manager of the Lawrence Chamber of Commerce, calls him an opportunist. And when his old friend, George Melvin, asked him, "How in hell can *you* be a Democrat?" Docking cited the cleavage between Southern states'-righters and Northern liberals and announced, "In this country anybody can be a Democrat."

Anybody, however, cannot become governor, and in Kansas the position is unattainable without Republican help. This the G.O.P. furnished in the form of an intramural bloodletting which just about wrecked it in Kansas. For years the party had been run by a clique which pretty much picked candidates and handed out jobs. In 1950 an ambitious, young Dodge City attorney, Fred Hall, decided to buck the club and managed to be elected lieutenant governor. By 1952 Governor Ed Arn decided that Hall was too eager and selected an organization man to knock him off. Hall, up for re-election as lieutenant governor, railed against the men who "bought and sold the Republican Party"—and named eight names. He ran as a martyr and won, but he was promptly shorn of his legislative powers. In 1953 Alvin S. McCoy, the Kansas correspondent of the *Kansas City Star*, disclosed that C. Wesley Roberts, once Kansas Republican state chairman and President Eisenhower's first chairman of the Republican National Committee, had received an $11,000 fee in the sale of a hospital building by an insurance firm to the state of Kansas. An embattled legislative committee decided that Roberts had violated the spirit but not the letter of the law. Roberts resigned as G.O.P. Chairman, and McCoy won a Pulitzer prize. Lieutenant Governor Hall was the only important Republican who denounced the affair. Then, in 1954, he campaigned for governor against the Old Guard and won.

His reign was not a happy one. Fellow Republicans found him arrogant and dictatorial. He made enemies by the dozen and purged them—"Governor, you are an evil little man!" shouted one of the purgees. McCoy revealed that contracts for white and yellow highway paint were let, for $40,000 more than competitive bids, to two companies unlisted in the phone book. All of which encouraged Warren Shaw, a Topeka ex-legislator and attorney who had represented Wes Roberts before the legislative investigation of the hospital sale, to run for governor against Hall in the Republican primary of 1956.

Never, perhaps, was mud slung harder. Hall charged that Shaw, as G.O.P. county chairman in Topeka, had received one-cent-a-gallon kickbacks for the party on gasoline sold to the state. Shaw suggested a grand-jury investigation of the Hall administration, especially the "highway paint deal" and "a number of other matters that challenge Hall's integrity and honesty." Hall told the voters to remember how "Mr. Shaw condoned the taking of the $11,000 fee which Mr. Roberts received under peculiar circumstances." Shaw won the nomination.

It was in this atmosphere that George Docking, having won the Democratic nomination against former Secretary of War Harry Woodring by only 996 votes, clobbered Republican Shaw by 115,361. Clearly, Kansans only voted against the home-grown brand of Republicanism, for at the same time they helped re-elect President Eisenhower by almost two to one.

The Republicans immediately co-operated with Docking by making themselves look still worse. Defeated and scouting for a job, Hall, still a lame-duck governor, secretly persuaded an ailing State Supreme Court justice to resign in his favor. He then secured the co-operation of the lieutenant governor, John McCuish, who was also hospitalized. Eleven days before his term expired, Hall staged a remarkable sequence of events in his office. Within a few minutes he (1) announced the resignation of the hospitalized justice; (2) announced his own resignation; (3) watched McCuish, who had just been picked up from the hospital, sworn in as governor; (4) listened to McCuish announce Hall's appointment to the Supreme Court; and (5) took the oath as justice. Hall has since resigned and become a business executive in California.

The Republicans have been playing into Docking's hands ever since. Having been in power for twenty years, they couldn't very well be even more economical than the governor without tearing down their own programs. When it came to doing something about the $10,900,000 deficit left behind by Hall and putting the state on a sound fiscal basis, the G.O.P. legislature favored a politically painful ½ per cent increase in the sales tax. Docking wanted a highway use tax on trucks which hurts most taxpayers hardly at all. The legislature voted three times for the higher sales tax. Docking vetoed it each time, but on the third try it squeaked through over his veto. The Republicans claim the state would be broke without it. Docking is so gifted at polishing budgets, however, that he can now point to a large accumulating surplus and accuse the Republicans of having forced an unnecessary burden upon the "little fellow."

"Well, Bill Howard, this is a coincidence. I was just talking about you last Sunday."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Republicans are as frustrated as delinquents at a Sunday-school picnic. When the governor kept returning funds they had voted him to run his office and mansion—and using his gesture as a peg for speeches about the virtue of thrift—they decided to reduce the executive budget; Docking announced that he and Virginia could always move into an apartment, and the Republicans spluttered. They spluttered again when Docking charged that some of them were smuggling liquor into the State House; that others were soft on lobbyists: and that quite a number were victims of "four *B*'s—bribe, buy, befuddle and bully."

That time the Republicans blew up. "Who is the governor to call me a crook?" cried one senator. "If he had said that to me on the street, I would have punched him in the nose—three or four times!" But when a protesting delegation called on Docking, he merely pulled out of his desk his proposed conflict-of-interest bill. This measure is so stringent that its passage would guarantee, as the governor notes happily, wholesale resignations from the legislature. It didn't pass.

None of this sport has obscured what prompted Docking's re-election and irritates the Republicans most: that he appointed able men to key jobs and runs the state solvently and without scandals.

His friends and enemies further agree that he owes much of his popularity to his wife, a Missouri storekeeper's daughter who measures five feet, all tact and canniness. She writes a folksy weekly newspaper column, *From Our Home to Your Home;* composes baskets of "thank you" letters by hand; conducts thousands of taxpayers through her mansion and serves them punch; and tries hard to keep the governor calm and his cigarette ration down to less than two packs daily. Docking concedes that it was Virginia who pushed him into politics, though he was certainly ready for something. ("I was in a rut.")

What's next for the governor? This problem preoccupies his closest friend and adviser, Don Hewitt, as he reads Plato and ruminates while waiting for business at his job as sales manager of the Highland Park Cemetery in Kansas City, Kansas. Hewitt believes that his old K.U. chum George has built a record fit for the vice presidency, possibly even the presidency. "We're an oasis of solvency in a desert of waste," he observes.

Some Docking boosters agree, but wonder whether his temper won't lead him into disaster on the climb upward. For the time being, the wisest tipsters speculate that he will run for an unprecedented third term. The Republicans note that one of their two G.O.P. senators, Andrew Schoeppel, also is up for re-election next year. Some of them hope that Docking will decide to tackle him and, if need be, even defeat him—just so long as they can get "that man" out of Kansas.

THE END

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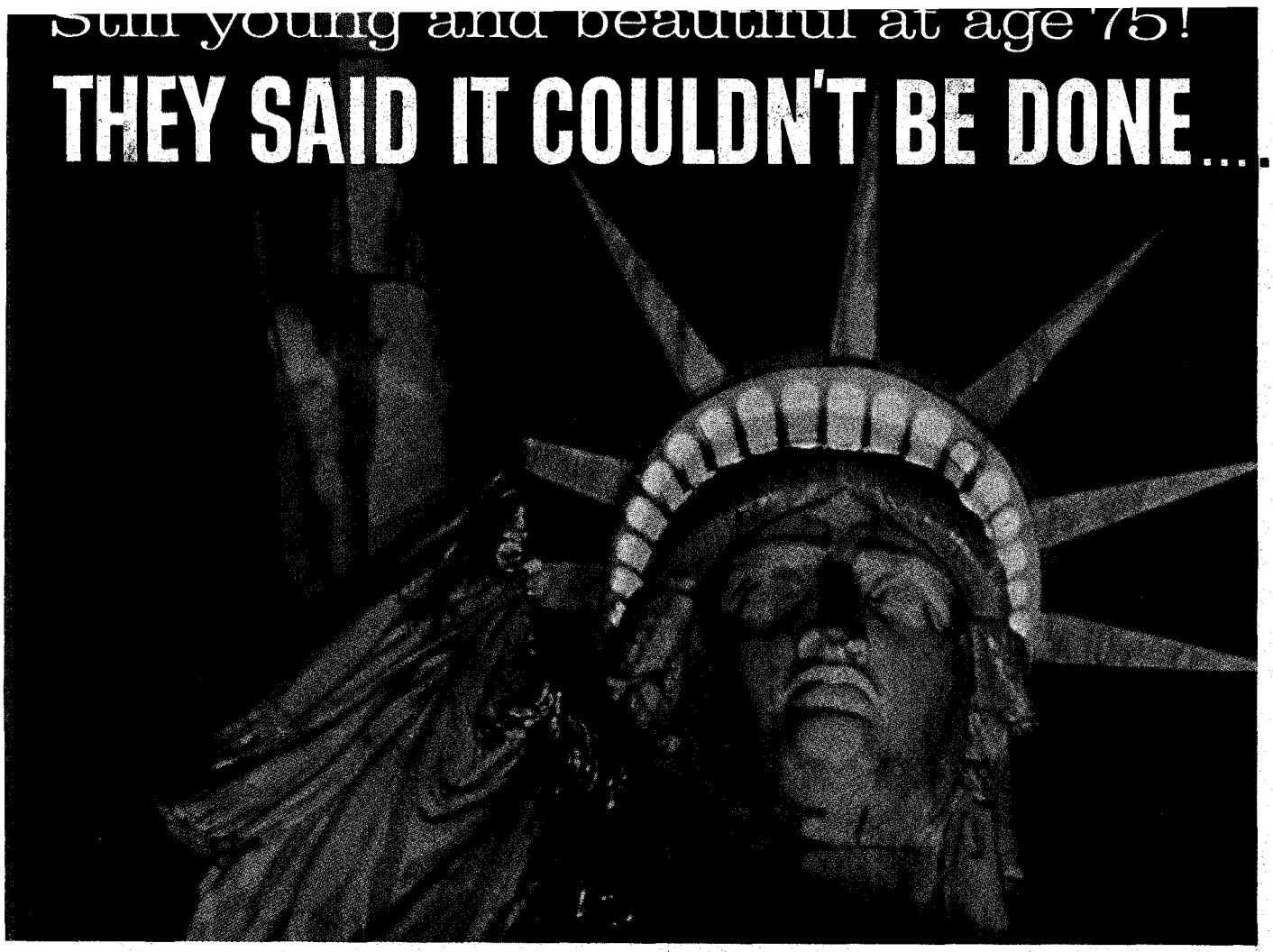

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Hunters' Hassle (Continued from Page 35)

"Me watch her work?" Jones asked in stupefaction. "Me watch a bird dog?" He tried to say more. He tried hard, but, although his mouth opened and closed, no words came out of it. He fell back, and Ham Pressley, a young lawyer with red hair, found his tongue.

"Monk," he said. "Monk. What have you done to yourself? Or rather, what have you let them do to you? When you went away you could call your soul your own. You wouldn't have looked at a thing like that, you ——"

"Wait a minute," Monk said, losing his grin. "What is this? I like this dog. She's my friend, not 'a thing like that.' Have they made it illegal to hunt grouse? It's like stealing, maybe?"

"Monk," Ham said, sweating a little, "don't you remember your hound, old Spareribs? The best cold-trailing hound ever born? That time we took him to the Junction against all the champions and he struck a tree the rest of them ignored and wouldn't leave it? And they had to cut the tree down and found a coon skeleton in it, been there a year or so? Ah, that was a cold-trailing nose, boy. It would be a sacrilege to dishonor the memory of that wonderful hound by ——"

"This is beginning to sound like an address to the jury," Monk said. "Besides, I always did think Spareribs had made a mistake and was too stubborn to admit it. I loved Spareribs in spite of his faults, but he's dead now, and I've got a different kind of dog. Can't a man like anything but a hound?"

"But after you follow that—that thing ——"

"Blast it!" Monk said, warming up. "Do you have to keep on saying 'that thing'? Her name's Frieda von Auschwitz and ——"

"I don't give a curse what her name is," Ham said, beginning to warm up himself. "If you follow her—it—that, all day, you'll be too tired to hunt coons at night. Frieda von Auschwitz! Frieda von Nitwi——"

"Hold it there," Monk said, stepping forward. The dog stepped forward with him and showed Ham her excellent teeth. "Sit Frieda. I'll handle this character." Frieda sat, and Monk turned to Ham again. "Hold it there before one of us does something he'll be sorry for. I was going to hunt coons sometimes, too, but I've changed my mind. I'm going to hunt grouse. Period."

Now that the final, bitter word was out, a subtle change came over the four. They drew together; in the end of their hopes there was a hardening among them; their eyes narrowed and their mouths got a little thin. "O.K.," Ham said. "If that's the way you want it."

"It's the way you want it apparently," Monk said.

"Let's not go into that," Ham said. "You're bewitched, boy. You're possessed by an evil spirit. We ought to run you out of town, but we're bigger than that. We're going to save you."

"Let your charity begin at home," Monk said. "You're old enough to quit that childish stumbling around in the dark."

Ham gave him a look with incipient mayhem in it and turned to the three others. "Come on," he said. They closed ranks and marched off the platform.

Monk watched them go. Frieda whined, and thrust her nose into his left hand. He gently pulled her ear. "What a home-coming," he said. "Let's blow." He turned in the other direction, and the dog followed him.

Ham Pressley had moments, especially when he had a necktie on, when he turned into the studious type. The day after the painful episode at the railroad station he had to be in court, and consequently was dressed up; and after court was over he went to the library. The librarian, a girl named Ruth Bagnold, was a delicious creature with such attributes that her elders occasionally wondered how such an unlively place as the library had managed to hold her for a year, but Ruthie had her reasons. She wanted Monk; she had always wanted him; and the library seemed a good place to wait until he returned. She and Monk had been constant companions until several months before he went away; then, one evening, Monk had stood her up because Spareribs had been sick. Ruthie, younger then, had expressed herself emphatically on the subject of dogs, and the companionship hadn't been so constant after that. She had learned about men and their dogs the hard way, and didn't intend to make the same mistake twice. She had heard about the scene at the station and was meditating upon it when Ham came in.

"Hi, Ruthie," Ham said. "You got a book on dogs?"

"Why, Ham," she said, "we have quite a few. Do you want the *Veterinarian's Guide*, *The American Trail Hound*, or what?"

"I want one that tells about all breeds."

"There's a new one over there, with all the old breeds and the newer ones in this country in it."

Ham had his own idea about Ruthie's library job and wasn't going to take a chance on any leakage of information. "I'll borrow it," he said. "I heard about a new breed of coon hound I want to look up." He got the book, Ruthie checked it out, and he left with it under his arm. Ruthie watched him go; she had her own suspicions.

An hour or so later Monk came in with Frieda. Ruthie, all smiles, got up to meet him, and they shook hands in the middle of the room. Frieda circled the girl at a distance of several feet and then sat down and looked at her.

"I heard you were back," Ruthie said. "I was hoping you'd come in."

"I wanted to say hello," Monk said and added with enthusiasm, "You look swell, Ruthie. You don't look like a librarian."

Ruthie blushed. "How does a librarian look?"

There was a short silence, and Ruthie seemed to grow prettier. "Your dog's beautiful, Monk." She held out her hand, but Frieda didn't move and continued to look at her. "But she's not very friendly, is she?"

Monk looked at Frieda and then at Ruthie; he seemed a bit puzzled; then he seemed to withdraw a little. "Ordinarily she is," he said finally and told her about the affair at the station. "Maybe she's not sure who her friends are yet. She'd come to you if I told her to, but I've found it's better to let her figure things out for herself."

"Oh," Ruthie said and hesitated. The dog's steady regard disturbed her. She hadn't intended to speak of Ham and the book yet; a girl needed a secret weapon or two; but she had a sudden, wild thought that the dog knew she was hiding something. She almost spoke up, and then changed her mind, telling herself that such a thought was ridiculous.

Frieda whined and thrust her nose into Monk's hand.

Monk patted her head. "Well," he said, "have to go. It was awfully nice to see you again, Ruthie," he went on, but some of the fine warmth in his voice was gone.

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Ruthie, stricken, watched them cross the room. She had hoped for much more. The dog turned at the door and looked at her again, and then they were both outside.

In his office the next day Monk suddenly realized that he was sitting at his desk staring at a pile of papers and looked at the clock. It was nearly lunchtime; he'd been sitting there for two hours, and he hadn't done any work yet. He'd been thinking about Ruthie. He'd been extraordinarily glad to see her, and was just about to ask her to have dinner with him when he'd noticed Frieda's behavior. He'd been ready to pick up things where they'd left off and go on from there, but Frieda had sensed something disquieting about the girl—and Frieda had never been wrong about anybody. At the same time it had been quite evident that Ruthie had been very glad to see him.

Monk could make no sense of it, although he'd been trying; and, like a good dog man, he never thought of questioning Frieda's judgment. That was where the morning had gone, and it looked as though the afternoon would go the same way. He couldn't see a solution for his problem. He thought some more, swore, and finally stood up. "Have to go out," he told his secretary. "I'm not sure I'll be back today."

She'd been watching him all morning; she was past middle age and had nothing to lose. "I'm not sure you should come back," she said, "even if you can."

He went home, put on his shooting clothes and let Frieda out of her pen, got into the car with her and took off for the hills. As he pulled away he didn't see another car, parked halfway down the block, start up and follow him. He drove for almost an hour, until he was near the top of the ridge where there was a lot of hemlock and beech, let Frieda out, got out with his gun and followed the dog into the woods.

He moved along slowly with Frieda casting back and forth in front of him for a while, and then she slowed down. Her short tail began to wag rapidly, and her gait changed to one of light, pussyfooting caution. She zigzagged a little and then settled on a line; her pace slowed a little more, and her belly dropped closer to the ground. Her tail stopped wagging, she rolled her eye back to see that Monk was with her, and froze. It was the perfect point that the bird-dog men live for, a pretty thing to see.

Monk stepped up beside her and took a step beyond. The grouse exploded out of a low laurel bush fifty feet ahead, and he hit it just before it swung behind a tree. It rolled over and fell. Frieda hadn't moved. She was as steady as a rock. "Fetch!" he said, and she galloped out and got the bird and brought it in. No field-trial champion could have put on a better performance.

As Monk put the bird in his pocket his troubles began to fade away; from a thing of confusion, the day became a thing of beauty. He and Frieda congratulated each other and started out again.

Sometime later the dog suddenly encountered a scent that to Monk's astonished eyes seemed to drive her crazy. One moment she was hunting carefully and well; the next she was bounding about, and the moment after that she rushed off into the woods with her nose to the ground and disappeared. Monk was nonplused; he'd never seen her act that way. First he was puzzled, then irritated; finally he began to get mad. He got out his whistle and almost burst his cheeks blowing it, but that availed him nothing; finally, in a rage, he decided to save his breath and just waited. It was quite a while before she came back, and when she did he had to struggle with himself to keep from picking up a stick and belaboring her with it.

The perfect day, the thing of beauty, had evaporated. "Heel!" he said between his clenched teeth, and turned toward the car, with Frieda following him.

Several days later Ruthie was passing Monk's office as he came out of it at lunchtime. Her presence there wasn't completely accidental, but Monk gave no sign of suspecting that. "Hi, Ruthie," he said with a preoccupied air. "How about some lunch?"

"Why, Monk, I'd like to very much."

He took her arm in an abstracted way and led her into the village's best restaurant, not speaking on the way.

When they were seated at a corner table and his silence continued, she asked, "How's Frieda, Monk?"

That started something. "Ruthie," he said, showing the first sign of life, "she's got me at my wit's end. I don't know what's got into her. I've had her out for three days in a row, and for a while she's the best grouse dog you ever saw. Then she starts to run wild all over the place and I can't do a thing with her. She won't come in, she won't pay any attention —— Ah." The waitress had appeared, and he scowled at her. "Soup for me," he said, "and not much of that."

He fell to staring at the tablecloth, and the waitress looked at Ruthie. "Soup for me, too," Ruthie said brightly. The waitress went away. "How strange," Ruthie said, "for Frieda to act that way."

"It's awful. There's no explanation for it. There isn't anything in these woods she hasn't encountered before, no scent that's new enough to her to drive her nuts."

"Isn't there?" Ruthie asked, beginning to wonder.

"Huh?"

"You're sure there's nothing new?"

"Of course not," he said scornfully. "Deer, things like that, she knows them all. Nonsense!"

The soup came and they ate it; at least Ruthie ate hers. Monk pushed his about with his spoon, presently gave up any pretense of eating and called for the check. He got up. "I'll try her again later this afternoon, but I know she'll do the same thing," he said gloomily as they went out. "It was nice to see you, Ruthie. 'By."

He went off with his head bowed; Ruthie, still hungry, watched him go. She caught herself almost wondering whether she had made a fearful mistake in her choice, and quickly got away from that into the realm of the practical. She decided to call Ham and ask him to return the dog book as soon as he could because there had been another request for it, and walked quickly back to the library. When she got there she found that he had returned it; it was lying on her desk. It was a new book; Ham had been the first to borrow it, and it should open where he'd been reading it. It opened at "Weimaraners," as she suspected it would; then she found where a pencil mark had been erased beside a paragraph describing how this breed was sometimes trained to trail fur bearers; it was, the book said, used frequently for this purpose in Germany.

Ruthie began to see a little daylight through the situation, and when she recalled Monk's saying that he'd had trouble for the last three days she saw more. "Carry on, Virginia," she said to her assistant. "I'll be back when you see me."

She got her car and drove off to the edge of town where Monk lived in a nice old house that had belonged to his father. It had a lot of lawn, many old trees and a carriage house that was now a garage and had kennel runs down the side away from the house. A block from the house she saw Bo Conrad's car, empty, parked by the curb. Bo was one of the coon hunters; he had been one of the four who had met Monk at the station. There was only one place he could be at the moment, Ruthie thought, and that was near the kennel runs where Frieda was.

She stopped her car, got out and walked rapidly down a brushy path that paralleled the runs at a distance of a hundred yards or so. When she got opposite the runs, she carefully put her head through the brush and looked. Bo was there, sure enough; he was marching up and down in front of Frieda's pen with a tame raccoon on a leash, and Frieda was going out of her mind.

Ruthie had known dog men most of her life, and listened to them lie and brag and hatch nefarious schemes to do one another in the eye; she guessed quite accurately what was going on. The four men were taking turns spending a day on Monk and Frieda; while Monk worked in the mornings, one of them walked the raccoon in front of Frieda to excite her and then waited in the parked car until Monk came home. When he did, they followed him to the woods, slipped in in front of him, walked the raccoon about to leave a trail and then disappeared with it. Naturally the dog wanted to find the raccoon and catch it, and the longer the performance went on the more frustrated she became and the more she wanted to catch the raccoon. It was a clever and very dirty trick.

Ruthie withdrew her head, went back to her car and took off, wondering what to do next. If she told Monk what was going on there would be a fight for sure, and she didn't want that. She was quite confident that he could take care of himself very well with any one of the four, but he couldn't handle all of them, and they would stick together. She didn't want him battered, and besides, the effect on Frieda of what they were doing was liable to be unfortunate. They would probably spoil the dog if they kept on, and she didn't want that either. Her father had been a grouse hunter, and she had often gone with him; she respected a good grouse dog and knew how hard it was to find one.

(*Continued on Page 54*)

Autumn on the Skyline Drive

By Carleton Drewry

Gnarled, gnomelike where in
rock their deep roots grope,
The trees consume themselves
on every slope.

Flaunting their brief bright
flame, the leaves expire
Finally in their own cold forest
fire.

Evening comes early. The sky
grows water-green
In the west. Our senses drugged
with too much seen,

We who have watched such
beauty of color burn
Take up our thoughts, begin
the long return.

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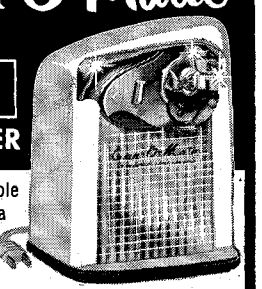

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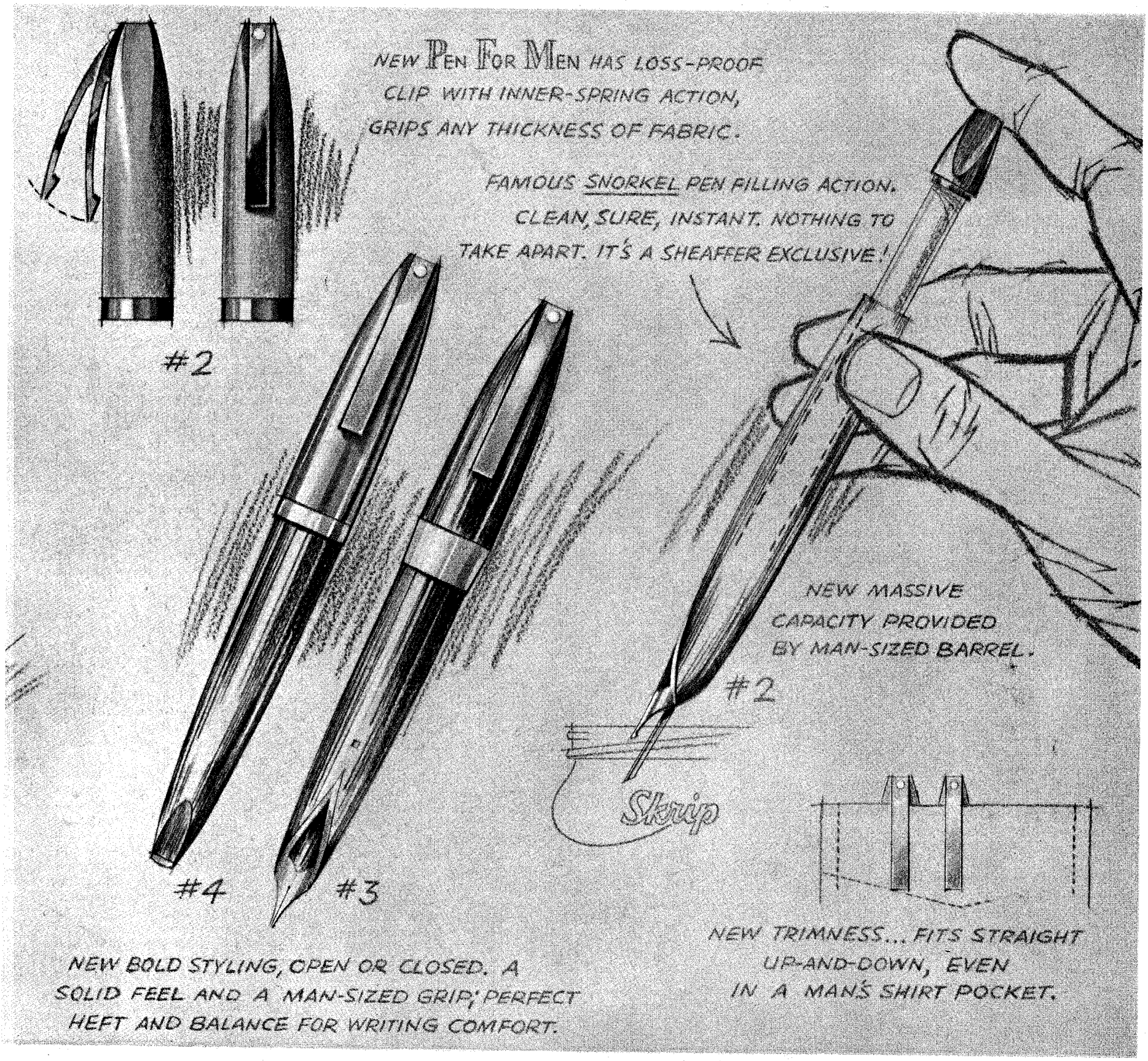
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(*Continued from Page 51*) She was seething with anger and frustration when she got back to the library, and Virginia noticed it at once.

"What in the world," Virginia asked, "has happened to you?"

"Dog men," Ruthie said. "They should be strangled at birth. Assassins! Silly, bigoted, childish idiots! If I had my way ——"

"What have they done to you?"

Ruthie looked at her, close to tears. "Oh, Virginia," she said. "I wish I knew what to do."

"Stop jittering," Virginia said. "Love will find a way."

After a few days of hopeful waiting for Virginia's axiom to settle everything, Ruthie concluded that she would have to take a hand herself. The campaign was apparently still going on, for Monk was gloomier than ever; she didn't have time to wait. After a good deal of anguished meditation during a rather sleepless night she caught her younger brother in the hall the next morning.

"Jeff," she said, "would you do me a big favor?"

"Aw, jeepers," Jeff said.

"Please, Jeff. I'll buy you that football helmet in Conroy's."

"Huh? The white one?"

"Any color you want."

"I want the white one. It costs ——"

"I don't care what it costs," Ruthie said desperately. "You know that tame ——"

"I ought to have new shoulder pads too. We got a lot of tough cookies ——"

"Don't interrupt," Ruthie said. "You know that tame raccoon that Ham and Bo keep to train their hounds? I want you to borrow it when they're not looking and ——"

"Aw, hey! You wanna get me slugged? You wanna get me liquorated by ——"

"Liquidated," Ruthie said. "You won't get into any ——"

"Oh, no?" Jeff demanded, his voice rising. "Oh, no? Anybody snatches that coon's gonna get put in a barrel of cement and ——"

"Shoulder pads too," Ruthie said.

"Aw, jeepers! Well, maybe I could. Like I said, we got a lot of tough cookies ——"

"Do stop interrupting," Ruthie said crossly, interrupting. "I want you to borrow it when they're not looking and hide alongside of the old mill on River Road Tuesday evening until I come along in the car. Then you can throw it out in front of the car."

Jeff stared at her. "You nuts?" he finally asked. "Who's gonna be with you? What you gonna do that for?"

"Almost," Ruthie said, answering the questions in order. "Monk and his dog will be with me. I'll see to that. The top will be down, and I want Frieda to see that coon and jump out and chase it."

"Good Christmas!" Jeff said. "What for?"

"It's too complicated to explain," Ruthie said. "But when Monk sees it, then I can tell him what they're doing to him."

Jeff looked at her for several minutes and then shook his head. "Why don't you just tell him?" he asked. "Just tell him without all that corny stuff. Jeepers!" he said. "The way women do things." He shook his head. "Just tell him, for heaven's sake."

"I—I can't," Ruthie said. "You just be there."

"O.K., O.K. I need those pads. We got a lot of ——"

Ruthie patted him on the head and moved on down the hall.

On Tuesday evening, under a full moon, Ruthie, Monk and Frieda drove slowly along River Road. The top was down; the woods were on either side, shadowy and mysterious. Frieda sat in the back seat, with her nose extended forward to catch all the delightful scents of the night, and Monk sat in front, staring at the road. He'd been dragooned into the ride by some tale of Ruthie's about how she had to go to the library in the next village on an errand and felt a bit timid about doing it by herself. Ruthie drove, nervously hoping that Jeff, for once, hadn't fouled everything up. There was little conversation.

They were within a quarter of a mile of the old mill when Monk suddenly straightened up in his seat. "Hounds!" he exclaimed. "Stop the car!"

Ruthie was so startled that she stalled the engine and the car bucked to a stop. In the sudden silence the moonlit woods around them were filled and shaken by the ringing crash and clamor of hounds in full cry. It was a lovely and stirring thing, pressing in on them and taking their breath away. Monk stood up; Frieda jumped into the front seat and stood beside him with her forepaws over the top of the windshield.

Like a furry apparition, full in the headlights, a raccoon burst out of the bushes, galloped across the road and dived into the bushes on the other side. Frieda jumped over the windshield, knocking Monk down in the seat, took off from the hood and disappeared after it. Ruthie had wrought better than she knew.

"Frieda!" Monk bawled, scrambling up. "Frieda! Come in here! Frieda!"

His voice ordinarily would have reached out for a mile, but the hounds drowned him out. Still in full cry, running the raccoon's line, they began to stream across the road.

"They'll kill her!" Monk said in anguish and jumped out of the car. He ran up the road, and Ruthie, wanting to help, terrified, not knowing what else to do, got out and ran after him. The hounds were all across the road by that time; their voices were going rapidly off through the shadowed woods, and Monk, knowing it was futile to try following them, danced frantically about in the road.

It was sometime about then that Ham, Bo, Archie and tree-climbing Jones burst out of the woods in their turn, scratched and blown, and pulled up to stare in a startled way at him. As they did it the hounds fell suddenly silent. It was a silence louder than sound.

"They've lost him!" Bo said in an agonized tone between gasps for breath. "They've lost him!" He gulped. "You did it!" he said whirling on Monk. "You turned him, you lost us our coon." He took off his battered hat and threw it violently to the ground. "Ah, damn it!" he said, in the accents of the betrayed. "You sell us down the river for a bird dog, and then you come out here and lose us our coon."

"Yeah," said tree-climbing Jones. "By gosh, you did."

The four of them drew together as they had at the station, but this time it didn't seem as though they were going to walk away. An air of tense unfriendliness became apparent, and Ruthie, feeling it, began to glance around desperately.

"Look!" she squeaked, pointing up the road. "Look!"

They looked. Coming toward them in the lights, with her head high, was Frieda — and she was bringing in the coon. A good retriever, she hadn't killed it; she was holding it just hard enough, between the scruff of the neck and the shoulders, to keep it from getting away. Snarling with rage, it was doing its best to get at her, but was powerless to do it. As they all watched, hypnotized, she trotted up to Monk, sat down in front of him, and waited for him to take the raccoon. The unfriendly air of the group congealed into something that felt decidedly lethal, and they all spoke at once.

"Well, I'll be ——" said Jones.

"Why, you dirty ——" Bo began.

"Of all the snide and ——" Archie put in.

"Judas!" Ham said, loudest of all. "Putting on that bird-dog act and then doing this to us. Devil take you. I've got a mind to fix your clock." He stepped forward; the three others stepped forward with him. Monk, who had grown cooler as the uproar waxed, stepped forward too.

"One at a time, gentlemen," he said and cocked his right.

Ruthie was suddenly between them and faced Ham like a Fury. "Gangsters!" she said. "Delinquents! Judas, indeed! Who's been trying for a week to drive that dog mad with raccoons? Sneaking around to her pen, sneaking in front of her in the woods! Forcing her to go after raccoons!"

She took a step toward them, and they fell back in dismay. Monk, staring at her in fascination, had the whole thing revealed to him in the twinkling of an eye. He'd played a trick or so himself in his day, and it was never established later whether or not he played another one right then. "Friends," he said, "I give you back your coon. . . . Frieda, drop it."

Frieda opened her mouth and the snarling coon hit the ground, facing in Ham's direction. It reached him in one jump, swarmed up the side of him, danced about for an instant on top of his head and jumped for Bo. Bo ducked with a screech, but not soon enough; the coon landed on his head, dug in for purchase, swarmed down his side and vanished into the woods. As the coon disappeared and the coon hunters scattered, Ruthie felt something cool and damp thrusting itself into her hand.

She looked down and saw that it was Frieda's nose. She had been accepted. She gave a little exclamation of pleasure and relief, got down on her knees in the road, and threw her arms around the dog's neck. Frieda enthusiastically licked her ear.

"Ruthie," she heard Monk saying. "Ruthie." She looked up. "I have a notion there are better places than here," he went on, and helped her up. He stood for a moment facing her, holding her hands and grinning at her. "Dear heart," he said, "I've got things to say to you, but it had better be later. Come on." They ran back to the car, and Monk got behind the wheel; Frieda insisted upon sitting between them. Monk started the car, and they drove off between the demoralized coon hunters. Presently, a little way down the road, they found that they were holding hands.

A little farther on the pale blur of a roadside building appeared in the moonlight, and Ruthie returned to cold reality with a gasp. "Stop the car!" she said. "Stop it!"

It was Monk's turn to stall the engine. As the car bucked to a halt, Ruthie jumped up.

"Jeff!" she shouted. "Jeff! Don't do it! Don't do it, Jeff!"

Jeff walked out into the road, into the glare of the headlights, with the tame coon ambling behind him on a leash. Monk was too startled to do anything; Ruthie was paralyzed. She knew she should grab Frieda; she stood there, unable to move, with her eyes shut tight, waiting for the dog to spring. A long time seemed to go by, and nothing happened; Ruthie reluctantly opened her eyes. Jeff was closer to them now, walking toward the car, and Frieda was still on the seat. The dog was watching the raccoon with interest, but that was all. Jeff came up beside the car, and still she did nothing.

"Get in, Jeff," Monk said. "In the back seat."

Jeff and the coon climbed in; Frieda turned, looked at the coon, wagged her stump of a tail and stayed where she was.

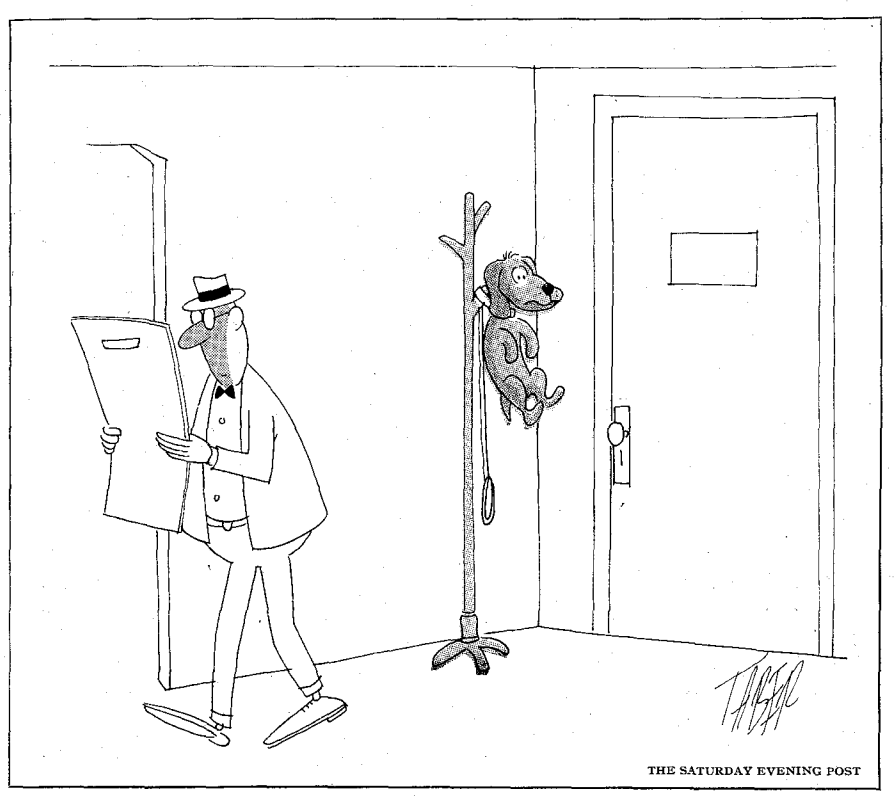
Ruthie's legs gave way beneath her; she sat down and let out a long, shuddering breath.

"Whew!" Monk said, letting out a long breath himself. "I don't know yet what this is all about, but I think you've cured her, Ruthie. She's caught one, found out what it's all about, and now she's through with them. She'll go back to birds now. Let's go home, Ruthie honey. We'll put the dog in the kennel—if I can get her away from you—and the boy in the sack. Then I have plans for you."

Jeff spoke up for the first time. "Do I get the pads anyhow?" he asked. "Do I? I been lugging this coon all over creation, and my bike's still over there."

"I'll get it tomorrow," Ruthie said. "And the pads and the helmet, and —— Drive on," she said to Monk, and stretched her hand across the seat. "Don't spare the horses. I have plans for you too."

THE END



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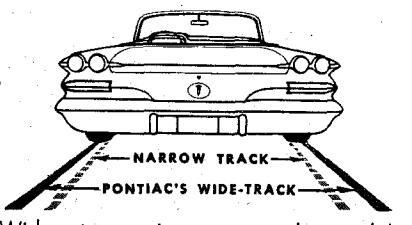

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New Clues in the Search for Cancer Cures

(Continued from Page 20)

was Dr. Murray J. Shear, an eminent research leader in the National Cancer Institute and president-elect of the American Cancer Research Association. Doctor Shear's unwavering belief in the validity of the chemical approach had much to do with the eventual establishment of the screening program.

Doctor Shear is a genial man of sixty years, balding, with a gray, clipped mustache, and a dry wit that has survived the frustrations of cancer research at a time when it was decidedly less popular and well heeled than it is today. He and Dr. Howard B. Andervont, another top scientist in the National Cancer Institute—and much like Doctor Shear in temperament—entered this field together in 1931. They were members of a four-man team assigned to the Public Health Service's first cancer-research laboratory, set up at the Harvard Medical School.

Early in his career Doctor Shear began to think about the chemical approach to cancer. "But the pundits shook their heads," he recalls. "They said: 'You are not going to find a chemical that will hit the tumor and not the normal tissues because cancer is blood of our blood, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh.'

"Well, I was young and brash, and I believed there was a chance of finding something that would affect the cancer cell differentially. I thought that if I could obtain 10,000 selected compounds, screen them against animal tumors and find one or two that were effective, that would provide a wonderful tool."

Actually Doctor Shear had something more than a mere hunch to go on. For upward of 100 years physicians had recorded the occasional shrinkage or even the disappearance of a tumor during a severe infection. It was such an observation that led the late Dr. William Bradley Coley, an eminent New York surgeon, to develop "Coley's mixed toxins." Doctor Coley's story, long familiar to Doctor Shear, began when Coley was a young surgeon at the New York Hospital in 1891. An older surgeon removed a sarcoma from the neck of an Italian man, and when it recurred he performed a second operation. The patient then returned to the hospital for a third stay, and this time the tumor was so large and invasive that it was judged inoperable. But while the patient was in the hospital he contracted erysipelas, and the tumor in his neck melted completely away.

"Young Coley was so impressed," Doctor Shear remarked to me, "that for the rest of his life he continued working on this clue that nature had given him. He made a preparation from the erysipelas organism isolated from another patient and later added an organism known as *Bacillus prodigiosus*. Doctor Coley and others treated many cancer patients with Coley's toxin, but the results were not sufficiently clear-cut to gain general acceptance." Nevertheless, this pioneer in chemotherapy clung to his belief.

Doctor Shear himself followed a lead related to Doctor Coley's. He began with cultures of meningococcus, then used the colon bacillus and the *Bacillus prodigiosus*, extracting from them a polysaccharide (a form of sugar). When he injected this into mice with cancer he found that as little as a millionth of a gram would cause the cancer to shrink.

Shear's polysaccharide was never recommended as a treatment for human cancer, but it encouraged him to look further for "the crack in the wall," or "the chemical Achilles' heel," which he felt would eventually be found. So he began in 1941 a systematic screening program that finally got into full swing after a wartime interruption. "By the time we had run through three thousand compounds," he said, "we had four hundred which in a single injection would unambiguously and indubitably damage mouse sarcoma."

The critics remained unimpressed. "You are unambiguously and indubitably correct about the mouse tumors," they commented. "But what will chemicals do against human cancer?"

Positive answers were soon forthcoming, though from research outside the screening program. A war-gas compound, nitrogen mustard, proved a useful palliative in certain advanced cases of human cancer. Several substances known as folic-acid antagonists produced a spectacular breakthrough in childhood leukemia, bringing about longer remissions and even prolongation of life for many young patients. These and other chemical flashes in the dark gave a tremendous boost to the search for anticancer compounds. The Sloan-Kettering Institute in New York was organized in the late 1940's mainly "to seek, by chemical studies, means for selectively destroying cancer even though widespread, without injuring normal structures of the body, and so to achieve a cure." It was soon testing 10,000 chemicals a year and it is still screening far more than any other single laboratory. But the demand for expansion of the program became so urgent that the Government moved ahead with its co-operative scheme. And Congress approvingly poured on the funds—$1,000,000 for the fiscal year of 1956; $5,000,000, for 1957; $14,000,000 for 1958, and $23,000,000 for 1959.

"There was a lot of shelf-sweeping during the first few months of the program," remarked Dr. Joseph Leiter, a Public Health Service scientist who handles the logistics of this vast testing campaign. "Universities and industrial laboratories sent us compounds which had been standing around for a long time. Then new materials began to come in, and eventually we were receiving about one thousand chemicals a month."

The potential cancer cures arrive at the Chemotherapy Service Center in Silver Spring as powders, liquids or crystals; in many colors and in a variety of packages. Perishable substances are often shipped frozen in dry ice. Many have been airmailed from the other side of the globe; approximately 700 chemicals a year are received from abroad. A large number of compounds are the product of preliminary screening by such laboratories as Pfizer's at Maywood, whose sifting of soil samples for promising materials we shall discuss later in this article. Value of the chemicals sent to Silver Spring ranges from a few dollars to $12,000, the rated cost of a pound bottle of yellowish crystals of a hot new compound called 5-fluoro-2'deoxyuridine.

The latter drug, synthesized by Dr. Charles Heidelberger of the University of Wisconsin, and Dr. Robert Duschinsky, Edward Pleven and Joseph Malbica at the Hoffmann-LaRoche research laboratories in Nutley, New Jersey, has checked the growth of cancer of the breast and cancer of the colon and rectum in a few cases. In one woman with breast cancer it caused the disappearance of soft tissue metastases for nine months. Several patients with cancer of the bowel were strikingly improved, with decrease in the size of tumors that had spread to the lungs. However, they represented a minority of the patients treated, and much research remains to be done with this material.

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Bob Ing, "librarian" of the expanding file of cancer compounds at the Chemotherapy Center in Silver Spring, registers each one as it comes in, classifies it according to number of carbon atoms in the molecule, if known, gives it a code number—to protect the supplier's proprietary rights—and then assigns it to one of the fifteen testing laboratories on contract to the Government for this work. Among them are research institutes and several pharmaceutical firms. To assure uniformity and thus comparable results, each laboratory follows meticulously detailed instructions. Periodic reports on the tests, which now total nearly 200,000 a year, are scanned and analyzed on punch cards that flow at high speed through big sorting machines.

The center defines as "one test," the trial of a compound on nine to thirteen animals, a procedure that may cost twenty-five dollars. Approximately two million pedigreed mice and several hundred thousand rats are used each year in the cancer-screening program, and both breeders and testing scientists go to great lengths to keep the animals free from infectious diseases.

Although thousands of synthetic chemicals are being closely examined, nearly 75 per cent of the testing activity today is focused on antibiotic beers or filtrates, "squeezings from the growth of strange new organisms," as Doctor Sessoms describes them. Bristol Laboratories were the first to submit these brews to the cancer screen, and soon Pfizer, Abbott, Upjohn and Lilly were working the same street. But the impetus to try antibiotics against cancer came mainly from a late sequel to one of the earliest discoveries in the cultivation of soil microbes.

Dr. Selman Waksman, the Rutgers University microbiologist who won a Nobel prize for isolating streptomycin, had winnowed several thousand assorted molds, bacilli and bacteria before streptomycin turned up. Among the first half dozen to show promise—he found it in 1940—was a moldlike organism of the genus *Actinomyces*. Waksman gave it the species name *antibioticus* and called the chemical product actinomycin. Unfortunately, *antibioticus* didn't get very far in the dawning age whose name it bore. It killed not only the germs but the infected test mice and was too toxic for human use.

However, further study of actinomycin showed it to be a mixture of substances, which were separated out and designated actinomycin C, D and F-1. When tried on animal tumors all three showed some anticancer effect, and actinomycin D, though almost as toxic as the original actinomycin, has been cautiously employed against several types of cancer in children. Dr. Sidney Farber, the Boston Children's Hospital pathologist, who ten years ago developed the antifolic-acid treatment of leukemia, reported on his use of actinomycin D last spring at the American Cancer Society's seminar for science writers, held in Excelsior Springs, Missouri. Doctor Farber is chairman of the Cancer Chemotherapy National Committee and was one of the principal organizers of the screening program.

One of Doctor Farber's patients is a boy who, at the age of nine, was crippled by a highly malignant form of bone cancer known as a Ewing's tumor. The only way to save his life was to amputate the involved leg, after which X rays and a chemical, TEM, were administered in the hope of killing off any cancer cells that might have spread. But a year later, in 1952, cancer appeared in a lung. The affected lobe was surgically removed, and once more TEM was given. The boy remained well for two and a half years; and then in January, 1955, more cancer was seen in the lungs, this time so tenaciously attached to bronchi and blood vessels that surgery could not be attempted.

Such a disheartening turn of events was not unexpected. Neither surgery nor irradiation had achieved much success against Ewing's tumor in the past. "In collected series less than four per cent of patients are alive at five years," states Dr. Stanley L. Robbins in his *Textbook of Pathology* (W. B. Saunders Company, 1957). "These patients usually die of disseminated metastatic cancer within one to two years of the diagnosis."

The Boston doctors were not ready to give up, however. This time they combined X ray with actinomycin D, which Doctor Farber believes renders the cancer more susceptible to irradiation. "In any event, the tumor disappeared," he said, "and the boy, now seventeen and getting around easily on his artificial leg, is enjoying a good life."

Doctor Farber reported good response to the same antibiotic, combined with surgery, in two other child cancer patients. One had a tumor of the eye, which unfortunately had to be removed. But spread of the growth was checked. The other, an infant of about three years, had a Wilms's tumor of the kidney, which had already invaded the lungs. "I have never seen a cure at this stage," the pathologist remarked. The doctors gave X ray, actinomycin D and removed the kidney. Within a month the lungs were clear, and a year later the child was again in excellent health.

Two years ago another antibiotic with striking anticancer properties was isolated in Japan from a culture of *Streptomyces caespitosus*. Early reports from several Japanese clinics stated that the substance, obtained as deep violet crystals and named mitomycin C, affected chronic leukemias, malignant lymphomas and certain types of gastrointestinal tumors, all in human patients. Experiments with animals in both the United States and Japan indicated that its spectrum of antitumor activity was one of the broadest known. At the Sloan-Kettering Institute, veteran chemotherapy investigator Dr. Kanematsu Sugiura found that mitomycin C had some effect on seventeen out of twenty-six different kinds of animal tumors.

Enthusiasm for mitomycin C cooled, however, when trials on 120 cancer patients in three centers in the United States—the Sloan-Kettering Institute, the Children's Cancer Research Foundation in Boston and the University of Miami Medical School—showed the drug was much more toxic than the Japanese announcements had suggested. Dr. Ralph Jones Jr., head of the Miami group and a member of the Clinical Studies panel of the chemotherapy program, reports that in 105 of the 120 patients toxic effects were so severe that treatment with mitomycin C had to be suspended. The most disturbing reaction was a drop in the number of white blood corpuscles and the platelets (important in blood clotting). In most patients the blood counts bounced back in a few weeks, Doctor Jones said, but twelve died during the period of maximum blood-cell depression.

Now it should be noted that all of these patients were suffering from far-advanced cancer, beyond the help of conventional

The Perfect Squelch

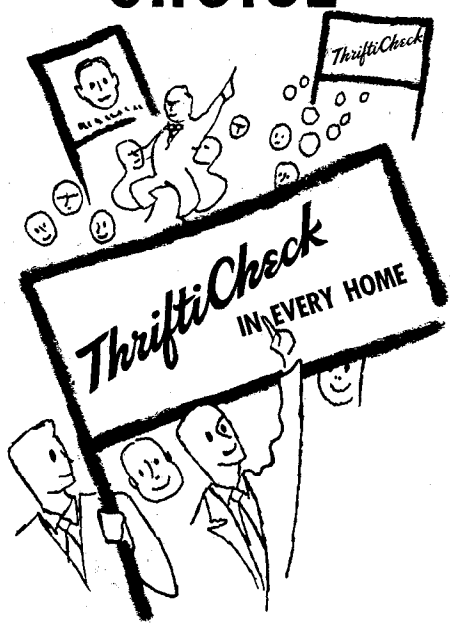
The gruff old top sergeant once served in a cavalry regiment—"real hoss cavalry," he was fond of saying—and he never let anyone forget it. Although the shuffle in the services landed him in the Air Force, he sneered at the soft life and compared it with the hard-riding days of his youth.

"Special food, special leaves, special promotions, special everything," he growled one day. "Why should you fly-boys rate so much fancy treatment? Believe me, even after weeks in the saddle the old hoss troops got no special consideration."

"Sure, sarge," drawled a fed-up jet flier, "but the farthest you could fall was only about five feet."

Stanley G. DeBoer

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE



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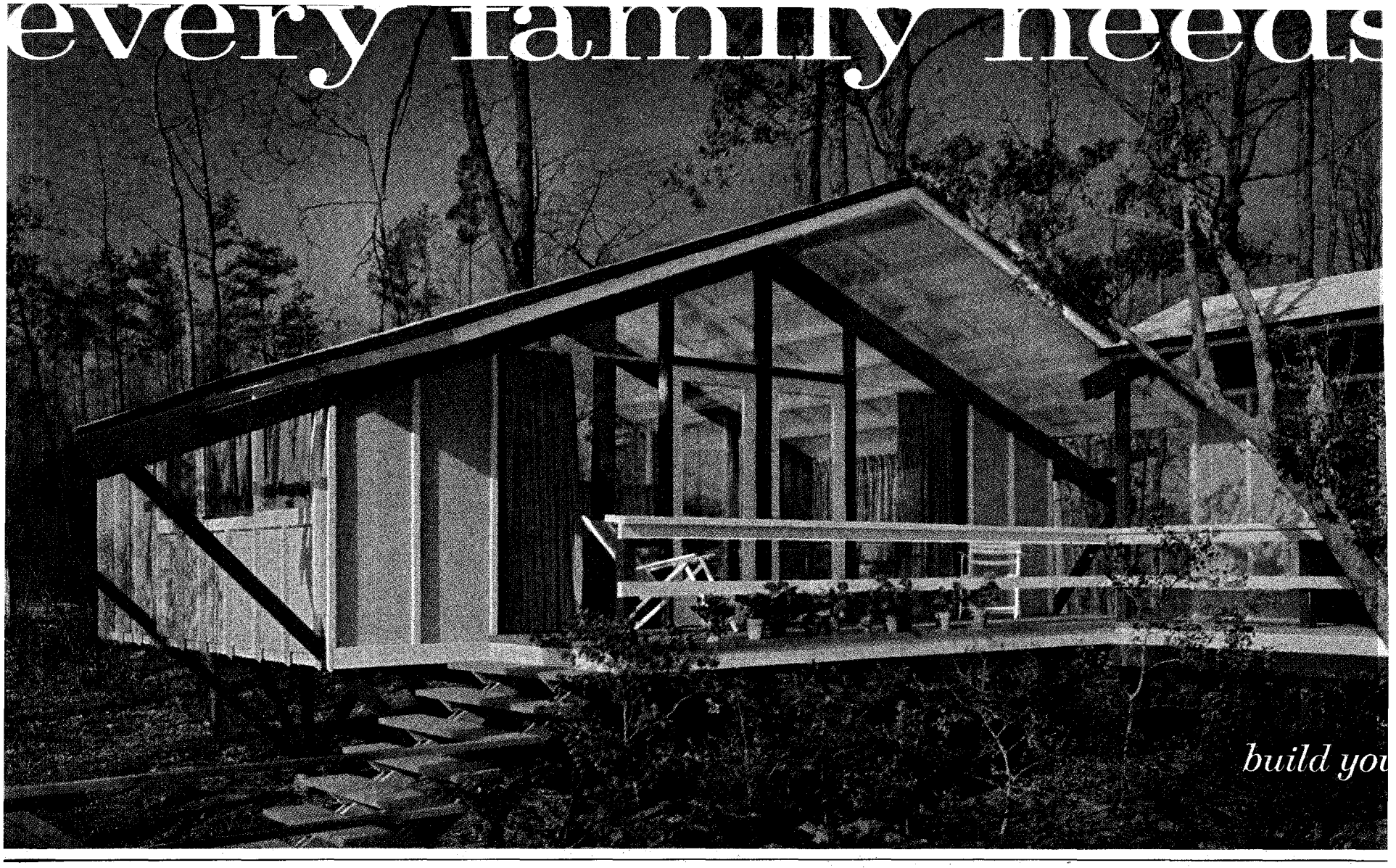

modes of treatment. And in twenty-one of them, or 17.5 per cent of the whole group, the Japanese antibiotic did produce a measurable shrinkage of the cancers. Doctor Jones, therefore, recommends that mitomycin C be studied further and that it be given in different dosage patterns, starting, perhaps, with a large dose followed by smaller, widely spaced doses, in an attempt to minimize the danger of blood-cell destruction.

It is these encouraging though partial victories which have spurred the soil samplers to scour the earth for new antibiotic-type compounds that may yield more lasting cures. Several pharmaceutical laboratories are collecting, purifying and testing soil-organism products as part of the national chemotherapy program. One of the most active is the Pfizer Company's John L. Smith Memorial for Cancer Research at Maywood in northern New Jersey. The laboratory is named for a president of the company who died of cancer in 1950. As the world's largest producer of antibiotics for use in human, animal and plant infections, the Pfizer Company brings both talent and efficient laboratory disciplines to the new program.

Director of the work at Maywood is John L. Davenport, a chemical engineer. A genial and articulate man with contagious enthusiasms, Mr. Davenport nevertheless appraises the day-to-day results of the program with executive and scientific caution.

Head of the laboratory's microbiology section and main recipient of the surprise packages that pour in each week from the globe-trotting soil collectors is a pleasant, raw-boned, sandy-haired scientist named William S. Marsh. He knows the swarming populations of the soil as intimately as a good gardener knows his flowers, and he grows them with an equally green thumb. As a matter of fact, Mr. Marsh's green thumb has played a part in many of the historic events of the antibiotic era. He was a laboratory assistant to Dr. Rene J. Dubos at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research during the work that culminated in 1939 in the production of tyrothricin. For several years he was research assistant to Doctor Waksman at Rutgers, and he has participated in the discovery of a number of antibiotics, including viomycin, an antituberculosis drug. "Viomycin was the result of screening only seven cultures from a New Jersey sewage sample," he recalls. "We were lucky in that one."

Typically, the soil organisms are screened by the thousands, and what makes all this labor worth while in the search for new medicines, Mr. Marsh explains, is that the chemical products vary not only from species to species but from strain to strain. In other words, a specific actinomycete mold from a garden in India might yield an entirely different compound from one in Pennsylvania.

"That's why we want our collectors to cover as wide a variety of soils as they can," he said. "Almost all soil harbors some organisms. Strangely enough, they are even quite abundant in the arid areas, and will multiply when the land is irrigated or the soil is moistened in the laboratory. Obviously fertile soil is best for sampling, and a spoonful of it may contain as many as forty million organisms."

In each soil-collecting kit—a shipping carton of vials and a small plastic spoon—is an instruction slip with sampling hints. "Fertile field or garden soil is good," the collector is told, "also the dark earth found beneath forest leaves or at the edge of garden and farm composts." Here decomposition is going on, Mr. Marsh says, and decomposition is usually the work of soil microbes.

More than one collector, following the suggestion about trees, has climbed through a fence into an orchard—and run smack into a farmer with a shotgun.

"I had that happen to me once or twice," Mr. Marsh confided. "They think you're out to steal their fruit." And it takes a lot of eloquent sweat to convince a farmer that in parting with a pinch of earth from beneath his peach tree he is making a contribution to medical science.

In many corners of the world the soil collectors have had even more trouble explaining their mission. Adventurers Rohn Engh and Rudi Thurau (see We Crossed the Sahara on a Motor Scooter, *The Saturday Evening Post*, December 20, 1958) recently took up soil sampling in Mexico. Near Mazatlán they were apprehended by a policeman who had spotted Rudi scooping up some dirt. "The officer thought he had captured a foreign spy," Engh said. "Only a letter of introduction from Mr. Davenport, explaining we were official representatives of a cancer-research program, kept us out of jail."

Like other soil collectors, Engh and Thurau have had trouble getting their samples out of the country. But they found one customs official who not only passed the package but chuckled as he put the lid back on the box of soil samples. "You Americans didn't get enough of our land back in eighteen-forty-eight, eh?"

One of Pfizer's most successful field correspondents gathered several dozen samples of British and European real estate and then found himself too short of funds to mail them off to Maywood. He had been moving so fast that Pfizer checks for previous shipments had failed to catch up with him. Finally, tired of hauling the packages around in his baggage, he dumped them overboard while crossing the Baltic Sea.

The company pays the mailing charges plus a small amount for each sample, and many young adventurers have been aided in their foreign travel by the returns on 100 or 200 soil samples a week. "In fact, they'd send us more if we would take them," said Mr. Marsh, "but we've had to declare a limit." Here in the United States an enterprising scoutmaster got his troop to bottle bits of the Pennsylvania countryside every weekend until they had sold enough soil to buy tents and sleeping bags.

The laboratory workers begin the long, meticulous chemical phase of the treasure hunt by shaking the soil sample up in a flask of water and detergent until it is in a fine suspension. They transfer a dilute solution of this to glass dishes of culture medium, incubate them and wait for the microbial gardens to grow.

Usually they grow in great profusion—little clumps of fluffy mold, scattered islands of bacteria—and in a variety of colors: green, gray, brown, black, lavender, white, cream, yellow, pink. After the initial sprouting, the individual organisms are fished out on a platinum loop and transplanted to agar slants in test tubes to grow in pure cultures.

"Now we look them all over," Mr. Marsh explained, "to see which are old, familiar friends and which may be hopefully new."

The promising-looking specimens are put to work fermenting their own characteristic broths, and when the broths are accumulated in sufficient quantity they are filtered off and prepared for the first tests against animal cancers.

Sometimes what seemed to be a new filtrate will turn out to be an old, familiar one after all. Streptomycin has been rediscovered many times since its original isolation in 1944. On the other hand, a skilled microbe gardener can induce the

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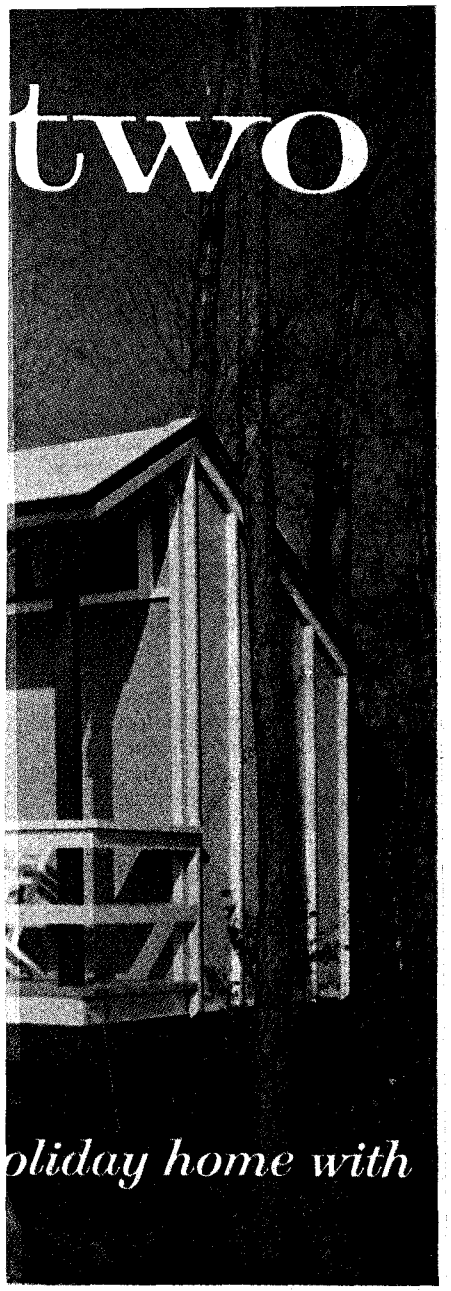

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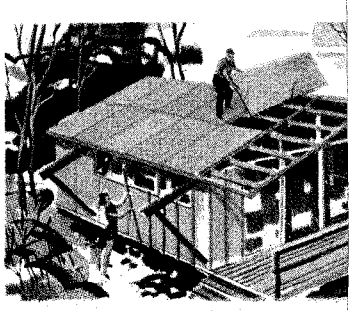

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same organism to yield different types of broths depending on the kind of nutrients used and the conditions of fermentation.

"If we all used the same culturing methods chances are we'd all come up with the same products," Mr. Marsh commented. "But each laboratory has sufficiently different techniques so that we often turn up different compounds. This is why the soil-organism field offers such tremendous possibilities. We've only scratched the surface."

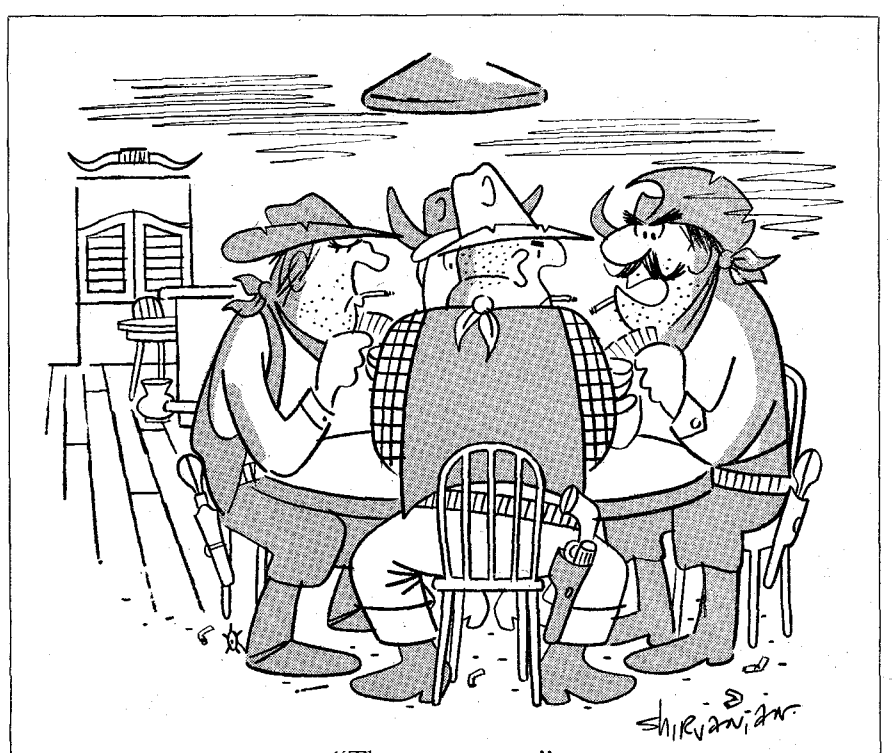
In the animal-screening program, directed by Dr. Jerome J. Oleson, all chemicals, synthetics and hormones, as well as antibiotic broths, are tested against three standard transplantable tumors in mice. These are known as sarcoma 180, adenocarcinoma 755, and leukemia L 1210. The sarcoma is grown in white Swiss mice of a definite breed, and the other two are tested on hybrid black mice, also of known parentage. The Pfizer laboratory raises its own mice and keeps about 48,000 on hand in air-conditioned, hospital-clean and hence odor-free quarters. Employees make a complete change of clothing whenever they enter the mouse-breeding rooms.

Sterile procedure is also followed in the "operating rooms" where the girl technicians wear masks while handling the animals. One girl holds the mouse while another stretches out the animal's back right leg and with a needle injects a small bit of cancer tissue under the skin. This is on Day 0 of the test schedule. On Day 1 the mice are separated into "treatment" mice and untreated "controls" according to an elaborate random process involving a deck of numbered index cards. Those in the "treatment group" receive an injection of the test chemical once or twice a day, depending on the tumor, and at the end of a specified time all animals, treated and control, are killed and the tumors are removed and weighed. Similar tests are carried out against fragments of human tumors grown in white rats.

At the Pfizer laboratory any antibiotic beers which markedly inhibit growth of transplanted tumors are sent to the laboratory of Dr. Koppaka V. Rao, whose task it is to find and extract the active antitumor agent from the crude broth. He may be looking for something that is present at a dilution of ten parts per 1,000,000, and it may take him six months or a year to find it. But again, the goal is worth the search.

Finally, the few favored chemicals that show promise against laboratory tumors and prove safe from the standpoint of toxicity, come to the crucial test at the bedside of the man, woman or child sick with cancer.

Here one asks the hard, emotion-laden questions. Will this ease his pain? Will it check the tumor's growth or cause it to shrink? Will it give him an extra month, or year, or several years of life? Will it—one even begins to hope—drive the cancer away forever?



"Three no trump."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

To administer cancer medicines never before given to human patients requires a very special kind of bedside manner. The doctor must establish good rapport with patients who are often desperately sick but hoping for a "breakthrough" miracle. He must have an unusually sharp eye for "side effects," and must be able to make a calm, unbiased appraisal of clinical results. Nowhere is this combination of art and science more conscientiously practiced than at the Clinical Center of the National Institutes of Health, the Government's big supermodern research hospital in Bethesda, Maryland. Although it is but one of 150 hospitals co-operating in the nationwide chemotherapy-testing program, all its activities are oriented around research, and the cancer patients know it.

"Consequently many of them arrive with banners flying," as one of the physicians remarked, "confident that this is the place where something can be done for them. We have to be frank with them and to discuss our objectives and hopes honestly, but with tact and care. Most of them do arrive at a proper understanding."

In order to speed up the doctors' own understanding of what a new drug will or will not do, the participating hospitals in the co-operative program are organized into seventeen groups. The members of each group use standard record forms and operating procedures, so that results in the different hospitals can be compared on a uniform basis. And the doctors are in frequent communication with each other, often by telephone conferences.

"When you are working with a new drug that is being used in man for the first time," said Dr. Charles Gordon Zubrod, director of cancer studies in the Clinical Center, "you want to know at once about every effect that any of the investigators may notice. Animal tests don't always

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show all the toxic effects that may appear in humans. So we start out in gingerly fashion, in doses below the level of toxicity for animals, and slowly step it up. Then if we see something that disturbs us, we immediately alert the others."

Not all types of cancer are suitable for these chemotherapy evaluations. Investigation is confined, Doctor Zubrod explained, to patients whose cancers are measurable—by direct inspection, by study of blood changes (as in leukemia) or by analysis of some chemical or hormone produced by the tumor. "We can't rely on symptomatic improvement as a criterion," Doctor Zubrod continued, "because some people will feel better if you just come in and talk to them.

"Of the tumors which produce chemical products related in quantity to the size of the tumor mass, those we have made the most progress with in the last five years," Doctor Zubrod said, "are choriocarcinoma—arising in the placenta at the time of childbirth—and adrenal cancer." Several women treated with Methotrexate, one of the first antifolic compounds, have been in complete remission for nearly three years. The British compound, chlorambucil, has given good results against ovarian tumors, keeping several women in remission for two years and one more than three years.

One of the hottest new finds in the search for cancer medicines is a synthetic compound produced in Germany by Asta-Werke and variously designated as cyclophosphamide, Endoxan and Cytoxin. It was brought to this country late in the summer of 1958 and made available to Dr. I. S. Ravdin, professor of surgery at the University of Pennsylvania and chairman of the Clinical Studies Panel of the chemotherapy program. He and his son, Dr. Robert G. Ravdin, and Drs. Peter R. Coggins and Sylvan H. Eisman, have employed Cytoxin on approximately seventy patients "with great relief from pain, particularly bone pain" and arrest or regression of tumor growth in about a third of the cases.

"For solid tumors this may well be among the most effective agents available," Dr. Robert Ravdin told the American Association for Cancer Research at its spring meeting. He said it had produced "unequivocal objective evidence of tumor regression" in a wide variety of cancers of the breast, ovary, uterus, larynx and bone. Shrinking of metastatic growths in the lung, liver and subcutaneous tissues was also observed, often within two or three weeks.

Cytoxin is not the "magic bullet," as Dr. I. S. Ravdin remarked. It has definite disadvantages—most patients lose their hair temporarily during treatment, and it reduces the white blood count. But unlike most compounds of this type it does not seriously depress the platelet count, an important plus-factor in cancer therapy.

Several patients at the Clinical Center in Bethesda have also been helped by Cytoxin. News of these and the other partial victories of chemotherapy spreads quickly over the hospital grapevine. In fact, many of the patients and their families are surprisingly conversant with clinical and chemical details. They know they are part of a research campaign which the world is watching. Perhaps some are more optimistic than present progress warrants. But who can find fault with the attitude expressed by Joe Cappelli, whose three-year-old daughter, Kathy, is being treated at the Clinical Center for leukemia.

Sitting in the snack bar of the Shoreham Hotel in Washington, where Mr. Cappelli is a cook, he told me how Kathy became sick in October, 1958. "We first noticed little red spots on her skin and a slight limp," he said. "But we have prickly bushes in the yard, which could have accounted for the spots, and lots of kids limp at times, so we didn't pay that any mind. Then one day Kathy's neck swelled up like she had the mumps, and the doctor said, 'Mr. Cappelli, your child has something serious. I think she has leukemia.'

"Well, it was like hitting me between the eyes with a sledge hammer. The first day I'm a maniac. The next day I'm a Christian again. After we got her into the Clinical Center they used a drug, six-MP, that gave her a remission of two months, and when she got worse they tried two more, prednisone and Methotrexate. They kept her well from last April to July. She's having trouble again now, but those doctors and nurses work night and day out there. We thank God we have that kind of place and that kind of men and women. And my wife and I have said to the doctor who is taking care of Kathy, 'It may be that God will decide our child is the first one to be really cured by a new drug and that you are the doctor who will do it.'"

A severer and sadder trial was to come for the Cappellis: Kathy died on September 25, 1959. She was born too soon to be saved by medical science; but other children may make it someday, and Kathy will have helped. THE END

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Attack at Dawn (Continued from Page 37)

boatswain's mate with the hash marks on his sleeve made no reply. "Funny thing, though," Chet went on. "Should he sometime tell me I should jump overside and swim for shore, I'd right away figure I ought to. An' I would. Pappy, I wouldn't do that for no one except that exec."

The chief turned his big head slowly. "You wouldn't go far wrong," was all he said.

Chet waited. Maybe the chief would say something more. When he didn't, Chetland sighed. "He sure can play that concertina. Starry night at sea, after I've ate my grits an' cracklin's, sure is a comfort to hear it." Chet sighed again, still probing. "Wasn't you an' him together in the *Goddard* at Korea? She had a hex then, too, chief, didn't she? Pappy, what kinda crazy flag she fly that time?"

Probably Ralston knew the kid was needling him. Why not? Who wouldn't want to listen to a man like that when he couldn't be making a liberty ashore? Gus remained quietly where he was, hearing the slap of channel water. His memory was reaching back. It could reach back as far as Sands Street, long before the big war, when he first joined up in Brooklyn. He was just about Chet's age then, just as curious, just as unbelieving. And Chet was right about the *U.S.S. Paul Goddard.* She had done it before. Not a diaper at the yardarm. That other time she wore a square of snowy canvas on the halyard, a brilliant circle of gold at its center. Gus knew. He had painted it there himself.

Ralston's steel-gray eyes began to twinkle. It was out in Pearl where it all began. Gus was already wearing a chief's four hash marks. Captain Fairless, squadron commodore now, was the *Goddard's* three-stripe skipper when Mr. Tillman came aboard to join her. He was a jaygee then. Time of Korea, it was. Who the devil wanted to remember futile Korea? Gus Ralston did. Gus wasn't sure at all he was telling it to Chetland now. Maybe the chief, toward the end of long enlistment, was under compulsion to sort things out in his mind. Gus was on the *Goddard's* main deck when that lean jaygee came over the brow from shoreside out in Pearl Harbor. He was carrying that little canvas case, though nobody knew then what it was. The chief still wasn't sure it was his own voice murmuring now about it. He was really only remembering ——

"Yikes!" Gus heard a voice say thinly at his back. "Look what the *Goddard* drew! Did they dredge that jaygee up from the coral at Waikiki? That's the ugliest man I ——"

"Knock it off, Crispy!" Ralston growled.

"O.K., O.K. But he sure won't help the wardroom. The ship will just stay hexed."

Mr. Tillman was homely, all right, scar welt slashing one cheek from ear to chin of a pit-marked face. Maybe Gus Ralston could guess where scars like that might come from. The others were all too young to know. They watched the new jaygee with something akin to awe till he went out of sight in the passageway. Mr. Tillman already knew a little about the *Goddard's* hex. He learned the rest in the wardroom.

"We're the talk of the squadron," the skipper snapped, gulping coffee at the table's head. "For two years, Tillman—for two whole years!—every officer of this wardroom who's been engaged, or who's even been serious about some girl, has sooner or later got a Dear John letter. They say it's the *Goddard s* jinx. Blast it," Commander Fairless barked, "it's bad for the ship! It's got to stop."

"Pay it no more mind, sir." Ensign Tapley's voice had an impish sound. It went well with his youthful grin, his shock of rusty hair. "When they cut my orders four days ago to join the *Goddard*, her troubles ended. In that regard, I mean, sir."

"Our Tapley's a handsome dog, Mr. Tillman, as you can plainly see." The ship's exec, Lieutenant Commander Rigby, sitting next to the skipper, twinkled his eyes at the new jaygee. "Tap gives the girls a fine time. In that department he has great zeal and unbounded confidence."

"Of course, I have!" Tapley chuckled. "But with Milly it's for keeps. There'll be no Dear John letter in Pusan or Sasebo for me when the squadron goes forward to Korea. Milly's a Honolulu girl from Punahou. Wait till you see her!" Tapley's eyes began to glow. "She'll be at the Saturday dance with me at the Moana. When the ship gets back to Pearl, we intend to get married."

"Hmph!" The skipper snorted. "Haven't I heard that yarn before?"

"Well, what other way is there, sir, to beat the *Goddard's* jinx? Someone from this wardroom has just got to get married. That will end it. It's as simple as that." The ensign tossed his handsome head. "What's so complicated about ——"

"Bright lad, our Tapley. Magnificent strategist!" The exec's voice curled with irony. "Thinks no one ever thought of so brilliant a maneuver. Tapley, they have! And for two years now the big jilt always came, and another youngster in misery was asking for transfer from under the *Goddard's* hex. The ship is jinxed!"

"Me and Milly will break it." Tapley's voice bubbled merrily. "Bless us, captain, who else? The exec's already got two kids. Both girls. All he wants is a boy. Every other officer in the *Goddard* is married too. Except me"—the ensign tipped his bright young head toward the new jaygee, the confident grin on his face as guileless and innocent as a child's—"except me and you," he said, looking forthrightly at that scarred and homely face, his murmur just touching the edge of deep compassion. "You haven't a girl, Mr. Tillman, have you." It wasn't a question at all—just a statement of fact. "So that leaves it up to ——"

"Tap!" Rigby's voice exploded. He was horrified. Even the skipper's bushy brows drew together in disapproval.

"No, no, Mr. Rigby. Tapley is quite right." Jesse Tillman smiled. They had never seen a smile so gentle in the eyes of any man. Its glow transformed that battle-scarred face. They were suddenly unaware of its deformity. "I know what I look like," Tillman said. "It's no bother any more. Really." His rare slow smile enlarged. "Tapley is right. A jinx is a jinx. He's the one in the ship to break it." They were looking directly at each other, that astonishingly handsome young ensign and the new jaygee. "You'd better not let me meet your Milly, though," said Tillman, softly chuckling. "I might steal her from you, Tap."

"Ho! Well, you might at that."

Tapley grinned. They were friends at once. The wardroom was happier. Tillman went to the dance, all right, taking his concertina with him. And Tap introduced him to Milly Fremont, the long-legged girl from Punahou, the black-haired girl with the flashing eyes.

"Just pay no attention to his ugly puss," Tapley told her on the moonlit *lanai* of the Moana. "He has a heart of gold."

"Tap, that's not decent. Can I never teach you manners?" She tipped her fine head back to look at the tall jaygee. "We must punish him, Mr. Tillman. Will you have the first dance with me?"

"Never mind my indecent manners, Milly." Tapley grinned. "This homely lug has only been in the ship three days. But should he tell me to jump down the mouth of a cruiser's eight-inch rifle after the salvo buzzer sounds, bless me, Hannah! I'd do it. I don't know why. Go dance with him, baby. I'll get us all some drinks."

Toward midnight, feeling fine, the *Goddard's* crowd was in a circle on the beach, sitting in dappled moonlight. The long Pacific combers crashed into glinting foam a mile away before rushing with leisurely speed for the land. Nobody knew exactly when it happened. All at once, through the tinkle of glasses and the voices murmuring, they became aware of music. Very soft and sweet. It was Tillman, warming up his concertina—Jesse Tillman, leaning back in shadow, head tilted up to the starry sky. Tapley alone kept murmuring, his arm around Milly's waist.

"I honor that man," Tap whispered in her ear. "He got that face at Okinawa. Nineteen-forty-five. Radar picket line. First tin-can duty at sea. He was just a snot-nosed ensign then. Like I am now. Kamikazes blew his ship apart. Blew his face apart too. One officer left alive on the bridge. Him. He must have been a bloody mess. But he brought that tin can home to Kerama-retto. Damn near all by himself. He got a Navy Cross. It's in his file. Skipper told me about it. Milly," Tap murmured urgently, telling her now what he'd meant to all the time, "when we get married I'll be the ——"

"Hush your mouth, Bill Tapley. Listen to that man make music!"

They listened. You couldn't dance to the stuff he played. It could probe your heart, though, finding whatever was there. And without their really knowing when he began, Tillman gave words to a melody he played.

Tengo mi hamaca tendida,
En la orilla del mar.

Folklore stuff like that, he played. From the shadows. His outside scars didn't show at all. Making the music all men make who know they have lost, and know they can never find again, the living home of the heart. *Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair.* That one he also sang before he drew a last long chord till it faded softly away.

Milly saw him again after that. But never alone. Not till the night before the *Goddard's* squadron steamed forward for Korea. Jesse Tillman drove out to the house in Punahou that evening. She met him at the door, lovely in a close-fitting knit of exquisite red, her black hair tumbling at her shoulders.

"I know," she said at once. "Tap's lashed on board. He phoned me."

"I offered to take his duty for him. He ——"

"I know that too. He says you've done it too often already."

Tillman gave her his rare slow smile, letting her understand again he knew exactly what he looked like. "He asked me to take you to Iki Soo's."

That's where they went. Iki Soo gave them rare Mao'tai wine, which everyone knows is an incitement to poetry and only to be drunk in the company of lovely women. He poured the Tsing Cheng tea himself in the delicate cups, a tremendous compliment to Milly, assuring her solemnly that the virtue of its smoky fragrance was so great it quenched the thirst before it was even sipped. Then they drove to the Pali, sitting in cloud-broken moonlight, hearing the strong, wet trade wind booming, the way it always does up there. They sat for a while in silence.

"You had a girl once, Jesse," Milly Fremont said at last. "Didn't you?"

"Of course." It was the softest voice she had ever heard. "How did you know?"

"How else could you make such music? Was her hair black, Jesse?"

"Blacker even than yours."

"It was before you got hurt. She was very cruel about it."

"No!"

The single word exploded at her. She was sure he meant to drive her home at once. She was sure her probing into pain deserved no better. He leaned back instead, staring out at windy space.

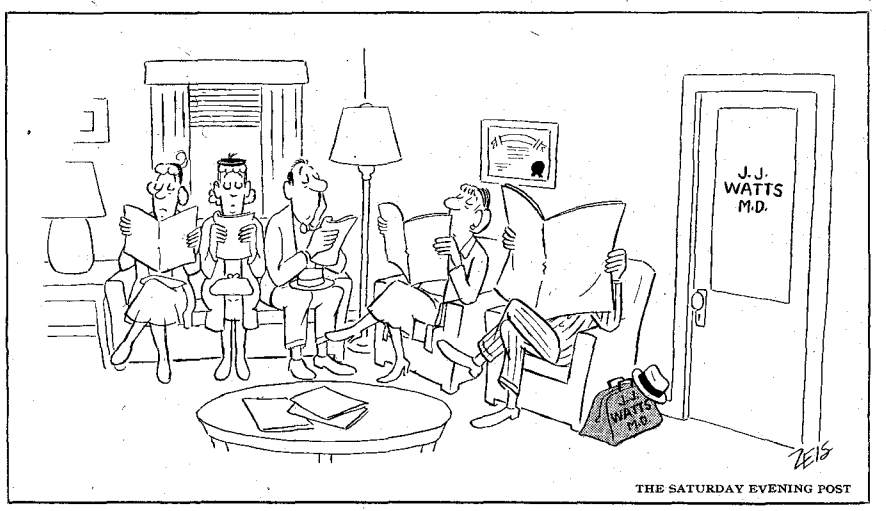
"Her name was Ronnie," Tillman said with the greatest gentleness. "We were married toward the end of Hitler's and Tojo's war. I never thought of Ronnie as a girl. I guess some women are girls to the day they die. Not Ronnie. She was a woman always, right from the start."

Milly said nothing. She didn't even look at him. She understood he was just remembering how human love could be like glory, all too seldom found but by the fortunate not ever afterward to be forgotten.

"I was waiting for her," his monotone went on at last. "In Frisco. Frisco was wild with Navy then. I had a ten-day leave. We were going to have a ball. I was waiting at the corner of Mission and Fourth when she stepped off the trolley. She saw me and I saw her. We didn't see the car come speeding through the light. It smashed into her. I can hear the brakes screech yet. I was the first to reach her. She was dead."

"Oh, Jesse," Milly whispered. "Jesse, I'm so sorry."

He didn't hear her. "Hell of a way to die. Everyone ought to have the right to die their own death. Senseless. Worse even than in a war."



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"Oh, Jesse, I'm so sorry."

He still didn't hear her. "She had my son inside her too. We were sure it was a boy. We were going to name him David."

Milly waited. When she was certain he would say no more, she murmured, "David. Of course! Jesse was the father of David. Don't you remember? David who slew Goliath before he ruled over Israel as king for forty years."

He must have heard her then, for that rare smile touched his eyes. He said, "I asked for destroyer duty and got shredded up at Okinawa. I thought they would survey me out. It frightened me, because I'm Navy. It's a cruel trade. But what else would I be?" Frowning suddenly, he told her a thing that puzzled him. "I look like hell," he said without rancor, "and still men follow me. I don't know why."

"I do." Milly whispered it at once. The tips of her fingers touched the dreadful scars of his face. He felt their cool caress. "I do," she said.

He seized her wrist with savagery and thrust her hand away. "The fairy tale is over! We should never have drunk that blasted Mao'tai wine."

He drove her home in silence. Only at the door of the house in Punahou did he speak again. "You're Tapley's girl," he told her flatly. "You remember it! When we come back from our tour in Korea, you better still be Tapley's girl. Remember that too! I'll play concertina at the wedding. I need nobody's pity."

He strode away. And next day the gray, gun-studded ships steamed out in column from Pearl: the narrow fleet destroyers, signal halyards full; catching the glitter of first sunlight; standing westward on a smoothly sparkling sea. The *Goddard* was the last in column, swaying with the others, leaving for a little while a wake of turbulent foam astern. The gray ships dwindled into distance. *Goddard* showed herself the longest, a bright, small toy against the pillars of the trade clouds. Her upper works shot back a final flash of brilliance. Then she also disappeared.

Ships vanish like that. To the landbound their existence ends—until, perhaps, they reappear. To the *Goddard's* people, though, she remained real enough. They stood the watches in the engine spaces, in the pilot house and in the five-inch mounts. And they could hear sometimes the haunting music of a concertina drifting through the ship from officers' country to merge with the old familiar sea noise. When they heard it, knowing who it was who played, they grinned. Who wouldn't trust a man like that?

So the ships went forward to Korea. The *Goddard's* people saw the black and devastated earth, the smoking pillars rising to the heavens at Hungnam and Wonsan. And they saw the broken men. Gus Ralston and some others had seen all of it before. Who could ever understand recurring blunders in the high place where diplomats forever mumbled. Who could mark the blame? Here it was, so soon, again.

U.S.S. Paul Goddard did a tin can's chores. Plane guard, escort and bombardment. Every time she got her mail the wardroom held its breath, remembering the ship's long jinx. Ensign Tapley was the only officer who could defeat it. Every time Tap went off by himself to read his letters, they all waited breathless, eying him from under worried brows when he came back for coffee. When they saw that pixy grin of his, still innocent and guileless as a child's, they always grinned intense relief. No jilt for handsome Tapley. Tapley wore the wardroom's charm of fortune.

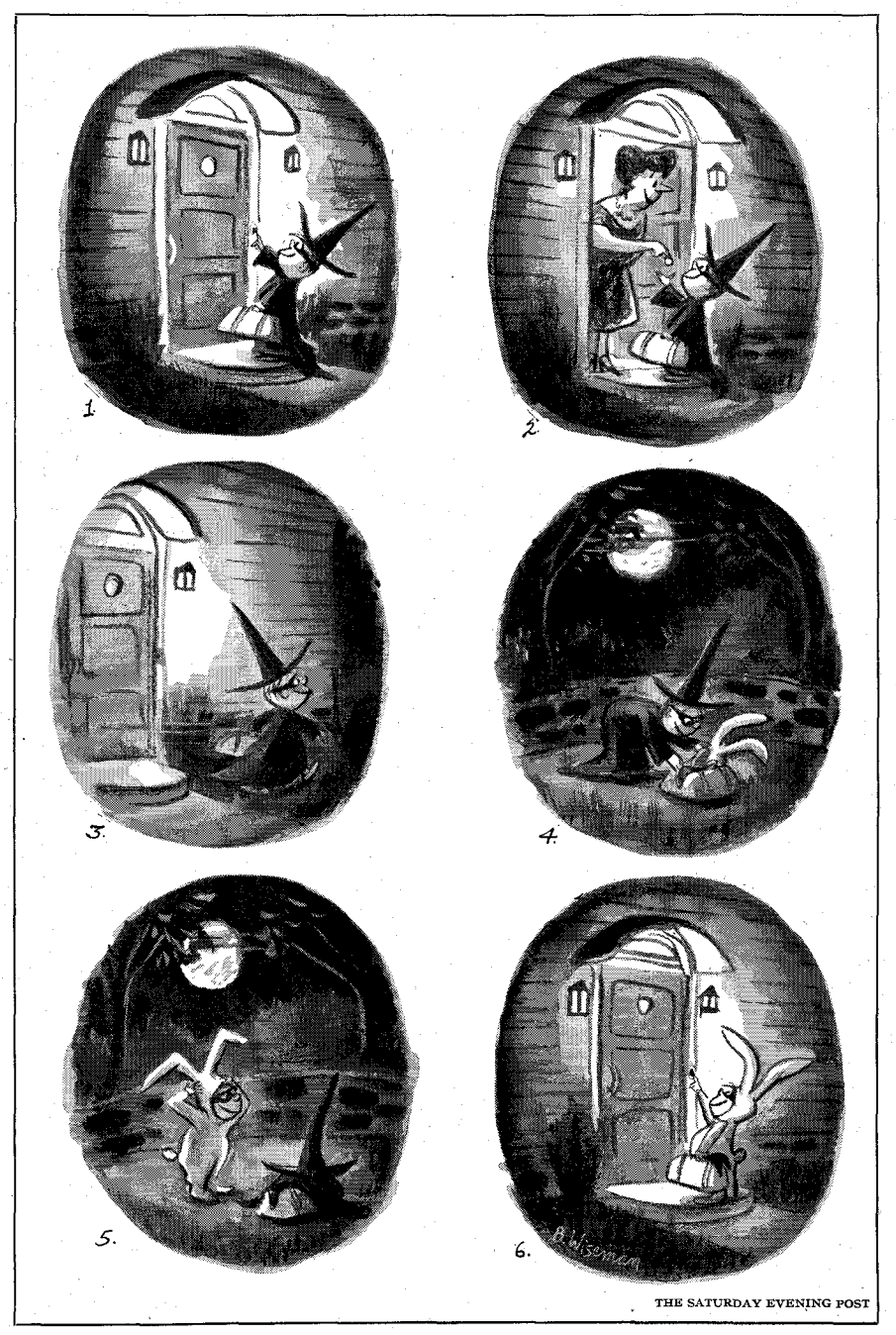
And the ship, detached and steaming independently, went north along the bleak, forbidding East Korean coast with six marines, their grizzled sergeant and a stowage of queer-looking gear embarked. Bound to be some crummy mission. The men were sure. Destroyer people always get the sticky work. They weren't wrong. They heard about it south of Yujin Cape, after hurling high-explosive salvos at the land in dawnlight of a morning watch. Lazy spires of smoke were curling upward still when the *Goddard* turned from the land to steam northeastward in plain sight. That's when the skipper spoke to them, before the ship secured from general quarters.

"This is the captain speaking." The voice came crackling from each squawk box after the boatswain's pipe. "You are overdue for liberty in Sasebo. I know it as well as you and hope we'll get it soon. Meantime we have a mission. I want you to know about it." In all the sealed compartments every head tipped sidewise, listening intently. "Our daylight bombardments have been diversionary. We have deliberately shown ourselves and passed our real objective. It is south, inside Ran To. We will steam back now, out of sight of land, to reach there tonight after moonset. We have a marine demolition team aboard. They are going to blow a bridge. We will cover the operation. Ensign Tapley will command the rubber boat. I don't need to tell you that when the Navy puts men ashore, the Navy—us!—intends to bring them back. That's all. Good luck."

That's how the thing began. Tension mounted slowly in the ship. Toward evening it became electric. No one spoke of moored mines or of hidden gun emplacements blazing without warning out of inky darkness. The topside people all stared westward where the land was, still invisible, still far away. They knew it waited for them, though, sinister and full of threat. In failing light they heard the water burbling past the ship's lean hull, the stutter of the signal halyards. And they heard Lieutenant Tillman's concertina. Softly, for a little while, it sang. It gave them comfort, and they grinned. Even the tough-faced sergeant of marines looked strangely wistful.

So the *Goddard* closed the land in pitch-black night, ship darkened, buttoned up, launching her boat quietly. The dark shapes at the rail all spoke in whispers, fearful of disturbing such a stillness that remained untouched by the hissing sound of surf from a close and hostile coast. The sergeant of marines just grunted, and his men, face-blackened experts, silently embarked. The *Goddard's* rawboned boatswain's mate, Gus Ralston, tended the painter himself. Tillman's tower of shadow moved closer to the rail, bending over.

"Sergeant," he murmured, "the captain says to remind you that you're not ashore for a fire fight. We want you back." Another grunt was all that answered. The jaygee's head stirred toward the stern sheets down there. "Tapley! You better come back too. So mind your manners, like Milly says. You got to take care of a wardroom hex, remember? Don't think you can pass the buck to me!"



"Ho!" It was easy to imagine Tap's good-humored, pixy grin. "Just keep your concertina warm. . . . Shove off!"

The boat vanished. There was nothing left except the ship herself, afloat in black water under the blacker shadows of the land peaks. The bridge watch murmured now and then, Lieutenant Tillman at the skipper's side against the splinter shield. Commander Fairless held that lonely vigil. When the flyboys couldn't knock a bridge out, it was up to men on foot. What did it feel like, landing in black night on bloody beaches, crawling into frightful hazard, offering your total self as hostage to the frail, elusive hope of future, peaceful years? Marines might tell you. But the ones who came back seldom spoke. Maybe Tillman and the skipper thought of things like that. Maybe not. Maybe they were only waiting for some signal they were sure would come.

It came with sudden violence, just as the hint of predawn twilight first began to wash the eastern board. It came from where the land was, still darkly held in the pool of night. A gush of flame erupted over there, smoke and specks of debris hurling skyward. That would be the bridge, its span collapsing as explosive charges, skillfully delayed, were detonated. And the hint of dawn began to grow. Its half-light eerily revealed a curling surf line and a dark speck beached there. Ensign Tapley's rubber boat. On the *Goddard's* bridge, even before the lookouts' cry, the skipper saw the people of his demo party racing for it across broken ground.

"Right ten degrees rudder. All ahead two thirds."

Tapley should have had his party back on board while darkness held. Timetables for destruction always are precise. Who knew what caused delay for men on such a mission in a pitch-black night. The *Goddard's* sleek, gun-studded silhouette slid noisily through dawnlit water, the skipper in the bridge wing gauging speed and distance to that dark and helpless little blob between him and the shore. Tapley's boat. Men embarked. Paddling seaward. Tapley's first command.

The rest all happened swiftly. Gun flashes from the hills. Then the thunder in a cloudless dawn. Sudden gouts of water spouted down there where the men were. Close! Too close. That battery was zeroed in. Next salvo. Jets of spray collapsed. Only steel hail rained such pit marks on the sea. Shrapnel ammo. Tapley's first command was riddled, riding deep, dark heads already bobbing in the flood. On the *Goddard's* bridge, Lieutenant Tillman spun around.

"Permission to launch the whaler, sir?"

"Get with it! What the hell are you waiting for?" The skipper's bark went on to his talker without pause. "Main-battery director! You on those flashes? Open fire!"

Tillman was already halfway to the main deck. When he reached the davits, he found Ralston and his party waiting, whaler gently swinging. You could love a chief like that.

"I'm your coxs'n, sir," Gus said as quietly as at a drill. "How many other men you want? They're here. All volunteers."

"Pick four. Let's go."

The *Goddard's* five-inch rifles slammed. In the motor whaler Tillman knew the skipper was maneuvering his ship to mask the swimming men. Ralston conned straight for them as the second salvo cracked. The momentary flashes lit the water fiercely and expired before they started hauling dripping men across the gunwale. Not the sergeant. And not Tapley. Tapley floated out there, face down. Tillman saw

(*Continued on Page 64*)

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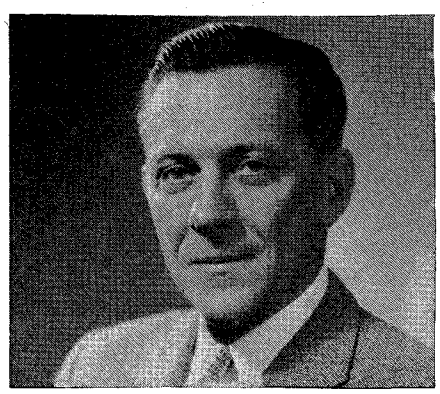

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(*Continued from Page 62*) him. A single water-jet leaped up. Its metal hail made pit marks in the swell just as the jaygee dived cleanly overside. Odd thing! He wasn't swimming well. How could he have forgotten how? His left leg wouldn't make the beat. He felt no pain. Not yet. He reached the ensign, seized him by his rusty hair, pulled up his head.

"The sergeant!" Tapley gurgled. Tapley was in deep shock, side all bloody. "I went in the water for him. God, I tried! Good man. He's dead."

"All right. Some men must die. He's dead. You're not. Head up!"

"Jess, I'm hurt. I can't. Shove off. I——"

"Up!" Savagely Tillman yanked that shock of rust-red hair. "Head up, I said! You want me to steal your girl?" He did his best to make his voice sound jocular. "Don't make it so damn easy for me!"

"Easy?" Gasping, Tapley almost grinned. "Ugly—ape—like you?"

Gus Ralston brought the whaler's bows down, drifting close with skill. Only smoking rubble was left of the shoreside battery. The silence after gunfire made the slapping water sound nearly deafening. Tapley didn't know it when they hauled him inboard. Tillman didn't know it either. And the *Goddard* picked her boat up, turning eastward into bursting sunrise, knifing through the land swell, quickly building speed. She had her people back. All except the tough-faced sergeant.

That's the way it was. The *Goddard* made her liberty in Sasebo at last. Not Ensign Tapley or the jaygee. They wound up in hospital, flown back to Pearl. And that's where Milly Fremont saw them. Milly drove out from the house in Punahou. When she heard the soft, sweet singing of a concertina in that clean, aseptic-smelling corridor, she knew at once what room was theirs. And she recognized the melody. *Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair.* That was the song he played. He had his head tipped back, eyes on the overhead, propped up in bed, one leg rigid in a horrible contraption.

Tapley was the first to see her in the open doorway. Under Tapley's robe his upper body was all tightly taped and bandaged. He said nothing, watching her from where he sat until the music drifted gently into stillness. Milly wasn't looking at him. Eyes aglow, she held them fast on Tillman.

"What really happened, Milly, was we got in an awful row about you," Tapley said at last. His voice was quiet, and his wry smile held no merriment. He had difficulty coming to his feet. He looked a whole lot older. The pixy grin and the youthful innocence were gone. "I guess the lieutenant won," said Tapley. "He's a full lieutenant now."

"What the devil's the matter with you?" Tillman's bark was gruff. He went on quickly, "Wonderful to see you, Milly," and without pause added, "Tap, don't be a fool! Go show your girl the view."

"Tap." Milly was looking at the ensign for the first time, speaking as if neither of them heard what Tillman said. "Tap, he never wrote me." The remembered resonance was in her throaty voice, like the sound of a muted violin. "You must believe me, Tap. Even before you sailed, he never so much as ——"

"Of course not. Man like him? He wouldn't." Tapley's wry smile showed again. "You were sweet to send me letters, Milly. You didn't want to clobber me four thousand miles away. You think I couldn't read the things you didn't say? I kept on hoping, that was all. Now I know better. Milly, if it has to be someone else, I'm glad it's Jesse. I'll bet you'll have to ask him, though. He'll never speak himself." Tapley hobbled to the doorway on his cane. He turned there, looking back. He tried his best to grin. "Jess, you better tell her yes!" This time at last the impish grin broke through. "Someone's got to break that lousy wardroom jinx. Even if it has to be an ugly ape like you!"

Then he went away. He left those two alone—the man with the scarred and homely face and the girl with the coal-black hair. Maybe Milly really asked him. Probably she had to. He could limp, the morning they were married. Tapley was best man.

That's how *U.S.S. Paul Goddard* broke her jinx. She was steaming home when Tapley sent the message to her. The skipper read it to the wardroom twice before they realized it was Lt. Jesse Tillman who had shattered *Goddard's* hex at last, not their handsome red-haired ensign. Of course, Ralston knew it long before they did. So did all the lower deck. Sparks kept no secrets from them. Navy style. The skipper always is the last to hear the word.

And that's why *U.S.S. Paul Goddard,* steaming into Pearl to make her berth, wore two-blocked at her signal yard that day a most peculiar flag. A square of snowy canvas, and a painted gold wedding band aglitter at its center in the sunlight. Gus Ralston was the one who made it.

Children make a difference around the house—but it usually can be repaired.

G. NORMAN COLLIE

That rawboned chief remembered it with clarity. Toward the end of faithful, long enlistment, could a man forget such memories? The chief's eyes blinked now, here in San Diego on another fleet destroyer's deck. The last of failing twilight splashed his sea-burned cheek. Had it been that long ago? And had he really told it all to Chetland, first-cruise sailor, idling at his side? He must have, for Chet's face betrayed the sly, odd disbelief implicit in the young. He was looking shoreward toward Fleet Landing. He could make out Tillman's tall shape, stepping from the gig to the officer's float. He saw a fine-shaped girl with coal-black hair there, waiting for him. And he saw a youngster leave her side to race with a small boy's glee to meet him. Ralston saw it too.

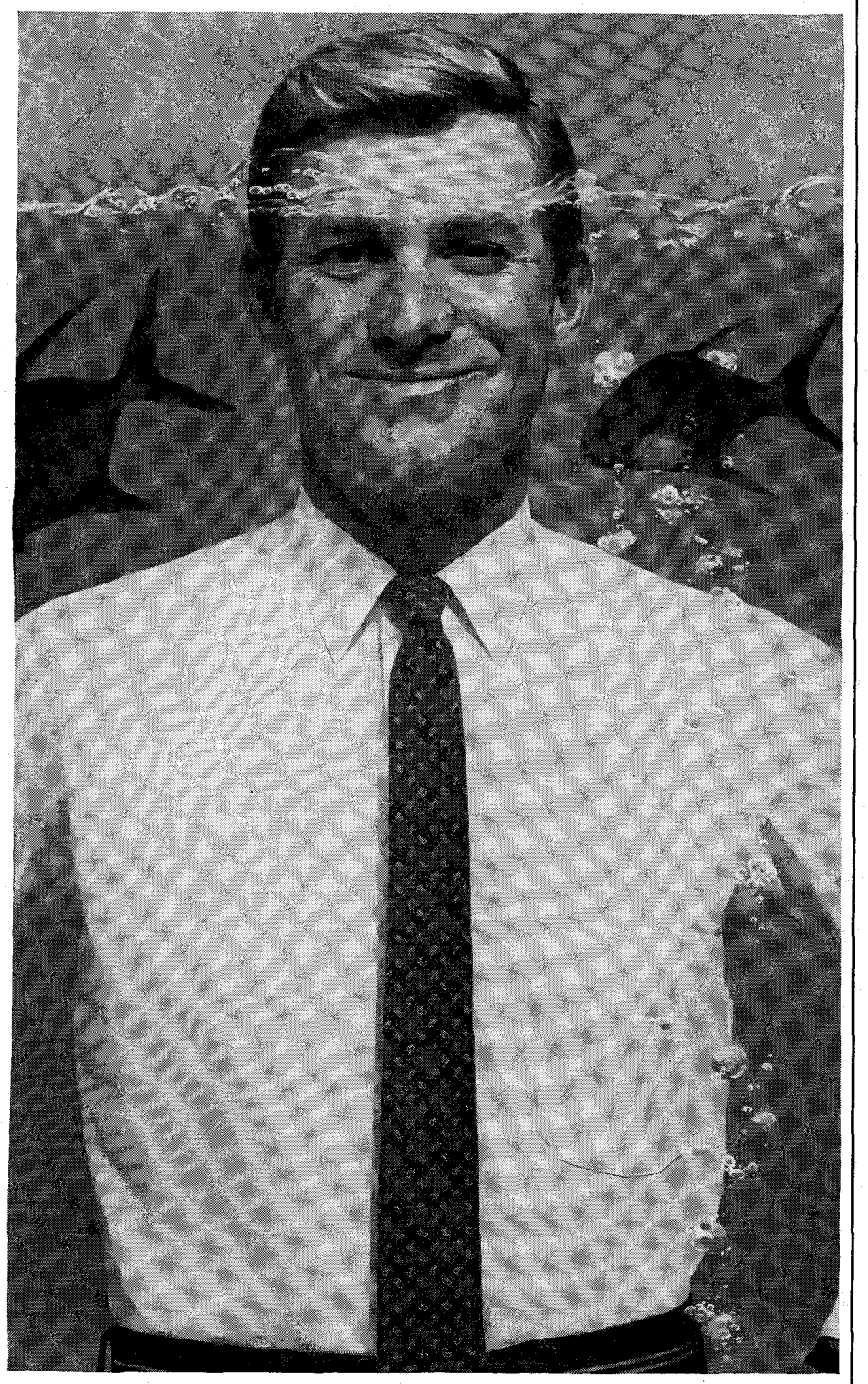
"Reckon that's his young 'un," Chetland mumbled, wanting to lighten the boredom of a gangway watch in port. "Always hear him chattering about the kid to some officer. Name of Davy. That right, chief?"

"That's right. Couldn't have named him better. David." Ralston, looking landward, could still see in deepening shadow the man who had found the way again back to the home of his heart. Gus wasn't a deeply religious man, but he had his Biblical moments. "Exec's first name is Jesse, Chet. Jesse was the father of David, who ruled as king of Israel for forty years."

"Well, sidemeat an' black-eye peas!" said Chetland. "Pappy, that's crazy talk. You think I don't know? There ain't no kings in Israel."

The chief just grunted, turning for the log desk. Chet was certainly right. Gus knew it too. There were no kings in Israel. The world was full of Goliaths though. There was great need for Davids.

THE END



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The Airmen Hit the Big Time

(Continued from Page 33)

who had managed to win only three of their ten games the year before and led them to nine victories and two ties.

A key to Ben Martin's knack with athletes who must live the rigorous life of military cadets is his ability to keep them from getting wound up too tightly under the added pressure of football. He accomplishes this by staying relaxed himself.

"I've been with Ben for years, and I've never seen him tighten up," declares Tom Berry, his No. 1 aide. "Ben usually spends Friday nights trying to get the other coaches relaxed. Don't worry about him against Army or anybody else. He'll be the loosest guy in the stadium. Just look for the fellow in the Tyrolean hat."

Although Martin undoubtedly speeded the Falcons' climb, by the time he got into the act the football build-up was already well under way. This was one of the first projects to be put in motion when plans for the Air Force Academy became definite. The new institution wanted to match Army and Navy in every respect, including athletic prestige.

Although an air school comparable to Army and Navy had been advocated for years by aviation-minded officers, beginning with fiery Gen. Billy Mitchell after World War I, the idea never had a chance until after World War II, when a separate Air Force was established under the Armed Services Unification Act. Several years later Congress finally authorized the school, following which Colorado Springs was picked as the site. Lt. Gen. Hubert R. Harmon, now dead, was named the first superintendent.

That was in June of 1954. Construction of the academy would take three years. Meanwhile, the first cadets were due to be enrolled in one year. General Harmon and his staff began making ready to receive the boys in temporary quarters at Lowry Air Force Base in Denver, sixty miles from Colorado Springs.

None of General Harmon's men moved faster than Col. Robert V. Whitlow, the athletic director. A West Pointer, he had lettered in three sports and then served with distinction in World War II as a bomber and fighter pilot. His assignment at the Air Force Academy represented a new kind of challenge. He was starting out with nothing—no equipment, no athletes, no coaches, no schedules.

Colonel Whitlow also was without funds to do the job. Federal appropriations for the service academies don't provide for intercollegiate sports. The schools have to finance their athletic programs independently, which can take a lot of doing. The Air Force planned to compete in thirteen sports—since expanded to sixteen—and most of them would operate at a loss.

The biggest source of revenue usually is football gate receipts. Since Colonel Whitlow's athletic department set up shop a full year before the Air Force Academy opened, there were, of course, no gate receipts of any sort to draw upon. There were no alumni to make contributions, either, but Air Force officers around the globe proved a satisfactory substitute. They donated a total of $170,000 to get the program started.

Meanwhile, some wealthy Colorado businessmen, appreciative of the new payroll and prestige the school was bringing to their state, organized the Air Force Academy Foundation, which has since built an eighteen-hole golf course and has now undertaken to raise $3,000,000 for a football stadium. So far the "home" games have had to be played on the fields of other Colorado schools.

In its coaching setup the new school started out strictly on a "family" basis, although there were a number of outside applications for the football job. The first came from none other than Ben Martin, then at Navy. Colonel Whitlow turned them all down, explaining that a full-time head coach was not needed at this embryonic stage. He assumed the football responsibility himself, bringing in seven Air Force officers as assistants.

The only civilian in the football picture was Lawrence (Buck) Shaw, a thirty-year veteran of professional and college coaching, who had recently left the San Francisco Forty-Niners. It was announced that he would serve as a consultant. "Shaw was hired to let the public know that the school was going for big-time football," one academy official says.

Most vital of all was the need to round up some good athletes for the initial class in 1955. Whitlow dispatched his aides across the country in search of schoolboy stars. Air Force officers supplied numerous leads, and so did high-school coaches and newspapermen. The recruiters found that they were selling a hot product. The idea of a glamorous career in the aero-space age appealed to many youngsters—a total of 5554 applied for admission the first year. The new service school also attracted some transfers from other colleges. One was Brock Strom, captain and All-American tackle of the 1958 team, who entered the Air Force Academy from Indiana University.

One way and another, a sizable nucleus of football talent was lined up for the entering class of 1955. Good prospects who couldn't meet the academic requirements were shipped off to private schools for further preparation. The prep-school gimmick continues to be an important part of the recruiting program. Rich Mayo, a quarterback and superb passer on this year's team, is an example. A California high-school graduate, he went to New Mexico Military Institute for an additional year. So did slashing fullback George Pupich, another standout.

The prep-school-aid program, which takes in promising scholars as well as athletes, is financed by well-to-do friends of the school. They contribute the necessary funds to the Falcon Foundation, patterned after Navy's long-established Alumni Foundation. Until recently, any college could subsidize athletes in prep school, for there were no rules against it. Last January the National Collegiate Athletic Association outlawed the practice, but made a special exception for the military academies, allowing them to continue subject to the approval of two thirds of the members of the N.C.A.A. Council.

The Falcon Foundation used to give prep-school subsidies directly to the athletes or their parents. Now it donates the money to the schools, which provide scholarships for the boys. Navy has a bigger adjustment to make. The Eastern College Athletic Conference, to which it also belongs, adopted stiffer legislation on prep-school aid than the N.C.A.A. did. The E.C.A.C. now sanctions nothing more extensive than six-week cram courses before entrance exams, which happens to be the system Army follows. Navy expressed disapproval of the new regulations, but announced that it would comply.

Another problem that faced the Air Force Academy when it started out in football was arranging suitable schedules. It was decided to have the Falcons break in against freshman teams in 1955 and then play Rocky Mountain Conference and other smaller schools in 1956, after which they would branch into major competition against Skyline Eight and "national" opponents. The schedules have evolved pretty much according to plan, with one frustrating exception. The Air Force would like to play Army and Navy every year, but it is still some distance away from accomplishing this.

After this year's game with Army, the Falcons won't meet the Cadets again until 1963. The Air Force originally sought to sign up Army for annual games on a home-and-home basis. West Point officials refused, on the grounds that the high altitudes in Colorado put invading teams at a disadvantage. When the Air Force persisted in its stand, Army went ahead and filled out its schedules through 1962.

The Air Force finally gave ground and agreed to play Army at a neutral site, probably Chicago, in 1963. Since then they have agreed also to dates in 1965—again at a neutral location—and in 1967, when Army at last will travel to Colorado.

As for Navy, the Air Force will face the Middies at Baltimore in 1960, but no return engagement is scheduled until 1966, when Navy is due for a visit to the Falcons' bailiwick.

However, there is little doubt that a yearly three-way round robin for the service championship ultimately will be established. "If they keep squabbling," says one Air Force officer, "the Pentagon will knock a few heads together and tell them what to do."

The Falcons began learning early that things don't always come easily in football. Their first year, although hampered by academic problems, they managed a four-and-four record against top freshman teams in Colorado, Oklahoma and Kansas. Thirteen players missed one or more games for scholastic reasons.

When variety competition began in 1956, Colonel Whitlow withdrew as head coach to work full time as athletic director. Buck Shaw moved up from his consultant role to the top spot, taking the job on a six-month basis. A quiet, gentlemanly type, Shaw taught his sophomores a wide-open offense that stressed such pro-football staples as split ends, flankers and hook passes. His Falcons were too much for most of the schools they played, and lost only to Idaho State and Brigham Young.

Buck Shaw continued as coach against tougher opposition in 1957, but there was a change in athletic directors. Having completed the standard three-year tour of duty, Colonel Whitlow left to command an air base in Germany. Col. George Simler, a jet pilot who had captained the 1947 Maryland football team, replaced him. Colonel Simler, now thirty-eight, is an intense type, wholeheartedly dedicated to making the Falcons a top football power. He whips around by jet plane to recruit scholastic stars; he also coaches the freshman football team in season and aggressively administers the varsity program.

Colonel Simler's tour of duty at the Air Force Academy is slated to end next August. He will leave his mark in more ways than one. Future opponents he has booked for the Falcons include Notre Dame, Baylor, Michigan, Southern Methodist, Miami of Florida, Penn State and U.C.L.A.

In his initial season at the academy there was little to indicate that the Air Force would be ready for that level of

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Harvey's house withstood the wind and water of Hurricane Hazel, but another house floated down the street and crashed into it. Harvey's insurance covered damage by windstorm but not by water. The insurance company refused to pay on grounds that water, not wind, floated the other house against Harvey's. Harvey sued to collect.

"Without the water, the wind could not have moved that other house at all," the insurance firm's attorney argued. "Therefore the damage was due to water, not windstorm."

"The water could have floated that house in a dozen directions," Harvey replied, "but it was the wind that blew it into my living room and very nearly into my lap."

If you were the judge, would you award windstorm damages to Harvey?

• •

Harvey won. The court ruled that while water may have played a part in the damage, it was the wind which blew the other house against Harvey's.

Based upon a 1957 Court of Appeals decision.

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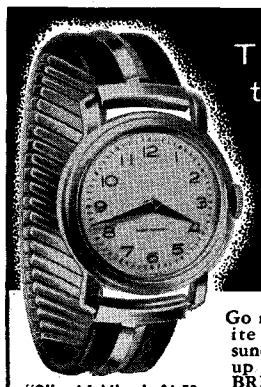

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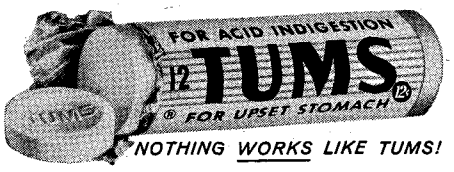

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competition anytime soon. The Falcons couldn't get off the ground in 1957. The first game shattered their confidence. When a flu-stricken Florida team was unable to fill its opening date with U.C.L.A., the Air Force agreed to substitute, and took a 47–0 licking.

Thereafter the Falcons were mighty low. Shaw couldn't bring the team out of the spin, losing also to Colorado State, Tulsa, George Washington, Denver and Utah in a dismal three-six-one season.

"When you made a mistake Coach Shaw just glared at you," recalls fullback Pupich. "We got so tight we couldn't do anything right."

In December of 1957, Maj. Gen. James E. Briggs, who had succeeded General Harmon as superintendent of the academy—and who has since given way to Maj. Gen. William S. Stone—asked Shaw to make a choice: coach full time or resign. Shaw quit, explaining that business interests in California demanded much of his attention. He returned soon after to the pro league as coach of the Philadelphia Eagles, again on a part-time basis.

In picking Shaw's successor at the academy, Colonel Simler says, "I went after an Army or Navy man. You've got to have an ex-cadet to understand cadet life."

The clincher in his eventual selection of Ben Martin came when Simler went to see his old college coach, the late Jim Tatum, who died suddenly last July. "Get Martin," said Tatum, with unusual brevity. "You can't do any better."

Simler still had to convince top-level Air Force officials. One Pentagon general held out briefly for an officer who was coaching an army-base team.

"Let me hire the coach," said Simler. "If Martin doesn't do the job, then you can fire me." He got his way.

For years Ben Martin was considered the heir apparent to Eddie Erdelatz at Navy. Had Martin been free, Navy doubtless would have tapped him last spring when Erdelatz suddenly quit. By then, however, Martin had a new five-year contract at the Air Force Academy.

Martin came on the job in a significant year. His 1958 fall practice was in its ninth day when the school picked itself up and moved from Lowry to its new permanent site eight miles north of Colorado Springs, on a 17,900-acre tract of rock and sand and scrub pine. Pikes Peak and a dozen other mountaintops, snow-capped eight months a year, hover over the vast expanse of buildings, which are all glittering aluminum and glass. One visitor has described the architecture as "late American."

As the cadets settled down in their sumptuous new quarters there were a few gripes from lovesick lads who had left lonely girl friends back in Denver. More audible complaints came from Congressmen, budget watchdogs and plain taxpayers, as the estimated final costs rose from the original $135,000,000 authorization to $197,000,000. Some critics have contended that an air school should not have been located in such a cold and snowy region. Others don't like the fact that the buildings are so widely scattered that it takes seventy miles of paved roads to connect them. Still others keep asking why the academy has no airfield. A few even question the necessity for an air school, suggesting that it is thirty years too late.

The athletic department, however, has largely escaped criticism, although a few pot shots have been taken at its prep-school aid to athletes. It is generally accepted that the academy sacrificed no academic standards in achieving its first measure of football success last year. The commandant, Brig. Gen. Henry R. Sullivan, told this writer that Coach Martin "never asked for any concessions," an attitude that pleased the faculty. The players get preferred treatment only at mealtime. The training table in season provides them an estimated 6500 calories a day per man—1000 more than the nonathletes get.

Ben Martin, who accepts and even endorses the restrictions of cadet life, makes virtually no demands of his players off the field. There are no night meetings or Sunday sessions for the study of game movies and scouting reports. Monday's practice time is used for these things.

"I can't ask for a cadet's free time," Martin says. "He needs it more than I do. The only exceptions are that I manage to eat lunch twice a week with the quarterbacks, and twice a week with the linebackers who call defensive signals. That's for forty minutes, including eating time."

Martin got a modest break recently when academy physical standards were liberalized so that bright young men who don't qualify as pilots might be trained for technical duties. Maximum height was raised from six-four to six-six, and maximum weight from 226 to 239. A boy with 20/50 vision may be accepted if his vision is correctable to 20/20.

However, the over-all entrance requirements remain tough. Fifty-six hundred boys took the series of mental and physical tests last year. Only 453 were accepted. Of the 306 enrolled in the first class in 1955, only 207 graduated, an attrition rate of 32 per cent that the Academy hopes to cut to 25 per cent as it expands to its total authorized enrollment of 2500.

Martin's infectious high spirits are a tonic to young men who face a demanding everyday routine. However, he insisted recently that there was nothing out of the ordinary about the way he handled the squad last year. "Our basic job was to rebuild the players' confidence in themselves," he said. "Once that was done we got down to football."

Martin was sitting in his small office, a temporary one which he shared with a secretary. He is a lanky, slim-waisted 190-pounder, with a long, narrow face and a pronounced cleft in his chin. His height—six-two—is accentuated by a heavy mat of black curly hair that is beginning to recede. He talks easily—he can also be fluent in French—and dresses stylishly.

"I think of myself as a defensive coach," said Martin. "It's true we like to throw the ball, maybe twenty-five times a game, but defense comes first. My first spring practice here we spent the entire time on defense. In September we put in an offense—custom-made to the men we inherited."

This was what Martin calls the flexible T. It operates out of an unbalanced line and features such wrinkles as split ends, halfbacks in motion and frequent reverses.

"We don't use a grading system on our boys," Martin went on. "I don't think you can rate ability by computing machine. I'd rather go on what I see and what I know about a boy.

"Another thing, we scout ourselves constantly and thoroughly. It's so easy to fall into a rut. You slide into a pattern of play and the defense has you cold. We believe in new twists. Some work and some don't, but they help make football fun. I am utterly sincere when I say that football ought to be fun."

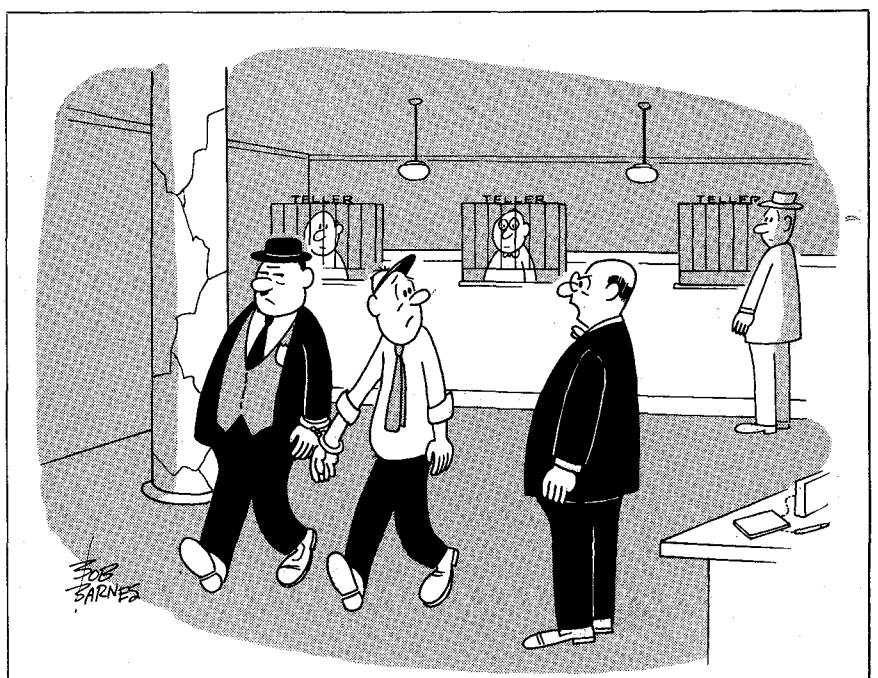
The football he teaches would never be mistaken for drop the handkerchief. His cadets scrimmage daily in spring practice, and also the first fifteen days in the fall. However, the workouts never become mere drudgery.

One day last fall Martin opened a session with a plastic-hoop-twirling contest. A few days later calisthenics gave way to a snowball barrage. Another time the backs were shunted off to the line coaches for a change of pace, while the linemen got a taste of the agility drills normally reserved for backs.

Martin encourages individualism in his players. George Pupich, the fullback, has cultivated a distinctive military-style routine on kickoffs. In addition, Pupich booted five field goals last season—without benefit of any preliminary flourishes—and hit the left upright three other times.

His field goals and Rich Mayo's passing were the Falcons' most spectacular weapons in 1958. "I'm the field-goal-and-passing coach," Martin told banquet audiences over the winter.

Martin gets a lot of fun out of life. One of his biggest pleasures is cooking out in the summer for Harriett, his vivacious brunet wife, and sons Lawrence, eleven, and Ben Jr., seven. Martin is proficient at such diversions as golf, fishing and doing impersonations—Groucho Marx is a



"I suppose you realize, Duckett, this automatically drops you from our pension fund."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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specialty. His light touch shows through even when he is at work. I sat in on two of his coaching-staff meetings, and either could have passed for a gag-writers' session.

Martin says he owes his jaunty air to his parents. His father was a skilled mechanic at the Westinghouse plant in Prospect Park, near Philadelphia. "We were up against it in the early 'Thirties," Ben recalls. "I guess everybody was. We"—he had a younger brother and sister—"didn't have much. Poor? Yes, I guess you'd say we were poor. But we had a wonderful home. You never heard much complaining around our house."

A big boy for his age, Ben moved easily from the sandlots to high-school stardom in football, basketball, baseball and track. Annapolis was his goal, but he couldn't get a congressional appointment. He obtained a scholarship to The Hill School, and put in a remarkable year there. Ben starred in football and basketball, scored twenty-nine points in the big track meet against The Hill's arch rival, Lawrenceville, and ranked fourth scholastically in the 134-boy graduating class of 1940.

Still lacking an appointment to Annapolis, Martin took an academic scholarship to Princeton the next year. After that he finally got the green light at the Naval Academy, where he proceeded to become all-everything. Capt. Slade Cutter, who recently completed a stint as Navy's athletic director, says, "Martin was to the Naval Academy what Pete Dawkins was to West Point." Captain Cutter, who was an Annapolis football hero himself and also a much-decorated World War II submarine skipper, points out that Martin was graduated sixth in his class, served as brigade commander—the highest midshipman rank—and won three letters each in football (as an end) and track. He played on two football teams that beat Army.

Martin was graduated in the waning months of World War II and drew sea duty on the *Helena*, a heavy cruiser. The lights went out one night during a general-quarters drill. Martin stepped through a hatch, missed his footing and fell down a ladder. His leg caught as he fell, shattering the kneecap and also Martin's dream of becoming a submarine commander.

The injury seemed likely to doom him to a Navy career on land. Brought back to Annapolis in 1947 to coach the plebe football team, he resigned from the service soon after, but stayed on as a civilian coach. Ben moved up to the varsity staff in 1949 as an aide to George Sauer, and later was end coach for five years under Eddie Erdelatz.

In 1955 he quit. "I was tired of being an assistant," he says. "I felt I was ready to be a head coach."

Martin spent a year out of football, working in public relations for the Sun Oil Company in Dallas and Philadelphia. In 1956 the University of Virginia, a perennial have-not in big-time football, hired him as head man. Virginia's only real asset then was a swarthy fullback from Iran, of all places, named Jim Bakhtiar, and Martin's two-year record was less than sensational—six wins, thirteen losses, one tie. However, he made an impression in 1957 with a near upset of vastly superior Army and a 20–13 victory over Jim Tatum's North Carolina Tarheels.

Moving to the Air Force Academy in 1958, Martin appeared to face another uphill job. The Falcons had stumbled through a three-six-one season in 1957.

"I didn't know what to expect until we opened up against Detroit," says Martin. "I'd never seen the boys under fire. After that first game"—the Air Force won it, 37–6—"I felt we'd have a good season, and win maybe seven or eight games."

The next opponent was mighty Iowa, eventual Big Ten champion and Rose Bowl winner. Martin went out on a limb and said, "I think we've got a chance to win." Few people took him seriously. Gambling cards refused to carry a point spread on what shaped up as a mismatch.

However, the Falcon players were confident that they could stage an upset, and they picked up an unexpected amount of support from the student body, which previously had shown much more interest in books than in football. Granted permission to make the trip to Iowa after two days of pleading, 799 cadets left when classes ended Friday, rode chartered buses through the night for twenty-two hours and arrived melodramatically at Iowa Stadium just before the kickoff on Saturday afternoon.

The Falcons went out and battled Iowa to a 13–13 stalemate. Iowans, of course, considered it a fluke. Some independent observers were more impressed. One newspaperman called it the greatest air achievement since Lindbergh flew the Atlantic.

Ben Martin says matter-of-factly, "The game gave us maturity. After that the cadets thought they could whip anybody. I didn't do anything to discourage that notion."

The Falcons went on to beat everybody else on their schedule, although some of the games were so close that they might have gone either way. For example, against Oklahoma State—the only Air Force opponent other than Iowa to finish among the nation's top twenty teams—it took a touchdown pass by Rich Mayo in the last nine seconds to win for the Falcons, 33–29.

The Air Force ended up with a No. 6 ranking in the final Associated Press poll, and was tapped to play in the Cotton Bowl against the No. 10 team, Texas Christian, champion of the rugged Southwest Conference.

Martin's low-pressure approach was illustrated once more in his bowl preparations. He began by giving the Falcons a week off, and for two weeks after that they had nothing more than light running and agility drills. Then they went home for the Christmas holidays. The squad did not reconvene for final workouts in Dallas until December twenty-sixth.

Despite their limited preparation time, the Falcons played what Martin called "our best defensive game" in the Cotton Bowl. They finished in a scoreless tie with T.C.U. after missing three field-goal attempts. Most Air Force sympathizers were elated at the team's showing, but not Ben Martin or James H. Douglas, Secretary of the Air Force.

"It was a helluva ball game," said Martin, "but there's not much thrill in a tie."

Secretary Douglas' comment was in a letter that now hangs on the wall of Martin's office: "Although there is still no satisfactory substitute for victory, I was proud of the Falcons' showing. I hope the Cotton Bowl game will be the first of many bowl games for the Air Force Academy."

A number of the players who distinguished themselves last season are gone, but there were some prominent returnees this fall, including Rich Mayo, George Pupich, scatback Mike Quinlan, end Bob Brickey and guard Howard Bronson, the team captain. Even if they get to a bowl again this year, though, it won't mean as much to them as the Army game this Saturday. For the Air Force Academy this is the big one. THE END

What Does Big Business Do for Little Business?

It does a great deal.

The Bell System, for instance, buys from many small businesses.

In 1958, its manufacturing and supply unit, the Western Electric Company, did business with more than 30,000 other firms throughout the country. Nine out of ten of these suppliers had fewer than 500 employees.

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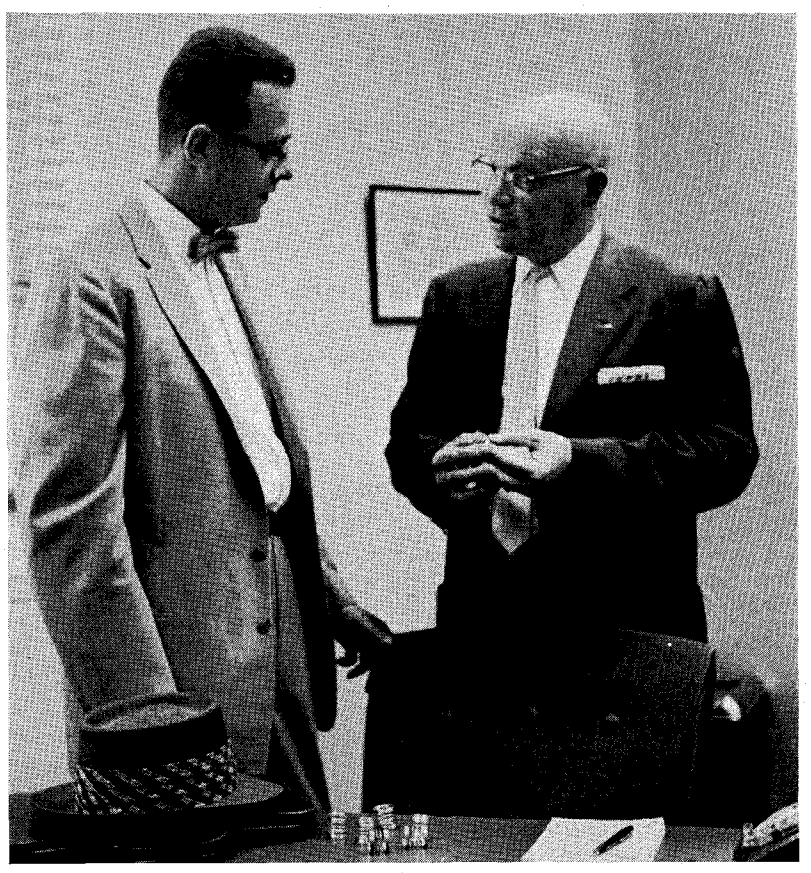

BIG HELP FOR SMALL BUSINESS and a big help for us too. Western Electric Company representative (left) discusses order with one of its many small business suppliers. Item purchased here is the spring used in the dial of Bell telephones. Millions are bought every year.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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Inside the Captive Baltics

(Continued from Page 31)

My main interest was in what has happened to the Baltic peoples as a result of the dreadful hardships they have endured since I saw them last. They suffered from the worst excesses of both German Nazism and Russian Bolshevism. Since 1940 they have been occupied first by Russians, then for three years by Nazi Germans, then by Russians again. So what is their situation today?

The open areas provide a fairly clear picture. Riga, where 600,000 of Latvia's 2,000,000 people live, proved especially rewarding in answering my questions. It is the principal trading center for the Baltic region, and its markets attract buyers and sellers, especially farm people, from all three states. Farther north, even before the opening of Tallin, conditions there were well known to *émigrés* in nearby Finland and Sweden. Their correspondence with relatives has been gradually relaxed during the last two years, and selected groups of *émigrés* were permitted to visit Tallin. Vilna, capital of Lithuania, the southernmost Baltic state, has been a regular stop for foreign as well as Russian planes en route between Moscow and the cities of Western Europe. Several of the American governors who visited Russia last summer landed at the Vilna airport.

Judging by my own observations and by the consensus of Baltic *émigrés* I have consulted, the indomitable inhabitants of the Baltic states have partly won their battle to preserve their racial and cultural identities, even under Soviet dictatorship. Thousands of those exiled to Siberia and other distant parts of the Soviet Union are returning to regions where their ancestors lived for centuries. In 1940-41, and again during the early postwar years, it looked as if Moscow intended to break up these communities completely, scattering them permanently throughout Asiatic Russia. But the Kremlin's policy changed after Stalin died and it is now estimated that about a third of the Balts deported by the Russians have been permitted to come home. Of the other two thirds, most of them are believed to have perished. Once more these communities are distinctively Estonian, Latvian and Lithuanian, as they managed to remain during eight centuries of foreign rule by five different empires.

True, Moscow's authority is as absolute here as it is in the twelve other Soviet republics. The Baltic states are even less independent than such satellites as Poland and East Germany; they have become integral parts of the Soviet Union. But local supervision of local affairs has been increasing, and has had at least one pleasing result for the Baltic peoples. Because they are efficient organizers, they have raised their standard of living above the Soviet Union average.

It was a fine day when I flew into Riga from Moscow. As the Russian plane circled for landing it was easy to see why this city has been growing rapidly and will continue to grow. It stands at the center of a vast network of waterways—sea, rivers and connecting canals dug during the two centuries when this area was part of the old Russian empire. The first thing I did was to drive around the city with a native-born guide to get a general impression. It was good to see that Riga's finest medieval buildings survived the battles which Germans and Russians fought here in 1941 and again in 1944. One landmark is gone, the House of the Black Heads, dating from 1330, together with the adjacent city hall. The damaged fifteenth-century St. Peter's church, with its spectacular 412-foot tower, is being restored. The old Dom cathedral and Riga Castle, both often damaged and restored during past centuries, escaped unharmed this time. The cathedral's famous organ continues to give concerts.

Riga's natural beauty does not reflect its violent history. During the 800 years since German traders founded Riga in 1158, almost every generation has witnessed revolts against intolerable oppression, followed by savage reprisals. All the empires which have conquered and ruled the Baltic peoples seem to have exhibited their most brutal sides to the Balts. Yet Riga is one of the most tranquil-looking cities anywhere. Like a gigantic mirror the Western Dvina River reflects the charming sky line of the Old Town, with its medieval houses, narrow, winding streets, castles and churches. Today Riga has 200,000 more residents than it had before the war, and they are luckier than those of most expanding Russian cities. Their new apartment suburbs look just as jerry-built, but they have access to beautiful lakes and to the famous Riga seashore, eighteen miles of sandy beaches on the Gulf of Riga, bordered by pine-covered dunes. A large community of summer homes, hostels and sanatoria grew up around these beaches, and electric trains connect them with the city.

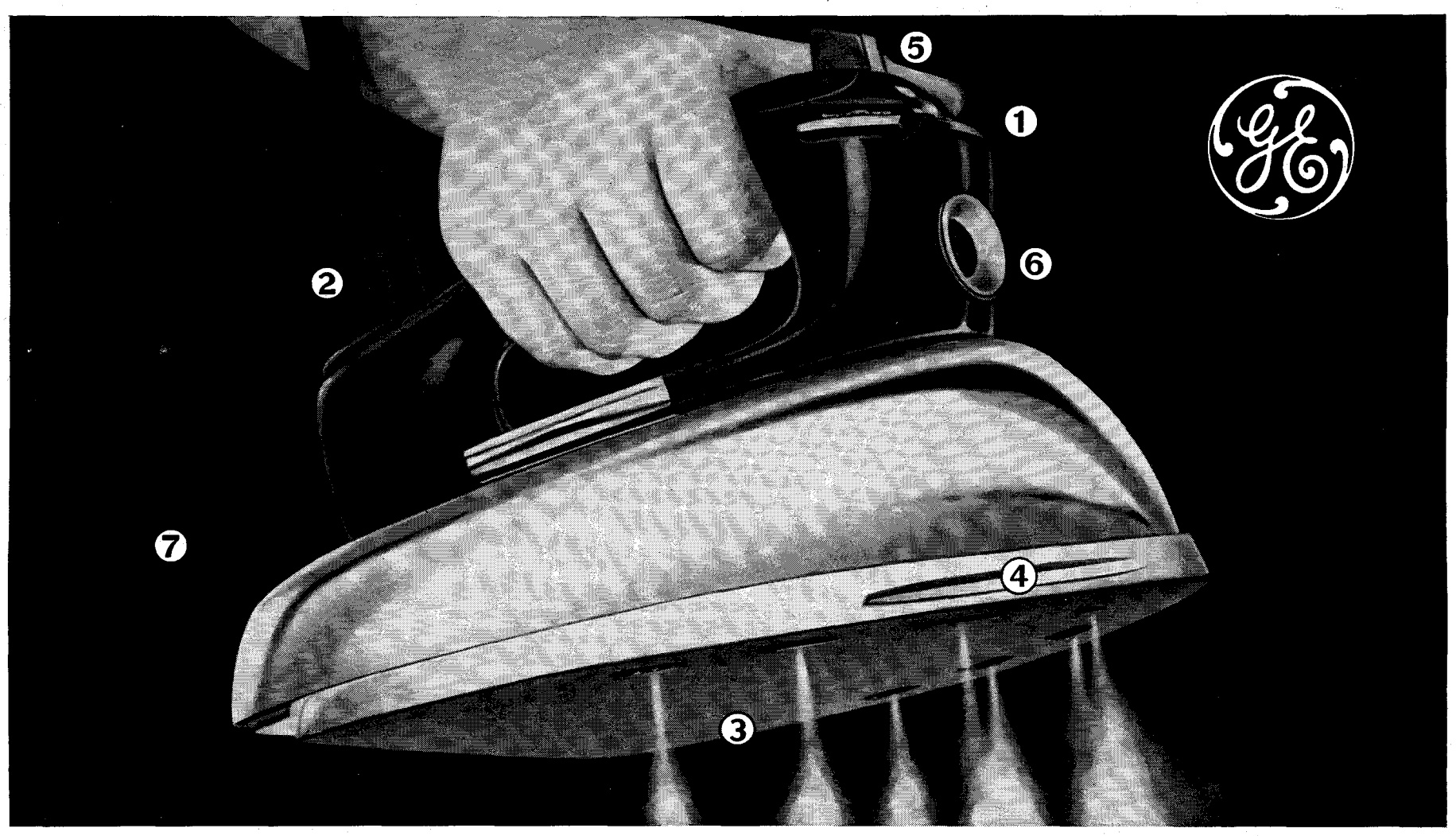
I was given a room in the new Hotel Riga, built on the site of the old Roma Hotel where I stayed in 1938—the Roma was blown up during the war. My room on the second floor overlooked the city's main shopping center, and my first impression was how much better dressed the women were than the majority of those in Moscow. When I mentioned this to a Latvian young lady in the hotel, she replied with a satisfied air, "Riga is a fashion center. We send our girls to Moscow to display fabrics and dress designs made here."

Riga's huge wooded parks extend into the heart of the business district, and I spent hours in them watching the people. Although Intourist officials assured me that there was only one other American in this big city during my stay, I attracted no more attention than I would have done in Paris or London. For Riga probably has more foreign visitors now than ever before, although the great majority of today's visitors come from Soviet-bloc countries. They include many East Germans, Poles, Czechs and Hungarians, as well as Russians. Some are traders working for their state foreign-trade monopolies, but most are tourists. All Communist travel agencies promote this area as a year-round resort. In the summer it offers bathing, boating and fishing. In the winter the Gulf of Riga, as well as fresh-water lakes and rivers, freezes solid for months, creating a winter-sports paradise. These natural attractions fit in with Moscow's encouragement of year-round tourism inside the Soviet bloc, from Berlin to Peking.

On the surface, then, Riga presents a more smiling face to visitors than most Russian cities. That is true to a lesser extent of the other Baltic capitals. Tallin's Old Town suffered severe wartime damage and is no longer so picturesque. But this city, which owes much to its former Swedish and German rulers, seems much more western than Moscow. Recent visiting *émigrés* report that the present standard of living begins to approximate that of prewar days—the people here seem to live better than most Russians.

The Lithuanian capital, Vilna, has undergone the greatest changes. Between

No other steam iron gives you



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world wars this was a Polish city and a bitter bone of contention between Polish and Lithuanian governments. As a part of the process of reorganizing Eastern Europe, Moscow gave Vilna back to the Lithuanians, who consider it the historic seat of their culture. This change involved wholesale shifts of population and made the Lithuanian and Russian languages predominant. But the Lithuanians, in their restored capital city, have been annexed to the Soviet Union.

These Baltic states demonstrate dramatically the extremely clever system evolved by the Kremlin to keep its numerous minorities under firm centralized control, while permitting them to use their ancient languages and to preserve some of their age-old customs. Moscow's controls are disguised. The Russian garrisons in Baltic states make themselves as inconspicuous as possible. I was told that the only large garrisons are confined to offshore islands, probably missile bases. The only uniformed soldiers I saw were alone or in pairs, and local residents told me most of them are native born. Members of local minorities occupy most government offices having direct contact with the public. But ranking officeholders also are members of the Communist Party—that's the key to the Kremlin's domination. The Communist Party tolerates no opposition party. Baltic Communists, like all others in the Soviet Union, are directly responsible to Moscow. After I returned from Riga an American acquaintance asked me if I had talked with the Russian "boss" in Latvia. I explained that the Russian boss, if he exists, is known only to a few highly placed Latvian Communists. Unless something goes wrong, Russian officials in Baltic countries are not publicly identified. This creates an impression of more independence than actually exists.

I saw an example of this while I was in Riga, when a top-level quarrel broke out among Latvian Communists. The prime minister, Vilis Lacis, denounced his chief deputy, Eduards Barklavs, and several other top Latvian officials for "placing narrow national interests ahead of those of the Soviet Union." Riga newspapers, all Communist controlled, represented this as a purely Latvian dispute; no Russian was mentioned as a participant. But this did not fool newspaper readers. Premier Lacis, also a prolific novelist, is considered a servile Russian stooge. He has about the same standing in Latvia as pro-Nazi Quisling had in Norway during the Nazi occupation, for similar reasons. Lacis helped stage the 1940 rigged elections which first brought Latvia into the Soviet Union.

His countrymen particularly resent his pamphleteering novels in which he portrays the twenty-two years of Latvian independence between world wars as a dismal time when the majority of Latvians were eagerly awaiting "liberation" by Russia. This summer an English translation of a Lacis novel was published in Moscow under the title *Toward New Shores*. It is a very long novel in two volumes. When I picked it up in a Riga bookstore, I noticed that the saleswoman watched me oddly. When I said I would buy it, she asked incredulously, "Do you want both volumes? You may buy only one if you like." I took both volumes and she seemed unhappy.

When I found time to read this novel back in Moscow, I understood the Latvian saleswoman's concern. It not only glorifies the Russian and Communist take-over of Latvia, but also casts Uncle Sam in the role of villain. One incident describes battles between Communists and anti-Communist guerrillas after the war, and, of course, the latter are pictured as a very unsavory crew. Their leader is a Baptist preacher. During one scene laid in 1946 an anti-Communist recruiting agent tells a potential recruit, "Every intelligent man today wants to work with us and secure good prospects against the day when the new war finishes in an American victory. We are the ones who have the atom bomb." The other asks incredulously, "Do we have the atom bomb?" The agent explains, "Well, America has it, Truman and Eisenhower, which amounts to the same thing because we are bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh." Then he adds, "God knows the Americans are not such good soldiers, but they've got dollars—gold!" This English-language book, with its implication that Mr. Eisenhower favored new wars even in 1946, was being hawked in Riga bookstores at the moment newspapers were headlining the Eisenhower-Khrushchev exchange of visits.

The fact that Red Premier Lacis makes his novel's chief local villain a Baptist preacher, and not a Lutheran, may be significant. The majority of Latvians and Estonians have been Lutherans for many generations, and Moscow seems to be toning down its customary antireligious drives so far as Baltic Lutherans are concerned. Most of Riga's numerous Lutheran churches still hold services, although they suffer from the usual Communist discrimination. This includes heavy taxes and prohibition of religious instruction for children in church classes.

As in all Soviet schools, Baltic children are taught that organized religions are "opium for the people." Children of the three Baltic states are offered instruction in their own languages through all grades, but the curriculum is fixed and firmly controlled by the U.S.S.R. Ministry of Education in Moscow. The Moscow minister of education told the American governors who visited Russia last summer that he deplored the American educational system permitting local authorities to set their own standards. He vigorously defended the Soviet system which fixes identical curriculums for all fifteen Soviet republics, and decides what textbooks will be used in all the Soviet Union's languages. This system also enables Moscow to guard against any deviation from Communist doctrine in regional schools. Inspectors from Moscow regularly visit

IN CONCERT

By LYN ARNOLD

A little sighing asseveration of talk dies as the orchestra tunes,
A little running and leaping, gliding and dipping and
booming echo of instrument
Answer a question unspoken:
The little tap of a baton lets loose a voice out of every heart
There in the great spread concert hall speechlessly waiting.

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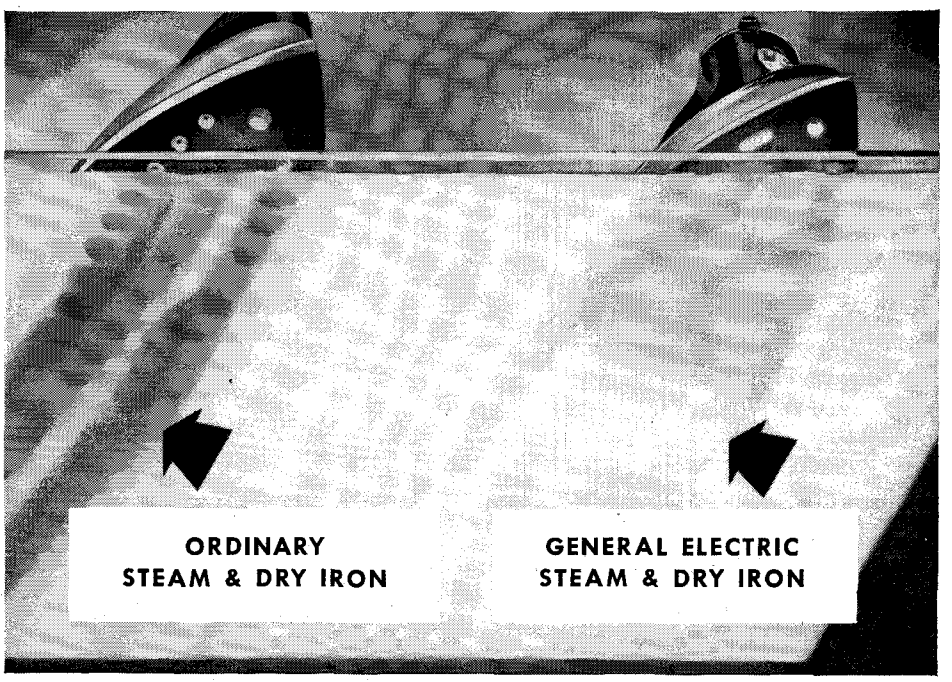

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Baltic schools to make sure that they do not stray from the Marxist path.

I talked with as many young people as possible to get some idea of how the rising generation in the Baltic states is adapting itself to Soviet life. One Latvian young man, who recently completed an intensive course in English at the University of Riga, interested me particularly. He spoke fluent and accurate English, although he said his parents speak only Latvian. He competed in stiff examinations for the privilege of studying English, and frankly admitted he had chosen English because he thought there would be an increasing demand for it.

The bitter and confusing events through which this young man has lived obviously have influenced his outlook; he has seen human nature at its worst since early boyhood. When I asked him about the German occupation of 1941–44, he said, "What I remember best is the Jews. We had many Jews in Riga, and some were my schoolmates. The Nazis first made them wear the Star of David on their backs and would not let them ride in trams or buses. Then they put them in a ghetto near the railway station. Then they took them away and we never saw them again." Of the 100,000 Jews in Latvia and 400,000 in Lithuania, only a small fraction survived the Nazi slaughter.

The Nazis and the Bolsheviks competed in brutality in the Baltic states. Through their efforts it is estimated that almost half of the prewar population has perished or been permanently separated from their homelands. The racial composition has sharply changed: German and Swedish minorities were evacuated; Jews were destroyed; outstanding nationalists vanished into Russia or are *émigrés* in Sweden, Germany, the United States and elsewhere. In view of this, it is remarkable how tenaciously these peoples cling to their traditional languages and customs. That is especially notable in rural communities, where the Balts have stubbornly resisted Moscow's efforts to impose Russian-style collectivization upon them. I believe they have won a partial victory.

To me the most interesting place in Riga was the great central food markets near the railway station. These were erected during independence by utilizing several Zeppelin hangars left over from World War I. The huge sheds are said to form the largest food markets in Europe—they certainly are far more attractive than any I saw this year in Moscow.

One vast shed is devoted to meats, another to dairy products, two others to vegetables and fruits, while flower vendors have open-air booths. The wide variety of food products on sale, plus the attractive packaging and cleanliness, reminds one of Scandinavian countries rather than Russia. In fact, Baltic farmers during independence became part of the international co-operative movement centered in Scandinavia, and they still practice methods they learned then. For two years after the war Moscow did not push wholesale collectivization. Baltic farmers were admirably organized in co-operatives and most of them have never lived in farm villages as Russians did before their revolution—and as they do now. The Baltic countryside as seen from my airplane, with widely spaced individual farmhouses, more nearly resembled our New England than Russia.

But true co-operatives make farmers too independent to satisfy Bolshevik theorists, so Moscow first transformed Baltic co-operatives into government monopolies. Then began a drastic reorganization of farmers which was so bitterly resisted that thousands were deported to Russia in the late 1940's. However, Baltic farmers could not be herded into villages. So most Baltic so-called collective farms are quite different from those in Russia. I talked to dozens of these farm people in the Riga market. A number of them had returned recently after years in Russia. The way they talked showed their spirit has not been broken. They freely expressed a dim view of Russian-style farm villages. For the time being, at least, Moscow apparently has decided not to push all-out "reforms" in the Baltic countryside. The abundance revealed in the markets is the result.

Not long before my flight to Riga the Latvian-born wife of an American revisited her former home and found the experience very painful. (I cannot use her name because she has relatives in Latvia.) I can well understand how this Latvian-born woman felt. Although Riga retains most of its physical charms, and its people probably now live more comfortably than most Muscovites, the older residents who fought for their independence feel imprisoned. The only current publications to which they have access are Communist. Foreign radio broadcasts are jammed. I had a powerful short-wave radio set in my hotel room, and found the jamming very effective. Old Riga residents see their medieval monastery used as an antireligious museum. For most older Baltic residents their republics have become truly "captive nations." But to me, as a foreign reporter, conditions were better than I expected. The young people I met rarely indulged in Communist clichés. Like most young people everywhere, they were less interested in the past than in the future. They are given educational opportunities, and that seems to matter most to them. The Soviet Union is a huge country and offers wide horizons to ambitious young people who can adapt themselves to the Soviet system.

On my return from Russia I spent some time in Helsinki, capital of democratic Finland, and met there a number of vacationing Estonians from the *émigré* Estonian community in Sweden, which has 22,000 members. Sweden has been the most hospitable country for Estonian *émigrés*. They have organized colonies in twenty Swedish communities, with schools in their own language and a junior college in Stockholm. Two thirds of them have become Swedish citizens, but they are determined to preserve Estonian culture just the same. Naturally they are excited by the recent opening of Tallin to tourism, although most of them cannot safely go back. They showed me pictures sent them by relatives who lived for years in Siberian exile and are now back in their old homes. Many returned in poor health, but after their harrowing experiences life in Estonia is precious.

In our electronic age it becomes increasingly difficult to isolate any people. The Estonian visitors in Finland watched, as I did, television programs from Soviet Estonia just across the Gulf of Finland. Reception was sharp and clear. The Estonian station alternates Estonian-language with Russian-language programs, and broadcasts a daily propaganda program in the Finnish language. I was told Soviet Estonia's people also receive Finnish programs on their television sets. The Finns do not present propaganda programs, but their outspoken news broadcasts are far more effective than official propaganda would be. Here is one unplanned East-West exchange which assuredly is in the West's favor.

During my stay in Finland the Eisenhower-Khrushchev exchange of visits was the chief topic of conversation. I asked one prominent Estonian nationalist settled in Sweden whether the Estonian community there really expected President Eisenhower to bring about any drastic change in the status of the Baltic states.

This Estonian reminded me that, although the American and British governments still have not formally recognized the Baltic annexations, the record shows that they must share some responsibility for their present status. In Robert Sherwood's authoritative book, *Roosevelt and Hopkins*, based upon Harry Hopkins' eyewitness accounts of wartime conferences, Hopkins told what the Big Three statesmen did about the Baltic states when President Roosevelt first met Stalin at Tehran in November, 1943. At one Tehran session Stalin declared "categorically that the Baltic States had by an expression of the will of the people voted to join the Soviet Union," and their status must therefore be considered settled. None of those present, including F.D.R., Winston Churchill, and their principal advisers, ventured to challenge that flat statement. They thus gave Stalin reason to believe that they would not oppose his claim to the Baltic states, which at that time were occupied by Nazi Germany.

That is what wartime expediency did. But what of the present? Nobody I met during my Baltic investigations, either in the annexed territories or among the *émigrés*, really expects liberation in the near future, which apparently can now be accomplished only through another all-out war. A distinguished professor, who has managed to hold his post because he is a scientist, put the situation this way: "Events have compelled our people to take a very long-range view. We lived for two centuries under Russian rule before World War I, and during that period Russian policy sometimes changed. What most of us are hoping for is that wider education will make the Russian people increasingly tolerant, and therefore willing to permit racial minorities in the Soviet Union greater freedom."

When I reported this conversation to a group of Estonian *émigrés* now living in Sweden, they nodded agreement. But one of them added, "What all the Baltic peoples have to fear most today is not the Russians, but our own fanatical Communists. They have done more than the Russians to undermine our traditions. The future of the Baltic states, as we *émigrés* in Sweden see it, depends to a very large extent upon the internal struggle between Baltic Communists and the nationalists who are still a majority."

My personal observations on the spot have led to that same conclusion.

THE END

NEXT WEEK

WHY DOES EUROPE HAVE LESS TEEN-AGE DELINQUENCY?

By Judge Mary Conway Kohler

IN COLOR:

I RODE THE FRONTIER TRAIN

British Columbia's Spectacular Railroad

By Lee Edson

THE COP WITH THE CRIMINAL BROTHER

A St. Louis Detective's Toughest Unsolved Case

By Jack Alexander

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, 39:

THE ANGUISH OF MODERN ART

By William Snaith

I CODDLE THE MAESTROS

By John S. Edwards

Manager of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra

MY FATHER F. D. R.

HIS LONELY LAST DAYS

By James Roosevelt, as told to Sidney Shalett

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her best for you
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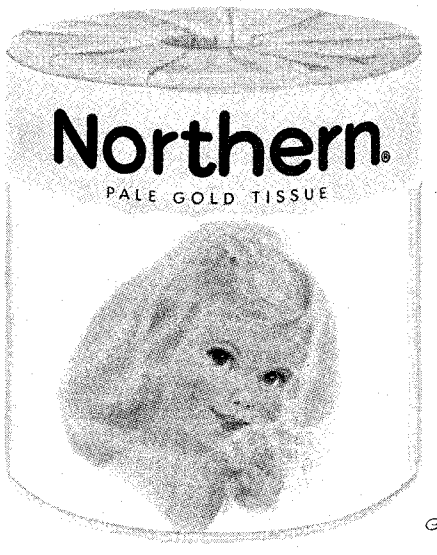

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Too Many Ghosts (Continued from Page 22)

seemed flustered. "But that is all a lot of nonsense, isn't it?" he said.

"Mostly," Hero replied.

The expression on Sir Richard's face altered again as he remembered something. "But I have heard the harp play," he said.

"Ah, did you?" Hero said.

"I heard it with my own ears. But when we rushed into the room there was no one there. And then this business last night. I tell you we were all that close to panic. Look here, I'll try to make some sense. You know about the Paradine Country Club, of course?"

Hero said, "Vaguely. It was death duties, wasn't it?"

"Yes, the old man died before the deed of gift could take effect. The present Lord Paradine has had to turn the hall into a kind of gentleman's sports club to keep it going. You can imagine what will happen unless this is stopped. Four of the guests have left already. If word spreads about ——"

"Yes," Hero said, "I see."

"There are two wings, you know—the east, reserved for the guests, and the west where the family lives. It began in the west wing in the room of Isobel Paradine," and then in reply to Hero's querying glance, "Lord Paradine's sister. She's unmarried. Rather runs the place. Something made a shambles of her room in the night. Furniture knocked about, chairs and tables upset, pictures flung down from the wall, bedclothes pulled from the bed."

"Was Miss Paradine present?"

"Yes; she was terrified, of course. It was the painting of her father, the late Lord Thomas Paradine—she worshiped him, you know—that was flung from the wall."

"When did this happen?" Hero asked. "Would you have the exact date?"

"About three weeks ago," Sir Richard said, and then, reaching into his pocket, produced some notes which he consulted. Hero, too, produced a small notebook. "The sixth of July to be exact."

Hero wrote it down. The date meant something to him, but at the moment he could not tell or remember why. "Were you there?" Hero asked.

"No," Sir Richard replied, "but I am staying at the hall now at Lord Paradine's request. I am his neighbor, you know. Lockerie Manor is the next estate."

Hero nodded and said, "Good. When things like this start, it is essential to have a few level heads about."

There was a note of desperation in Sir Richard's voice as he said, "I am afraid mine is not very level any more. This attack upon Susan Marshall ——"

"Who is Susan Marshall?"

"Sorry, I thought I told you. She's the American girl visiting there. See here, you had better have the picture properly. In the west wing there are Lord and Lady Paradine, the Honorable Isobel—his sister—and Lord Paradine's son and daughter, Mark and Beth. I think Mark was at Cambridge shortly after you left. Susan Marshall is Beth's friend, and is staying with her over the summer. A girl of amazing courage. Oh, I almost forgot Cousin Freddie, Lord Paradine's nephew." The expression on Sir Richard's face altered as he said this, to the point where Mr. Hero gathered that Cousin Freddie might be someone it would be pleasant to forget. "And myself, of course," concluded Sir Richard.

"What happened to Miss Marshall?"

"Something got into her room one night, something shocking and nasty, and had her by the throat. She said it was an icy hand that woke her, and she thought she saw the nun; but when she was able to put on the light, there was nothing and no one there. She is neither an imaginative nor hysterical type. I believe her—after what I have seen myself."

"Not very nice, is it?" Hero said. "Are the manifestations confined only to the west portions of the hall?"

"No. It's got into the east wing as well—where the guests are lodged. There are objects flying through the air, things falling off shelves and mantelpieces, footsteps and noises and knockings, and nobody there."

"Oh," said Hero in genuine surprise. "That, too—stones and things?"

... ...

Man Versus Housekeeping

By Herbert Merrill

I find it sad to think the
human race is
Condemned to be forever
scrubbing dirt
From sticky little hands and
grubby faces,
From wall and window, dish
and floor and shirt,
From dog and cat and
sheets and pillowcases,
The backs of ears, the
spotted blouse or skirt,
From all the obvious and
obscure places
In this, our life. Oh, I am
deeply hurt
When I consider how our
time is squandered,
And I am tempted sorely, I
confess,
To sign a peace, leave
everything unlaundered,
And settle down upon the
unwashed mess,
Reclining there in blissful
unconcern
Like Nero, while the envious
neighbors burn.

... ...

"And odd bits, like occasional potatoes or walnuts or people's slippers. I suppose it all sounds like a terrible lot of twaddle to you."

"No, it doesn't," Hero said seriously. "To the contrary."

Sir Richard said, "A harp played—I'm trying, sort of, to give you a picture, to tell you everything as briefly as I can—or was played by no visible means or person. It stands in the music room and belonged to Lord Paradine's mother. I mean, there was no one in the room, or even near it when we went there."

"And now, this dinner ——"

"It happened last night. Dinner at night, you know, is formal; the country-club guests and the family dine in the great hall. I am not certain whether this was Lord Paradine's or Isobel's idea. There were eighteen of us at the table, including the vicar, Doctor Witherspoon. I can't seem to remember now which came first, the chair moving or the lights beginning to go out."

"Lights?" queried Mr. Hero.

"Candles," amended Sir Richard. "There is an electric chandelier, but they use candelabra on the table and in the wall sconces. Isobel's notion, I suppose. Her father, the late Lord Thomas, always dined by candlelight." Hero could see the effort with which Sir Richard was reaching back into his memory. "I remember now," he burst forth, as it came back to him, "the horror of that chair moving by itself. It was one of those huge, great Jacobean Carvers, and it edged forward from the shadows at the side of the hall by itself. I will swear there was no one touching it or even close to it. And then there was that horrid child giggling."

Hero could read genuine anguish on the handsome features of the baronet and decided not to interrupt him.

"Some of the women began to shriek," Sir Richard continued. "Lord Paradine got up and went over and wrestled with the chair. He couldn't seem to hold it, and I remember his shouting, 'The thing has got a life of its own.' Then the candles began to go out by twos and threes. I told you there wasn't a draft or breath of air moving in the room. They simply were extinguished as though unseen fingers were pinching each wick. Beth Paradine, who was sitting next to me, began to grow hysterical, as did some of the other women. I tried to calm them. All the candles went out, until there were only a few left burning in the wall sconces on either side of the minstrel's gallery. Then someone shouted, 'The nun, the nun in the minstrel's gallery'; I think it was Isobel. We all saw her then. At least, those of us not directly under the gallery. A figure in robe and cowl. Then the last of the candles went out. That tore it! Women were screaming, chairs were overturned, knives and silver swept to the floor, glasses and dishes broken. I heard Isobel calling for the butler to come in and turn on the lights, and there was a yell and a curse from Lord Paradine, and a great crash. The butler rushed in from the pantry. Fortunately the fellow kept his head and switched on the lights. One of the women had fainted, and Lord Paradine lay on his back with the chair on top of him. He wasn't hurt, but the breath was taken out of him. The room was a shambles. Isobel ran up the steps to the minstrel's gallery and threw the curtains aside. She cried, 'There is nothing here, no one or anything at all.' There wasn't anything, either, that we could see, but elsewhere there was something much worse."

"What was that?" Hero asked.

"Susan Marshall was staring horrified at her plate, at something which was there, which hadn't been there before. It was a dead rabbit. There was a strangling wire about its throat."

"Oh, dear," said Mr. Hero. "I don't like that at all."

"Then I am not mad," Sir Richard said. "You don't think we have all gone out of our minds?"

"No, you have not."

"And you think you may be able to help us?"

"Perhaps," Hero said. "Who were the other guests present at the dinner?"

"I have brought a list," Sir Richard said.

Hero scanned the meticulously written paper which Sir Richard had handed him, and read:

Major and Mrs. Howard Wilson, Third Wietshires.
Mr. and Mrs. Horace Spendley-Carter, M.P., and daughter, Noreen Spendley-Carter, aged twelve.
Mr. Alfred Jellicot, retired draper from Manchester.
Mr. Dean Ellison, engineer.
Mrs. Geraldine Taylor, widow.
Dr. Evrard Paulson, scientist.

Only two of the names meant anything to Hero. He recalled Spendley-Carter, the member of Parliament, as a windbaggy politician, and Doctor Paulson as a well-known atomic researcher. He said to Sir Richard, "In what capacity would you wish me to come to the hall? For the Society for Psychical Research, or as a private investigator?"

"Oh, private by all means, old man. We are desperately anxious that there be no publicity, as you can well imagine."

Hero said, "My fee is two hundred and fifty guineas and expenses incurred; and there is one condition attached to my accepting the case. You realize, of course, that I have no police powers whatsoever, and nobody is compelled to give me any information or even tell me the truth. I therefore have to conduct the investigation upon my own lines; and once it is begun it must be carried through to the finish, no matter how unpleasant it may turn out for any who might be involved."

Sir Richard's eyes flashed. "When the safety of innocent young girls is being threatened in a revolting and disgusting manner, there can be no question of restrictions."

"Quite so," agreed Hero. "But the point is, if I am engaged, I cannot be dismissed from the case unless I decide myself, for reasons of my own, to pursue it no further. On the other hand, if I do not succeed in putting an end to the manifestations at the hall, there will be no fee."

Sir Richard reflected. "I will accept your terms on my own responsibility," he said. "It was I who persuaded Lord Paradine to let me come here and try to engage you."

"Very well, I will come by car sometime tomorrow. In the meantime, I advise that you say nothing to anyone as to the purpose of my visit, and simply let me arrive as another guest at the hall. Oh, and one thing more—I suggest that you secure an ordinary strong bolt and fasten it on the inside of the door of Miss Marshall's room."

"A bolt!" cried Sir Richard. "Would a bolt be of any use against a ghost or whatever is loose at the hall?"

"No," said Mr. Hero. "But at least it confines things to that element and halves the possibilities of further unpleasantness."

After Sir Richard had departed, Hero reached for the telephone, dialed and, when the receptionist at the other end said, "Barbizon, court photographer, good afternoon," Hero asked absentmindedly, "Is Meg there?" And then corrected himself, "Oh, I beg your pardon, may I have a word with my stepsister, please, Lady Margaret Callandar?"

When she came on he said, "Hello, Meg; Sandro. Busy?"

His stepsister replied, "I have a sitter, but if I leave him alone for a moment he may be able to get his jaw muscles unclamped and relax the fixed stare. How are you, my pet?"

"Flourishing. Look here, I've just been called in on a case. Some unpleasant goings on at Paradine Hall in Norfolk. I may be needing your help."

Meg sounded enchanted. "Lovely," she said. "Do I drop everything?"

"No, not yet. I'll let you know. In the meantime, I need a little gossip. You wouldn't by any chance be free for dinner tonight, would you?"

"Yes, I would."

"The Antelope?"

"I'd adore it."

"See you," concluded Hero, and hung up, and did not seem to find it at all strange or unusual that a girl as attractive and popular as the earl of Heth's daughter should (*Continued on Page 74*)

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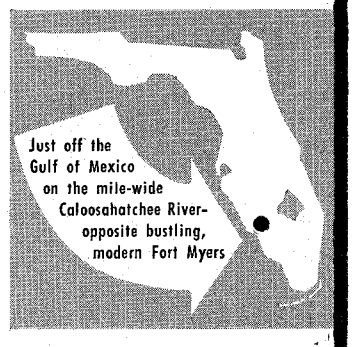

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(*Continued from Page 72*) invariably be free when he needed to talk to her.

There was a pleasant atmosphere going on the second floor of the Antelope—created by smoke, ale fumes and people—by the time Mr. Hero and his stepsister tested the light, flaky crust of their steak-and-kidney pie. The Lady Margaret Callandar—the family name of the earls of Heth—was a tall girl with a wry sense of humor and a light manner which concealed her enormous competence as a photographer. Only daughter of the widowed earl of Heth—whom Hero's mother, likewise widowed, had married in 1934 when Alexander was eight and Margaret five—she was, at a relatively young age, already in partnership with Barbizon, the court photographer, and her portraits had taken prizes at a number of exhibitions.

However, in addition to her studio work, there was very little she did not know about photography. She had had a year on the street for the *Express* with a news camera, had worked and studied in the Eimar Teknikon factories and laboratories in Germany. Included in her knowledge of camera work were a number of things that would have shocked and scandalized some of her royal patrons, and it was because of her little bag of tricks that Hero sometimes called her in to assist him.

However, at the moment it was another facet of his many-sided stepsister that was engaging him. He said, "Can you give me the gen on the Paradines?" Meg threw her head back and eyed the ceiling for a moment. She had golden tawny skin, unlike the usual English pink-and-white, and her russet-colored hair was turned under at the neck in a soft, weighty roll. Her eyes were hazel, and her mouth generous, thinly mobile, and highly expressive of the sudden inner amusements that illuminated her.

"Well, to begin with," Meg said, "there's his lordship ——" She leveled her knife at the far corner of the room like a sporting piece and gave it both barrels with two clicks of her tongue, "Right and left, old man," she said. "Frightfully sporting, I understand; good sort, but not much else in his head. His wife, Enid, Lady Paradine, used to be someone named Clay." A wry smile twisted her mouth for a moment, and she picked up the beer bottle at her elbow. "Her daddy makes these," she said. "Thirty years ago she was known as 'the golden debutante.' She must have been exquisite. Red hair and creamy skin. But things somehow just didn't work out for her. Old Lord Thomas Paradine lived too long, so that when she finally became Lady Paradine it was really too late for her to enjoy it. She must be over fifty now. They have a son and a daughter."

"What are they like?" Hero asked.

"Mark is a pet," replied Meg. "He has his mother's red hair, but otherwise takes after his grandfather, which means that he has some brains and personality. His sister, Beth, is sweet, pretty and pallid. She will make someone a wonderfully submissive wife. Anything more, my love?"

Hero asked, "What about the Honorable Isobel?"

The mockery went from Meg's expression.

"An astonishing creature," she said. "I was once at the Hall for a shoot with daddy, while old Lord Thomas was still alive, and I admired her tremendously. She was regal. Do you remember the illustrations for the snow queen in the fairy tale? She was like that—pale eyes and pale hair, almost like silver. Somewhere back in the family some Vikings must have taken a hand."

"I've checked the family in Burke's. It said she never married."

"Some women are born spinsters, aren't they?" Meg said. And then, for no apparent reason, she polished her fingernails slightly against her tweed suit and regarded them. Hero missed the gesture. "Though I think she was disappointed in love," Meg continued, "and so devoted herself to her father, the late Lord Thomas; ran the hall for him. When he died and the present Lord Paradine took over, she stayed on the job. His wife, little Enid, just couldn't cope. I gather she is rather under Isobel's thumb."

"And Cousin Freddie? According to Burke, he's the son of Lord Paradine's younger brother and wife, both deceased."

Meg indulged herself in a slight shudder. "I suppose every family is entitled to one monster," she said. "Well, Cousin Freddie is theirs. You'll find out."

"Oh," Hero said, and made a mental note. "Ever hear of an American girl named Susan Marshall?"

"Her father was first secretary at the American embassy in London for five years. He was recently assigned to Bern. The girl was most popular in London last year. She's a lady."

Hero said, "Encyclopedia, I love you."

"I know," Meg remarked. "If I were a woman you'd marry me."

Something in the nature of the tone in which she said this made Hero look up at his stepsister sharply, but her expression was innocent, except for the usual, slightly rueful twist at the corners of her mouth. Being a male, and preoccupied with his business, he could not see behind the veils of her eyes to that which was there. Yet the thought of marrying Meg or, for that matter, even marrying, which she had put into his head, had a certain half-disturbing, half-amusing preposterousness.

Meg asked, "What is wrong at the hall?"

"Everything," Hero replied, and then told her of Sir Richard's call.

Meg looked thoughtful. "Sir Richard?" she said. "What is he doing in the picture? Oh, I've just remembered something. Isobel was supposed to have been in love with him at one time, but he went off to war and married a girl from the French underground. They had a child, a boy, I think, and then she died—the French wife, I mean."

"H'm'm," Hero mused. "Well, he's not too old to be disinterested in this American girl. He's taken the responsibility for my coming there upon himself. He is right to be concerned. It sounded as though there might be something rather nasty loose there at the hall."

Meg asked, "Dangerous?"

Hero shrugged. "One never knows, does one?"

Meg toyed with a piece of bread, molding it between her long fingers. "I would come whenever you wanted me, Sandro," she said. "Barbizon doesn't mind taking over some of my work. I could be there in a few hours, couldn't I? Oh, Sandro, please do be careful."

There was no mistaking the concern in the grave eyes now, and Hero felt a sudden warmth flooding him, even though he was not yet aware that it was her caring that had engendered it. He dropped his hand carelessly upon hers and said, "Right you are, Hag." It was the pet name he had had for her ever since his widowed mother had married her father, the earl of Heth, and he and Meg had grown up together. "The first time something jumps out of a dark corner and goes 'boo' at me, I will get on the blower to you."

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Alexander Hero, private researcher of the supernatural, investigator for the Society for Psychical Research, dehaunter of houses, enemy of the fakers and swindlers of the occult world, felt his pulse quickening as he drove his cream-and-black car up the broad avenue of approach to stately, red-bricked Paradine Manor Hall in Norfolk.

It was always like this when he approached a new case. By profession he was a dispeller of ghosts, called in when apparent manifestations of the supernormal seemed likely to threaten the value of properties or the health or lives of inhabitants; but by nature he was a pioneer and a seeker after truth. He loathed and despised the fakers whose paths he crossed, but in spite of the many disillusionments, he felt there was always the chance that the next time might see the barriers broken through and the establishment of genuine communication with the other side of the hitherto impenetrable veil.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning of July twenty-sixth. The great rambling edifice consisted of an east and west wing attached to a central block which was surmounted by a tower, almost a belfry in size and shape. Out of the slate roof tops sprouted a veritable jungle of dormers, casements and tall, thin chimney pots. Hero parked his car alongside several others before the manor; and when the butler answered the summons of the bell, he was admitted through the one-story-high double doors, into the oak-paneled and bannered great hall of the manor, where he was immediately seized by the weird impression that he had somehow managed to blunder into a film or television studio just before the shooting of a scene—that static moment when the actors stand about in little groups, frozen like statues, or on spots designated on the floor by chalk marks, until the action shout of the director should galvanize them into motion.

At the center of the vast hall, by the twenty-foot long oak refectory table, stood a gray-haired clergyman in his white-and-black Church of England vestments, pink-faced, with wavy hair nicely parted, and wearing steel-rimmed spectacles. In one hand he held an open book; in the other an asperger for the sprinkling of holy water from an earthen patera resting on the table. There were some thirty people standing about in various groups and odd little clusters in the hall.

As he entered, his footsteps echoing on the stone floor, the clergyman somewhat testily closed his book, put down his asperger and turned to look over the steel-rimmed spectacles at the intruder. *Oh, my*, thought Mr. Hero. *I should have come earlier; there is going to be an exorcism.* It was his experience that one thing to which ghosts, real or fancied, did not react in a kindly or gentle manner was the services of exorcism.

The butler led Hero toward a stoutish, going-on-elderly man of medium height, with thinning, sandy hair and somewhat protruding brown eyes, which at the moment were not exactly happy. He was standing next to Sir Richard Lockerie. This, then, would be Lord Paradine.

Sir Richard said, "Hero! We hadn't expected you until the afternoon; Lord Paradine, may I present Mr. Alexander Hero."

Lord Paradine was looking embarrassed, and Hero guessed it was his repugnance at being involved in any kind of religious ceremony. Paradine extended a rather unenthusiastic hand and said, as though greeting a guest, "How do you do. So glad you could come."

The clergyman, in his vestments, came over, causing Lord Paradine apparently more embarrassment. Sir Richard, too, seemed suddenly somewhat ill at ease. The handsome ex-soldier said, "Reverend Witherspoon, may I present Mr. Alexander Hero, who has come here—ah—to assist us."

The vicar extended a likewise limp hand and said, "How do you do. We heard you were coming. I have persuaded Lord and Lady Paradine to permit me to conduct the service of exorcism of evil spirits, which I am about to begin now, and what I trust will rid the premises of them forever."

An extraordinarily large, fat and gross young man of some thirty years, with limp hair, petulant mouth and insolent eyes said to Hero, though he had not been introduced, "The Rev's going to get his licks in first. You'll have to get in line, old boy, what?"

Lord Paradine and Sir Richard simply ignored the young man and his remark. Hero thought to himself, *Obviously the monster Cousin Freddie.* Aloud he replied noncommittally to the Reverend Witherspoon, "Yes, I see."

"You have no objections, have you?" asked the Reverend Witherspoon, with more aggressiveness than seemed to be called for.

"We're looking for a bed, not a trampolin."

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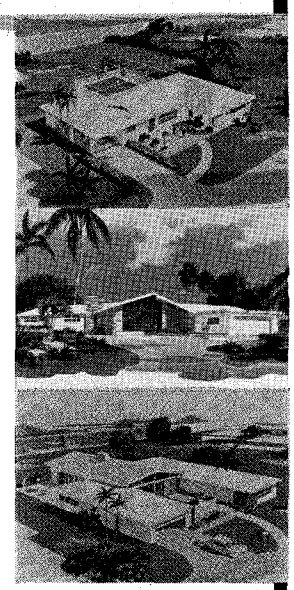

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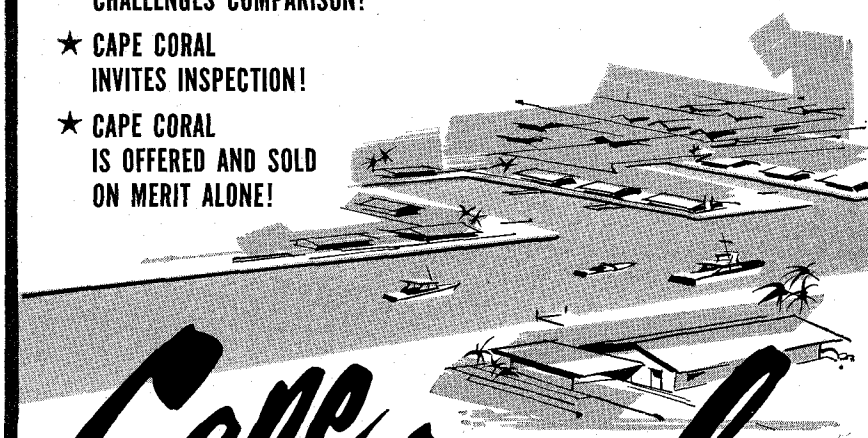

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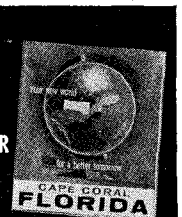

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If there was such a thing as a spot, Mr. Hero was well aware that he had been put on it, and that his answer was awaited with more than casual interest. He was aware of hostilities.

"I should have preferred the opportunity of looking about a bit first, but since you are prepared to begin, I have no objection."

The Reverend Witherspoon said, "Now, that is very wise of you, young man," in a voice that was slightly patronizing. "I shall use an Anglican reformed version of an old service from the seventeenth century. Do you know it?"

Hero replied, "I know some dozen services of exorcism, but it doesn't very much matter which one you use, as long as the heart is pure and the purpose sincere; otherwise, it is likely to prove dangerous."

Lord Paradine said, "Yes, yes, of course. Could you hold off just a sec, padre? . . . Enid, this is Mr. Alexander Hero."

Hero gathered that the bored-looking woman with the remains of what once must have been extraordinary beauty, whose limp hand rested in his for a moment, was his host's wife, Lady Paradine.

"My sister Isobel," Lord Paradine went on.

Ha, Hero thought, *the one under whose thumb Lady Paradine is supposed to be. And I can well imagine it.* Yet hers was the first apparently genuine welcome since his arrival. The hand she gave him was firm, and the smile open and gracious.

She said, "I am glad you have come; we have need of you." Hero tried to guess her age and couldn't, but with her fair, ash hair, long face and greenish eyes, she was easily the most striking figure there.

"My daughter Elizabeth, and my son Mark," Lord Paradine said, "and this is Susan Marshall, who is staying with them."

Hero liked the three instantly. The two girls were of an age; the son, Mark Paradine, was older. He had inherited some of his mother's looks, but there was an air of authority and vitality about him, and a healthiness that Hero found attractive.

Hero recognized the Hon. Elizabeth Paradine immediately, as the too-sheltered British girl of too-overpowering parents, the pallor, the shyness, the tremulousness—accentuated, no doubt, by the recent happenings at the hall. Yet even in that moment of introduction he was aware of yet another element to the confusion and unhappiness she seemed to mirror, but he could not gauge what it was. Beneath the surface of her pink-and-white prettiness and shyness lay some acute kind of misery.

The contrast between her and her American friend, Susan Marshall, was so marked as to cause Hero to paraphrase inwardly, *Extrovert and introvert make the best of friends.*

Susan Marshall was an American beauty plus. She had all of the physical attributes demanded of women by that nation—the perfectly proportioned athletic figure, clean, handsome features, with clear brown eyes and fine white teeth, dark glossy hair and red gypsy mouth. The "plus" was a self-awareness, self-possession and what seemed to be a persistent enjoyment of living, coupled with frankness and intelligence. There was no denying, Hero thought to himself, that Susan Marshall was a person, and a very attractive one. His admiration must have shown on his own face and eyes, for it brought forth an equally warm smile from the girl, and a firm handclasp. She said, "I'm glad you've come." Her voice, he noted, was pleasant and held no trace of locality. He judged that she had been educated abroad.

The others then would be guests of the country club. He recognized the spare, dry figure of Doctor Paulson, the atomic scientist, and the burly, puffed-up person of Horace Spendley-Carter, the M.P. The faded nervous woman next to him would be his wife, and the extraordinarily ugly child, their daughter Noreen. Hero had memorized the list that Sir Richard had given him and had no difficulty identifying the sour-looking, bristly army Major Wilson with Mrs. Wilson, an exquisite, pale, blond person, with intense eyes. The short, fat Pickwickian character with the small, pursy mouth could only be Mr. Jellicot, the retired draper. The stout, horsy-looking woman with the square jaw and blued hair would be Mrs. Taylor, the widow; and the stocky old chap with hair cut *en brosse* and shrewd, clever eyes, Dean Ellison, the engineer.

Sir Richard's embarrassment revealed its source as he said *sotto voce* to Hero, "Sorry about this, Hero, it was sort of sprung on me. When the vicar heard you were engaged, he rather insisted ——"

Hero asked, "Who spilled the beans about my coming here?"

Sir Richard dropped his voice still lower and replied, "Cousin Freddie." And then added, "I don't suppose you hold with this sort of thing?"

Hero said, "I don't mind personally, but sometimes it has been known to bring about unpleasant consequences."

The Rev. Harry Witherspoon moved to the center of the hall, knelt and began.

Hero, standing beside Sir Richard, took rapid note of those who, like himself and the martial baronet, remained standing and who did not. Lord Paradine remained upon his feet, an expression of flushed exasperation upon his face, but Lady Paradine was kneeling, as was her sister-in-law, Isobel. The latter suddenly appeared to Hero as exquisitely and strikingly medieval. There was nobility in the poise of the silvery head, and a quiet tenderness of expression about the mouth. She was giving herself to the moment. Hero thought that perhaps Isobel was one who was not likely ever to hold anything back.

Mrs. Wilson, the major's wife, had assumed the devout attitude next to Beth, but her eyes were roving. Hero was not surprised to see Susan Marshall remaining erect with a kind of fierce and unbending pride that was yet not antagonistic. Whatever her beliefs, Mr. Hero thought, it seemed apparent from her bearing that she was in control of Susan Marshall, and would be difficult to capture. Mark Paradine's red hair flamed at her side, close to her own dark mane. His gaze was as rapt as that of a young knight watching over his armor; but it was bent not upon the praying cleric, but upon Susan. The mental-note taker at the back of Hero's head recorded, *Well! Heir of the Paradines in love with American girl. So is handsome neighboring baronet. That's for a beginning.*

The twelve-year-old Noreen was kneeling beside her mother, Mrs. Sylvia Spendley-Carter, but Hero caught her stealing a look up at him out of the corners of her eyes.

Hero turned his head, to be caught fully by the gaze of Major Wilson's wife; she had been staring at him frankly and unabashedly. Their eyes met, and she sent him a message that was unmistakable. He disentangled himself from the avid, love-starved look and found himself watching Susan Marshall again. What was the mystery about her? Was it the seemingly impregnable citadel of her person? He said to himself, *Careful, Hero, that way lies trouble.*

The Reverend Witherspoon made the sign of the cross and thundered, "I adjure thee, thou ancient serpent, thou profligate dragon, in the name of the Spotless Lamb who walked upon the asp and the basilisk, depart from this house, quake and fly afar as we call upon the name of Him before Whom hell trembles." He sprinkled holy water in the four cardinal directions.

From somewhere upstairs, stunning them all and turning their stomachs cold with horror, there sounded the most appalling crash, followed by a series of piercing screams, each one louder than the last; they seemed to be approaching. Flying footsteps were heard. All of those present stood frozen with horror with the exception of Mr. Hero, who had been rather expecting it, and who murmured to himself, "Nicely on schedule—but what?"

"Why don't you go to him in a perfectly straightforward way and lie about the whole thing?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

His question was answered by the figure of an upstairs maid in uniform, apron and cap, who came hurtling through the doors of the great hall in a state of shock and terror. But the sight of the assemblage seemed to restore her somewhat, and the next scream died upon her lips. She ran forward, ignoring Lady Paradine, straight to the Honorable Isobel, clutching at her and crying, "Miss Isobel! Miss Isobel! Oh, my soul! I'm so frightened! It's in the young lady's room!"

Isobel rose to her feet, calm, controlled, unmoved. She said, "Come now, Lucy, take hold of yourself. What is it? Surely there's nothing for a grown woman to be frightened of."

The girl made an effort, but her eyes were still panic-stricken, and she had difficulty speaking. She gasped, "I went into the young lady's room, and ——" The memory of what she had seen apparently overcame her, and she suddenly sank to her knees sobbing.

Hero snapped, "Come on!" to Sir Richard Lockerie, picked up Mark Paradine with a nod of his head, and cried to Susan Marshall, "Miss Marshall, will you lead us please to your room—at once, quickly!"

Susan stared at him uncomprehending. "My room?" she said. "But why? I don't understand."

Hero said peremptorily, "Never mind understanding. Do as I say. At once, please."

She had caught the urgency in his voice now and hesitated no longer; she ran with him, Sir Richard and Mark. Close in their wake was the Reverend Witherspoon, still clutching his asperger. Lithely she took the stairs three at a time, her dark hair streaming out behind her. At the top she raced down the corridor to the left until she came to the closed door of her room.

"All of you stand back," ordered Hero. He turned the knob of the door, pushed it open and went in.

The room was a shambles. At first sight it looked as though a tornado had struck it and whirled the contents about almost beyond recognition. Covers and bedcovers had been ripped from the four-poster bed, pillows removed from pillowcases and piled helter-skelter on the bare mattress. The floor was a mass of feminine belongings, helter-skelter heaps of frocks, dresses, tennis clothes, evening gowns, mixed up with nightgowns, negligees, underthings and tangles of nylon stockings. Coats, shoes and hats were jumbled in another pile, and there were open suitcases, vanity bags and a hand trunk littering the floor.

Chests of drawers, dressers, and dressing tables were in equal state of chaos—the drawers open, make-up and powder spilled out on the glass top, bottles upset, clothes brushes and other toilet articles littered about. Mirrors had been turned to the wall, so likewise had pictures, which hung askew, their backs showing. Things such as glasses, lamps, vases and water pitchers, which should have been right side up, had been turned upside down; all the bulbs that should have been in the electric-light sockets had been taken out and now lay on the floor.

Susan Marshall stood in the doorway for a moment, next to the distressed and frightened clergyman, and tears of anger were glistening in her eyes, and her fine color was heightened. She was filled with a kind of angry shame that her intimate garments and possessions so closely in touch with her personality had been touched, and were now exposed to view.

"Oh!" she cried. "My room has been ruined. And it isn't funny. It isn't at all funny."

TO BE CONTINUED

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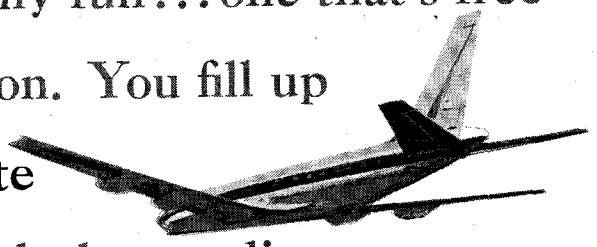

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Duel on the Track (Continued from Page 27)

side, where the cars were being groomed for the Concours d'Élégance showing. On the lawn between the building and the deep blue sea, he saw the European sports cars lined up according to price range: under twenty-five hundred, under forty-five hundred, up to ten thousand, and a 1957 Maserati and a 1955 Alfa Romeo sitting in elegant aloofness in the over-ten-thousand-dollar class. And then the Gran Turismo cars, the Jaguars, Mercedes-Benzes and Corvettes. But he turned to his right where the vintage cars were parked. They always amused him with the awkward dignity of their years. He had never been able to understand the vintage-car buffs who spent hundreds of hours ecstatically restoring old Hupmobiles, Model T's, Mercers and Pierce-Arrows as if they would recapture an age of grace and ease.

He stopped in front of a 1910 Chalmers-Detroit touring car, red with a black-and-cream trim. It sat as prim and austere as an ancient lady, bedecked with a brightly shined brass radiator and handsome carriage lamps. The running boards, he saw, were detached, held by metal supports, and a polished spare tire was strapped to the right one. A pair of legs, encased in violent plaid slacks, extended from beneath the car. He peered at the dashboard with its single huge dial marked MAGNETO-OFF-BATTERY.

"Look, but don't touch."

The voice was young and feminine, but it also meant what it said.

Reaching down Dar took hold of the ankles and pulled. Above the slacks a gray, bulky slip-over sweater appeared and then a bright and astonished face—a beautiful face with green eyes, an almost golden complexion and slightly parted full lips.

"I said don't touch," Blair Adams repeated, looking at the man who was so surprised he still held to her ankles.

"You said I could look," he managed, grinning, dropping her ankles and sitting beside her. "This yours?" he asked, jerking his head toward the car.

"Yep."

"Well, I'll be damned. What were you doing under there?"

"Polishing." Blair looked frankly at the man beside her. He was middle-aged, with sandy hair, and eyes which appeared to be slowly awakening. "I'm a poor hard-working female," she said. "I can't afford to have my baby trucked down here, so I drove her. I'll be lucky if I can get her clean by judging time tomorrow afternoon. It's been pleasant."

Dropping quickly onto her back, she pulled herself beneath the car again. But she lay there staring upward, telling herself she was tired, overanxious, that she would have to spend all night polishing, waxing, retouching the wheels with paint and polishing the tire flutes with black shoe polish and a toothbrush, assuring herself there was no reason at all to tremble. He had appeared calm, almost blithe, and yet he had left her shaking. As she watched his legs moving around the car in leisurely steps, she wondered if it was his courage or hers which was unawakened. Or both, she thought, astonished.

"What's your name?" Dar asked casually, concealing the almost sly contentment which was spreading through him. He stopped on the far side of the car and grasped one of the leather-covered supports which held the canvas roof almost eight feet above the ground.

"Blair."

"Blair? What a name for a girl. Don't tell me. I know—your dad wanted a boy."

"He never mentioned it." She could not imagine why such a seemingly placid man should make her apprehensive. She tried to recall his face, his eyes, something in his movements which, sensed rather than seen, might have left her disturbed. She remembered nothing.

"It's a man's name," he said. "If I call you Blair, I might forget you're a girl."

"I won't. Call me Addy."

"Addy? Isn't that a little cornball?"

"So I'm cornball. I don't mind," she said, knowing it wasn't fright she felt. It wasn't apprehension which made her breath catch and her heart pound. And yet there was a submerged misgiving as if an unexpected and sudden demand would be made on her. "I'm Blair Adams," she said.

Dar wondered why it filled him with delight to be close to the young girl and her devotion to the vintage car. The black leather seats gleamed with aliveness, the brass shone and the red body had been polished until it appeared depthless. Stepping back, he looked at it in the quickly dulling light. It stood proud and clean in its own recaptured beauty.

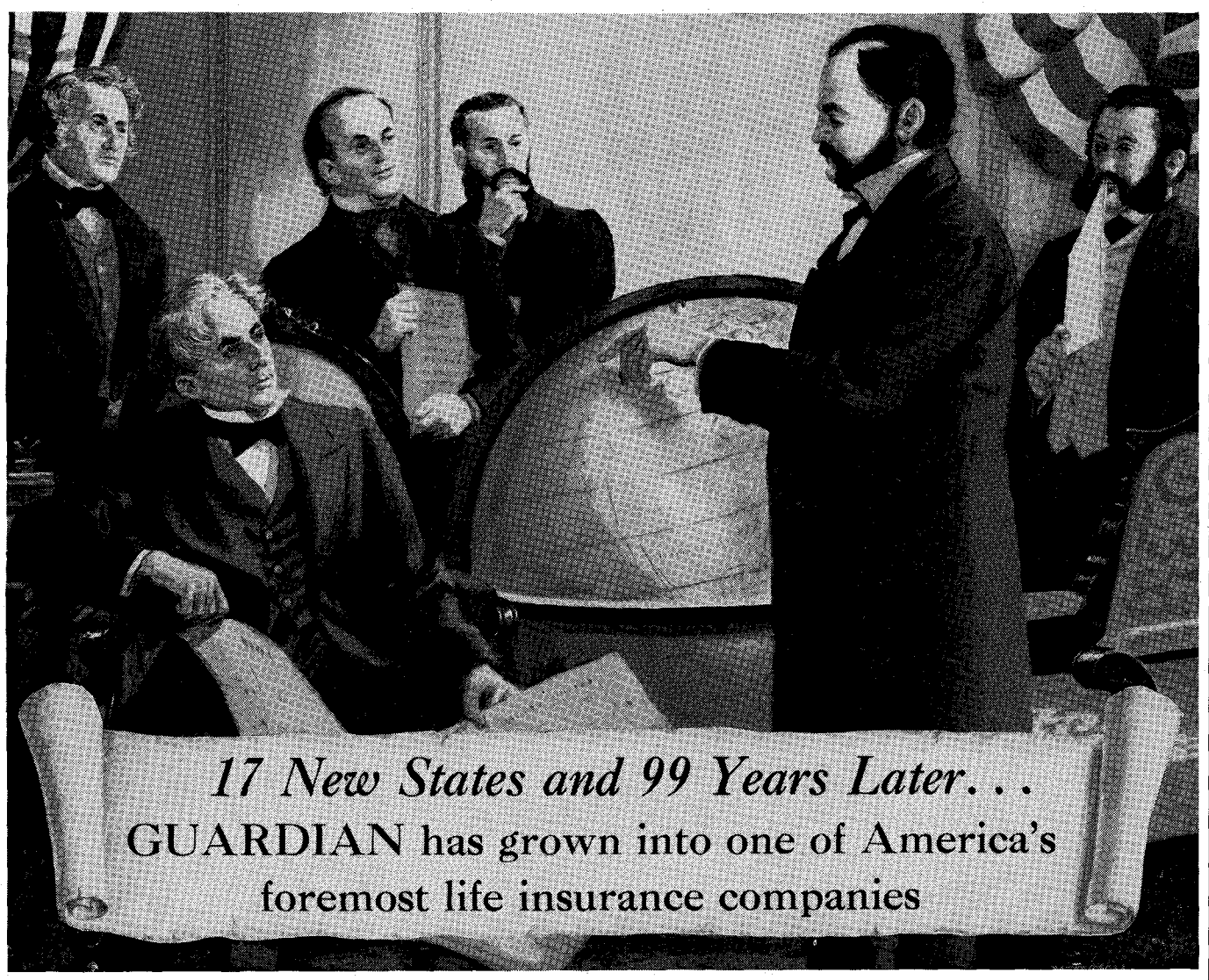
But delight was not all he felt. *The girl's got her gumption,* he told himself, knowing he would hesitate to drive such a car in highway traffic. Walking quickly back to it, he took her by the ankles again and pulled her from beneath the old Chalmers. "Addy, have dinner with me?"

"Dinner!" she exclaimed. "I've got work to do, buster."

"We'll eat here at the club," he said eagerly. "I'll help afterward. I can polish along with the best of them."

"You out of your mind? I am not going to prance into that dining room in slacks. And a dress I do not have."

"Chicken."



One night in 1867 — seven years after The GUARDIAN was founded — Russian Minister Baron de Stoeckel dropped in on Secretary of State Seward. He came to say that Czar Alexander II would sell Alaska for $7,200,000.

Seward stopped playing whist and offered to close the deal forthwith.

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"The road goes thataway, stranger," she said, pointing vaguely out across the golf course, and she hurriedly pulled herself beneath the car. *This is ridiculous*, she told herself, but lying there she watched him walking toward the lodge. When he was about forty feet away she could see him completely. Though he was above average in height, his shoulders were so broad that he appeared shorter. He walked with an easy swinging grace, a curious aura of aloneness about him, and he did not look back. Wondering why she suddenly felt helpless and feminine, she said softly aloud, "Addy, my dear girl, you goofed."

Going to the dining room, Dar asked to have a picnic supper set up, something special.

Hans, the Austrian mâitre de, said, clapping his hands joyously, "Ah, Mr. Elliot, let me do it for you. I beg you. Leave it by me. I'll call you from the bar. Please," he ended, extending his hands imploringly. Dar shrugged and the mâitre de watched him moving through the waiting dinner crowd. A sports-car *aficionado*, Hans knew every man who raced on the West Coast, his records and his habits. Only Darwin Elliot seemed apart. He drove, apparently oblivious to the other cars, at one with the blasting Ferrari, and when the race was over he stepped back, almost apologetically, as though he had sought something which was forbidden. Even when he won his smile was hesitant and brief. But today his face and eyes seemed to hold a curious expectancy, an eagerness. *Who knows what's inside a man's mind?* the mâitre de asked himself, wondering why danger could be so akin to joy and why the heightened moments were like an illusion of love.

Dar tried to glance, unseen, at his own reflection in the bar mirror. He recognized the high forehead, the sandy flat-topped hair, the line of the jaw and the lips he had always thought thin and querulous. But no matter how he twisted and turned his head, peering constantly, the reflection was unconvincing. It looked startled and dubious and held none of the ease he had felt with Addy.

She's a loner, he told himself, thinking of the look on Addy's face when he had pulled her from beneath the car—*a loner up to now*. He was amazed, remembering, how easy it had been for him to be flip. It pleased and amused him, for he had not been the man reflected in the mirror any more than, during a race, he was the same man as the one who drove across the Golden Gate Bridge each day to hustle TV films with their mundane messages. He could not imagine what impulse had caused him to reach down and grab her ankles, and he could not remember being as impatient as he was for the waiter to come with the supper so he could hurry back to the girl who, for a few moments, had made him feel entirely unalone—and more apprehensive of a race than he had ever been. *My gosh, am I going to start developing emotions?* he thought, as the waiter followed him down the steps and onto the lawn.

"Come out, come out, whoever you are."

Hearing the voice, Addy became abruptly aware. She did not know how long she had been lying prone beneath the car, her cheek on the cool grass, peering out toward the ocean. *All my life*, she thought, *I have been a real do-it-yourself girl. Only I never knew why I was doing it. Now I know. I had no one to do it with. Doing things by yourself makes a girl get old quickly*, she thought, and waited. Moments passed. No strong fingers touched her ankles. A quick doubt struck her. *Maybe I just imagined I heard his voice*, she told herself. Glancing down along her side, she saw that no one stood near her feet. She turned on her back and started to scoot from under the car when a hand slipped beneath her chin and pulled her face upward.

Dar, having crawled in from the far side, faced her upside down.

"Hi," he said, grinning.

"Hello."

They looked into each other's eyes and knew it was not yet time to talk. Slowly they placed their parted lips together.

"I brought some supper," Dar said finally.

"Look, mister, I got no time. Don't you want me to win tomorrow?"

"My name's Dar. Darwin."

"Origin of the species."

"M'm'm-huh, that's me."

"Murder," she said. "Let's get out of here."

Taking the napkin-covered tray of food, they walked down to the bluff above the Pacific. Only a faint golden glow showed at the edge of the ink-purple water. Behind them dozens of people worked happily over their cars, but for them nothing existed except their newness to each other and the dark water with the glow at the horizon.

"How did you ever get on this old-car kick?" Dar asked, telling himself he felt just the way he did when a race started: leaping forward, accelerating, the pack soon separated, spread, but always there was one who challenged, one who ran with you and you settled back, thinking, *How good, how good.*

"They're beautiful." Addy had her knees drawn up and her cheek resting on them as she glanced at him, saying to herself, *It must be the twilight. Or I am bewitched.*

Twisting, Dar looked at the Chalmers-Detroit. It had a wonderful jauntiness about it, distinct and individual, indifferent to time. Beyond, in the light thrown down from the lodge windows, he saw the sleek new Alfa Romeo, black with a tan top, the body jet-shaped, flowing rearward to a single high fin. The two cars appeared worlds apart, but each was loved for what it was, each was cherished. Turning back, he looked at Addy. A quick, total awareness passed between them, a knowing, an exhilarating, breathless moment of realization. Dar lowered his eyes as if he would not look on a hope which was surely forbidden.

Addy peered at him almost compassionately, her heart turning quickly, for he seemed to be withdrawing, backing away as racers backed off on the dangerous corners. In all the times she had tried to envision the man she would love, she had never imagined a man older than herself, a sandy-haired man as calm as the night sea but with an inner eagerness, a man so conscious of the difference in their ages that it made him appear boyish and confused.

"Do you think it would be too earthy of us to start eating?"

He glanced at her, smiling. "We'd better keep our strength up. Tomorrow's a big day."

"Tonight's a long night, Dar." Kissing her finger, she placed it against his cheek. "I want to win."

He leaned over and kissed her. For a moment he thought there was no emotion in her kiss, no passion, only a kind of sympathy. But as she moved away from him he looked into her eyes and knew they were saying, *We've met, Dar. At last we've met.*

Lifting the napkin from over the tray, Addy looked at the sandwiches, salad, the massive pieces of chocolate cake. "Wish me luck," she said, lifting the heavy glass pitcher. "I know it's only water, but let's have a toast." She poured two tumblers and handed him one.

"Cheers to the Chalmers."

They both took a quick, deep drink.

"Good Lord, it's a Martini!"

Addy waved her hand before her lips until her mouth and throat stopped burning. "You trying to debauch me?"

"Hans did it. He insisted on fixing the tray for us. We might just as well enjoy them," he said, holding his glass toward her. He was settling now, Dar knew. The pack had separated. They were running together, side by side, around the bends and over the ridge. "Good luck, Addy."

"Do you think it's necessary for me to know your last name?" she asked. "No one has ever called me a proper miss, but I rarely drink with strangers."

"Miss Adams, may I present Mr. Elliot."

"Dar Elliot!" Looking at him, she shook her head in disbelief. "I thought Dar Elliot was wild-eyed and bushy-tailed."

He turned to her, pretending to be indignant. "I am! Especially the last."

Addy was silent a moment and then, taking a sandwich, she got to her feet and looked down on him. "Dar, we're from different worlds. I'm a hard-working secretary. I save my pennies to maintain a beautiful baby that'll do forty-five miles an hour downhill with a strong tail wind. You're rich, you're famous, and you apparently want to kill yourself." She started toward her car.

Dar hurried to her and took her in his arms. "That isn't what you mean, is it? It's—it's—well, it's something else."

"No, Dar," she told him, knowing he believed she thought him too old for her. "I saw you race once. You had your goggles on—besides, you were doing a hundred and twenty. But you were smiling. I'll swear you were."

"It was an illusion." He pulled her to him with an eagerness and need so fierce that, in a moment, he felt her lips give up their resistance and she slumped against him.

"May the saints preserve me," she sighed. "I'm in love with a bloomin' idiot."

"Blooming, I grant you."

When they had eaten they lay back on the grass, holding hands, and looked up at the slow-floating moon.

"Did I tell you I have an aunt who lives in a tree?" Addy asked, sensing his abeyant strength, the almost slumbering energy which made him more vital than any man she had ever known. "We call her Aunt Sycamore."

"We must write her. Perhaps send her some nuts." *We're in the easy-running*

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

It's when you teach your children the facts of life that you're apt to learn a few more.

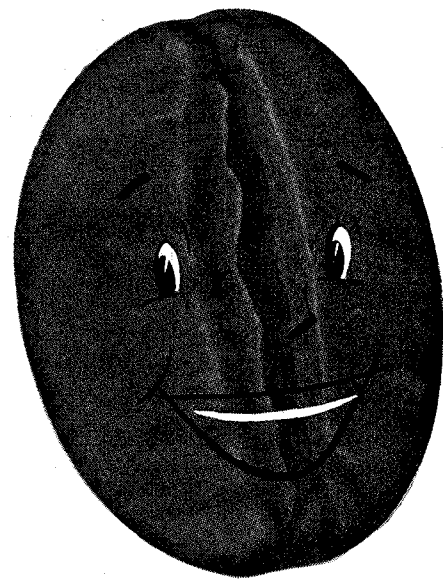
In one of its most dangerous forms, the heart attack is called courtship.

A rolling stone gathers know-how.

About the only thing that will put some babies to sleep is dawn.

Nobody ever set the world on fire by burning the candle at both ends.

If you want to be alone, try meeting people halfway.



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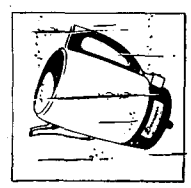

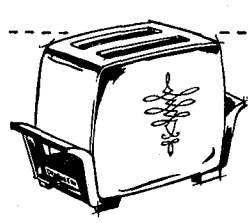

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section now. Half the race is behind, half ahead, but we're out front, bowling along. Soon we'll be approaching the last laps—the hard ones, the dangerous ones.

"When I was born my Jupiter was in Aries."

"Cozy."

"I am supposed to avoid haste."

"Yes, naturally," he said, kissing her. "I love you."

For a long while they talked, flippantly at first, trying to conceal the deep, spontaneous feeling of love which made them instantly aware of every part of themselves as though they were newly realized. Later, her head on his chest, they told each other, speaking barely above whispers, of their birthplaces, youth, of all that had happened before tonight's moon glazed the ocean and enchanted the earth.

"Wait for me," Dar said suddenly. "Please stay right here, Addy." He kissed her eyes and nose and lips and chin as if his lips would retain their memory more vividly than his fingers or eyes. "I won't be long."

Walking to the edge of the rocks, he looked down on the snow-white spray, knowing that for the first time someone besides himself might hold his destiny, as other drivers had in the brief minutes of a race.

A sense of serenity, almost exalting in its totalness, caused him to shake his head in disbelief. Only in quick, keyed moments had he ever been so totally aware of the world about him, its beauty and ugliness, its joys and fears. It was like the vivid instant, the wonderful challenging moment of a race when suddenly and briefly he was lifted out of himself. He had always exulted in those times, he knew, not for the winning, but because he had been able to give the challengers a wonderful race, to lift them, too, into the vivid realm of aware existence. He glanced back across the shadowy lawn, as indistinct as the future, and saw Addy sitting with her chin resting on her knees. Love was the race, he thought, and the challenge, and life was the joy. He almost shook with anxiousness, thinking of the possible years ahead when every day would be vivid and unforgettable. It was as though he had always denied life and now, seeing her young and vibrant beauty, he wondered if he would have the courage to grasp it.

He thought of the next day's race and he knew he was apprehensive. It would offer no challenge. It was no longer important, and he doubted that he would get through it. *You've got to go, you've got to go*, he told himself, thinking of the sly and wicked irony. *Before, the races were the only times I was totally alive. Tomorrow the illusion will be gone. Tomorrow may end my hope of living.*

Returning he sat beside Addy. She took his hand in hers and kissed it. "You're going to race tomorrow?" she asked.

"It's a big one," he said.

"As quick as the judging is over I'll come to the track."

"I'm not sure you should."

"I love you."

"Do what you like tomorrow, Addy, honey. Only don't tell me. This one last time I must be alone."

Leaning him backward until they lay on the soft grass, she lowered her lips to his and, when the kiss was over, she said, "Only one more river to cross."

"That's from a hymn. Are you religious?"

"I believe," she said simply.

All night they polished and shined, seldom speaking, but achieving a knowledge of each other which all their words had not revealed. When the sun topped the mountains, the vintage car shone proudly, as though newly created.

"I'll go rest now, Addy," he said, placing the brush and paint can back in the kit.

She wanted to tell him that the hours would be terrible, that she would pray. She wanted to say, *Oh, my darling, win for both of us!* But she would not place the burden on him. "I've heard you never celebrate after a race—especially if you win." Turning, she looked directly at him and smiled. "I've got news for you. Tonight—" she swung the soiled polishing cloth in the air like an exquisite chiffon handkerchief "—tonight we are going to get with it."

It was nearly four o'clock when Addy came to the top of the ridge and looked down on the basin race track. The spectators' cars were parked so thick that she knew she would have to walk the last mile. For a moment she thought of shoving her way through to the start-finish line, but instead she ran around the back of the stacked bales of hay and up the dusty road among the parked cars to the crest of the knoll. The air was filled with the roaring of engines, the screaming of tires and the loud, almost windlike gasping of the crowd as the racers bunched on the corners, slowed, drifted sideways and then roared ahead.

Squeezing between the automobiles, she looked down on the track fifty feet below. Six cars were grouped in the lead. The others were spread out behind them and, even at a hundred miles an hour, they gave the illusion of flowing casually and indifferently.

"Which race is it?"

The man beside her, holding his young son astraddle his shoulders, said, "The last one. The big one."

"Which is Dar Elliot?"

"Blue Ferrari. Number six-o-six. He's in the pack over there."

The cars were too far away for Addy to read the numbers, and she closed her eyes, saying silently, *Oh, Dar. Dar.*

"He's off today," the man told her. "I think he forgot to bring his nerve with him. Something."

Opening her eyes, Addy looked down on the red racer as it came from behind the ridge, backing off in the curve, roaring ahead. "Who's that trailing so far behind?" she asked.

"Behind? That's Hal Cone driving his Old Red. He's almost lapped the field. Man, he's hot."

"Oh, oh." Addy walked to the left, where she could see the cars come down the steep near side of the ridge, along the straightaway to the dangerous curve, through the start-finish line. In a moment the pack came over the ridge, the engines making one gigantic roar. Together they accelerated into the straightaway, jockeying, swaying right and left, trying to pass before they screeched, tires smoking, into the fearful curve. Dar was in the center, boxed, a Maserati hardly a car's length ahead. The racers on either side, trying to pass, moved wide, but the Maserati held, roaring toward the curve. No one backed off. With a shrill screech, they hit the curve, braking. The front wheels held. The rears of the cars swung to the right until they were almost crosswise the track. For an instant they appeared motionless, halted in a macabre military movement, and then the drivers spun the steering wheels, gunned, catapulted forward and roared full-bore around the far side of the basin.

Oh, Dar, ride it out. Ride it out safely, Addy said softly, but she knew he would not.

Dar felt caught in an inexorable trap. What had once given him a sense of exhilaration and joy now filled him with an almost cringing fear. The drivers around him, riding close, appeared as oblivious as automatons. He drove hard, holding his position, fearing that to try to pull out or drop back would mean catastrophe. Driving almost mechanically, he wondered if there was to be some dreadful penalty he must pay for the life he had denied except for the few moments of total aliveness he had grasped by putting his life in jeopardy. He thought of Addy and he felt that the love he had for her was forbidden, too, precluded by time and the difference in their ages. The prospect that the years ahead with her might be taken from him, violently and finally, filled him with a terrifying helplessness. He did not dare to look from one side to the other, or in the mirror, to watch for a hole, an opening, when he could accelerate through, leaving the pack behind.

Cold sweat began to run from his armpits as they shot down the hill and zoomed along the straightaway and gunned, howling, into the sharp curve. Suddenly, on his right, the Maserati went into a skid, started to flip on its side. Steve Bancroft spun the wheel, and his heavy car went out of control, plunged into the bales of hay, scattering them.

Now Dar's right was free. Summoning his strength, as they crossed the start-finish line again, he shoved the throttle all the way down and pulled alongside Larry Sims in his Aston Martin.

They sped as evenly as if they were locked together. Larry cornered like a genius, accelerated beautifully, roared along as though no other driver existed.

Coming down the ridge into the straightaway, Dar knew the feeling of brief awareness was gone. He was not challenging anyone; only himself. The old moments of racing, vivid existence he had known before had been false, temporary and valueless, a substitute for life—moments of highlighting which made living bearable. He had used them to remind himself that he was not yet old, that life had not passed; but as they headed, nose to nose, for the fearful curve, he felt the gnawing caution of age, the urgent need to survive.

They were heading in at eighty—far too much. He knew he would have to back off, brake, for Larry, riding on the inside, would drift on the curve, turning sideways on the track ahead of him, and they would crash. *I've got to chance it. I've got to,* Dar told himself, for he felt that if he could leave the pack behind he would be forever free of the obsessive illusion. He expected the Aston Martin to brake hard, but instead Larry shifted down, shoving it into third gear—he was going to try to ride the curve out.

It was not a decision, but an instinctive act. Not of preservation. Not even of wisdom or cunning. It was an act to end, one way or the other, a kind of lifelessness. Braking, slowing slightly, as Larry pulled ahead, Dar hesitated a brief moment. The Aston Martin went into a four-wheel drift, screaming wildly.

For an instant everything seemed held, fixed, like a film suddenly stopped. The rear of the Aston Martin swung across in front of him so close that Dar listened for the crash. He pulled tightly to the left, trying desperately to clear the almost motionless front of the Aston Martin. His rear fender hit the car's front one. His Ferrari tilted, headed for a spin-out into the crowded pit. *Quick, quick!* he thought, pulling hard to the right, fighting against a flip.

The Ferrari straightened down the track, rocking from side to side, the wheels alternately spinning free and screaming against the track. *Oh, Lord,* he thought.

He was driving over his head, out of control. With each second the drivers behind were closing on him.

Spectators, cars, the judging stand and track flags bounced and leaped about him like a false and shimmering substitute for reality. The Ferrari rocked and swayed. As though alive it grabbed frantically for the track.

But there was no substitute. Life was not created in moments, but in days and nights, in months and years; life was created in the heart, from love, and jeopardy was not its origin.

Suddenly he felt the wheels take traction. The Ferrari, going over ninety, settled, shot ahead, roared alone down the track and up the ridge.

When the last car had slowed down and rolled off the track, Addy scrambled down the hill and across to the pit.

Dar stood slumped beside the Ferrari, his thumb and fingers pressed against his temples.

"Dar, it was beautiful!"

Removing his hand, he looked at her. "You saw it?" he asked.

"I saw it all, darling. And I felt it."

He grinned, knowing that she was telling him more than words could express. "I was second, you know." He smacked the side of the car. "My last race, Addy. Second place, second chance."

Pulling his head down, she kissed him on the lips. "Tired, honey?"

He shrugged. "Maybe I am getting old."

"Mature, dear. Mature."

He hugged her. "Still bushy-tailed, though."

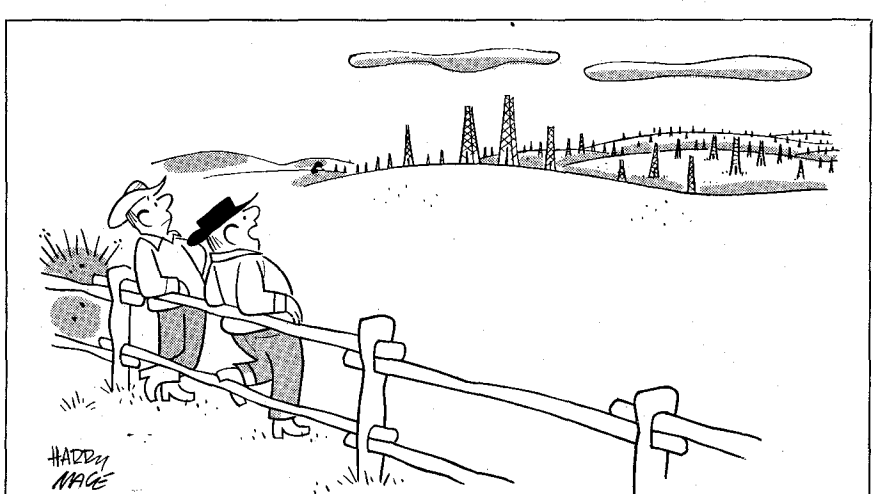
"I hear there's going to be a hot gavotte at the club tonight."

"That's for us. Say, how did that handsome Chalmers come out?"

"We got the blue ribbon. Speed is for the birds. I'll take class every time."

"Thanks," he said, grinning, and slapped her on the hip. "Oh, excuse me," he exclaimed. "I remember: 'Look but don't touch.'"

"Honey, the judging is over. Finger marks don't matter now." THE END



"When I feel poorly, I just walk out here and it perks me right up."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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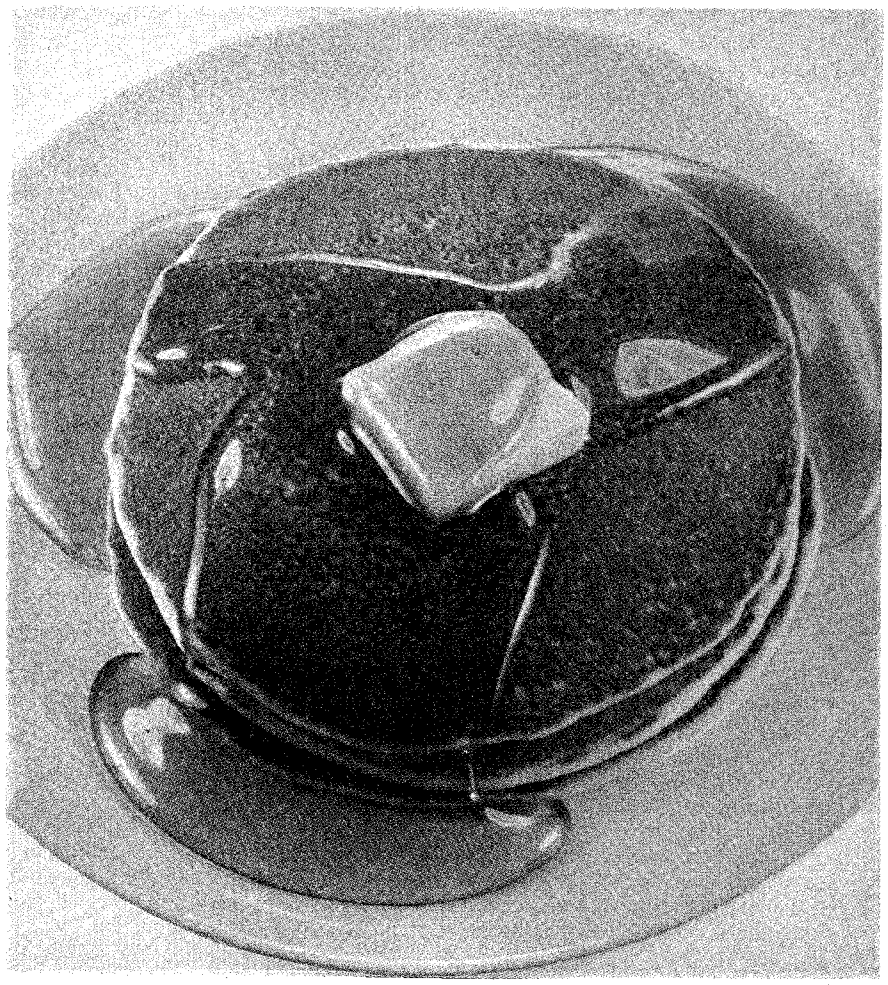
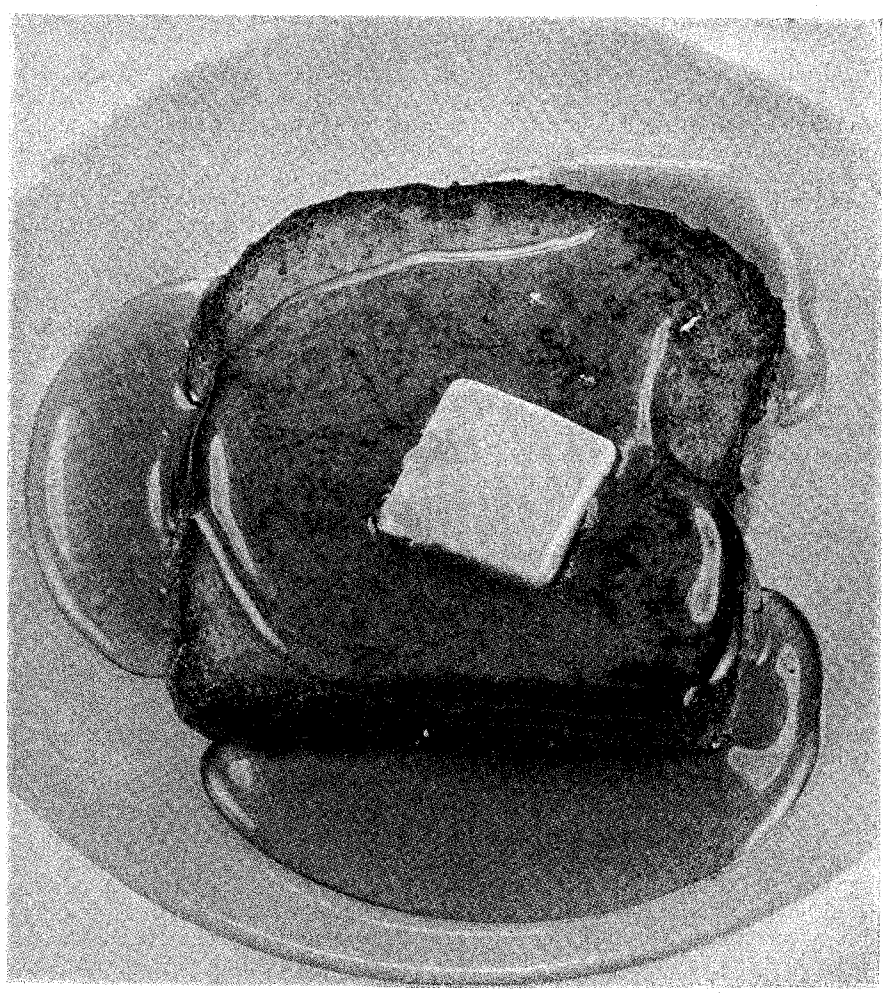
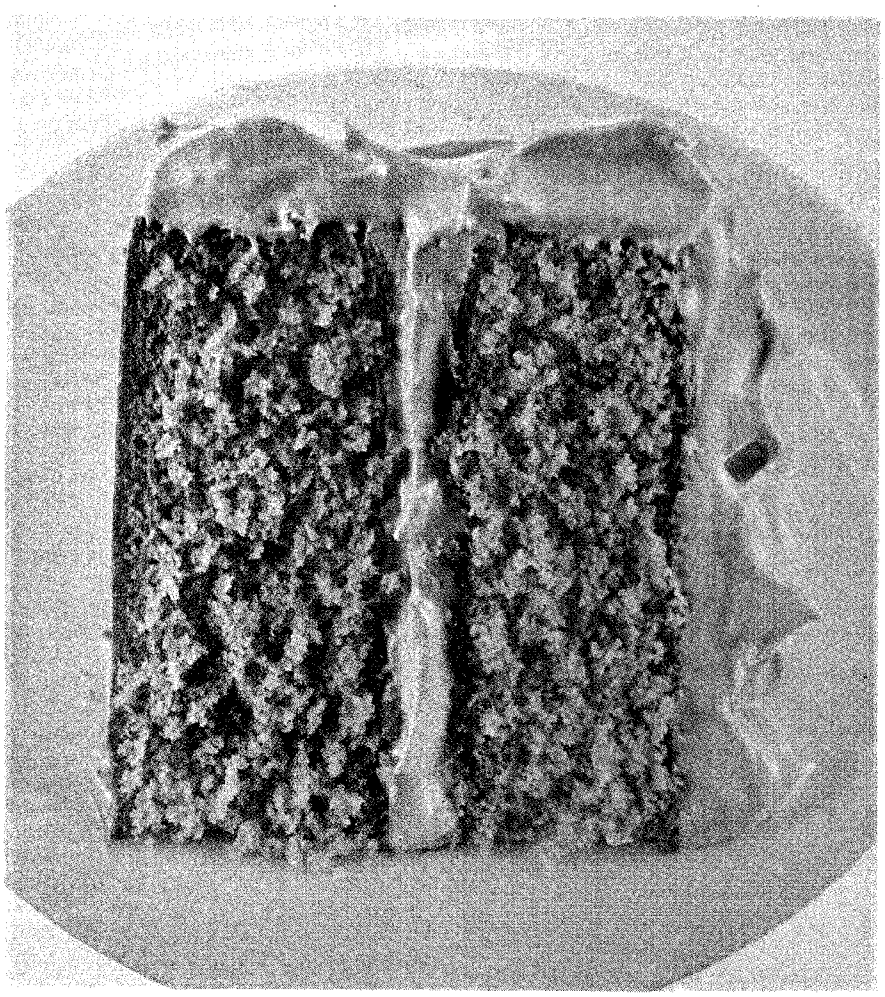


Pour on Log Cabin! Pancakes topped with Log Cabin are extra special. Log Cabin gives 'em its delicate, matchless flavor . . . matchless because Log Cabin is blended "just so" of real maple sugar and the finest cane sugar. Try it once, you'll never settle for less.



Give French Toast maple flavor, simply by pouring on golden Log Cabin Syrup. Log Cabin has real maple sugar in it, which gives it the natural maple flavor, the deep-down goodness that makes the difference between ordinary syrup, and that special Log Cabin taste.



Enjoy fluffy maple frosting—put 1½ cups Log Cabin in top of double boiler over direct heat; boil 3 mins. Cool. Add 2 egg whites, dash salt. Beat 1 min. Place over boiling water, beat at high speed of electric mixer for 7 mins. Remove from water. Add 1 tsp. vanilla, beat 1 min. Spread lavishly on Swans Down Sugar Maple Cake Mix.

Try America's favorite! Ever since 1887, Log Cabin has brought you natural maple flavor . . . real maple sugar from maple trees is blended with cane sugars in a way no one else has quite been able to match! Buy the 36-oz. size and save. Recipes tested and approved by General Foods Kitchens.

GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS

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For Love of Denise (Continued from Page 30)

with money in their pockets, and some not young, used to come into the shop for the pleasure of seeing her smile. The most obdurate of the English-speaking would ask for their half dozen of *petits fours* in French just to see the gleam of laughter in her eyes, knowing that it was not mockery but sweetness and fun, so that they laughed, too, as she corrected them prettily. And a merry music played in the bronze cash register of Beaulieu.

It would be less than just to say that Beaulieu viewed with distaste the courtship of Denise Lalande by a young Swiss named Malther solely on account of the diminution of profit it portended. The fact is that Malther was an artist, young, occasionally a roisterer in taverns, and quite unpossessed of land or money in the bank. To Beaulieu, fine flower of the age of Victoria, such a man was not an eligible suitor; that he should pay court to a young woman under his, Beaulieu's, jurisdiction, was an affront.

Unfortunately it was not a simple matter. Malther was also, from time to time, an employee of Beaulieu. His was the unknown hand by which the finest of Beaulieu's cakes were embellished. The masterpieces of the patisserie, the costliest of the Christmas and the Easter and the wedding cakes, the custom-made, the bespoke—for these Malther was summoned, and the beauty of the workmanship was not surpassed, either in New York or Paris itself. It was unfortunate because, as affairs stood this Easter, Beaulieu was faced with the prospect of losing Denise to Malther if he withdrew his veto of the marriage, or with the unpleasant alternative of losing Malther to distant parts if he did not.

"We will discuss the matter when the Easter is over, monsieur," was the best the old fox could do to protect his immediate interest when Malther delivered his ultimatum pertaining to distant parts. "Now there is the business to see to. For Saturday delivery there are eight cakes of a specialty for which I require your talent. It is necessary that you come to the atelier tomorrow, Good Friday, after the hour of the Adoration. The cakes will await you with the base coat applied, as usual. Ten dollars, monsieur, for the lot. I doubt if ever such a price was paid, but then, I expect of you a work such as has never been executed. I myself will admit you. *Entendu?*"

"*Oui, monsieur, c'est entendu.*" And the unhappy Malther, well aware that the great man had merely postponed an adverse judgment until a time more convenient to himself, left the presence.

On his way through the shop he saw Denise, momentarily disengaged. "Dearest one," he whispered, leaning over the plate glass, "this Beaulieu is a monster. He has no right to say we shall not marry. You must tell him it is no business of his and tell me that I am to be the happiest of men."

Never sparkled jewel so bright as the tear on Denise's cheek. "Oh, Ernest," she whispered back, "I dare not. We cannot do what Monsieur Beaulieu says we cannot. We must wait. Oh, Ernest, do not speak so!"

But Malther had spoken so. He had uttered a malediction upon the head of the confectioner. This he repeated with emphasis and relish, after which he took himself angrily from the shop.

The next afternoon was dark with impending storm. Young Malther was sullen and dejected. Only in the sadness of the Adoration of Good Friday did his anger subside; he sang the responses to the *Ecce Lignum Crucis* and was lost in the music; he sang second cantor in the *Popule Meus*, and his own sorrow was forgotten for the moment in that great cry of sorrow. He had a gift for liturgical chant. All this is significant in view of what was to happen.

In the crowd pouring out of the cathedral into Dorchester Street, already dark, he encountered Beaulieu, and the two of them crossed to the curtained shop. They entered, walked past the shrouded piles of more ordinary merchandise ready for the next day, and mounted the stairs to the workroom which Beaulieu called the atelier, or studio. This was a long room overlooking the street, in which electric light had been installed, with great yellow filaments. Through the windows, the cold, blue light of a carbon-arc street lamp shone and winked off and on as the electrodes clattered and reset themselves. Wet snow was falling. You could not see the far side of Dominion Square. Malther was alone with his enemy in the chilly, silent shop.

Beaulieu gave his instructions, but Malther was not attentive. "This," said the master confectioner, indicating a cake the size of a dishpan, "is for the Saint James' Club. Here is the badge. It is to be done in blue. And you must have a rooster. The Easter touch. See. . . ." He held the drawing of the badge in one hand while he sketched in mid-air with the other, expressing the concept of design succinctly, depending upon the artist's understanding, like old Julius maybe, with Michelangelo, outlining the Creation.

"And this is for the family of Monsieur le Maire. The arms of the city. And—let me see—for this, the bunny rabbits. That is the best Easter motif, I think."

"Bunny rabbits!" said Malther. His hands moved unconsciously, in phase with a turbulence of spirit that possessed him. "Bunny rabbits!" Bitterness, rebellion, hate of the fat Beaulieu, a sense of the indignity of modeling bunny rabbits, the urge to work, the urge to kill, and a great desire to shout were upon Malther all at once.

"Monsieur?" questioned Beaulieu.

"It is nothing," said Malther coldly.

So Beaulieu went on with his explanations, and at last took his departure.

"I will return at ten," he said, then added importantly, "My brother-in-law, the Abbé Tranchemontagne, dines at my house tonight."

"*Bon appétit*," said Malther between his teeth.

The young artist heard the heavy footsteps moving down the stairs and across the shop. The street door opened and closed, and the key grated in the lock. Then he was alone with the arc light winking at him through a myriad of bluish snowflakes. He was alone with the prospect of the bunny rabbits, alone to brood upon and contemplate his grudge against Beaulieu—who was to return late at night.

In those days brandy was used in the better sugar pastes, just as eggs and butter and other old-fashioned comestibles reinforced the substance of the cake. The wonderful products of chemical industry which have replaced these things were not then available, nor had the taste of the consumer been refined to a liking for the bland and innocuous flavors of our advanced civilization. There were, therefore, several bottles of cognac, of a quality in keeping with the high-class trade to which he catered, on the shelves of Beaulieu's atelier. And on this Good Friday night, Malther, him of the yearnings of love, him of the liturgical music, him of the stormy urge to express what was in his heart, be it by creative art or by mayhem upon his employer's person, commenced his labors and from time to time refreshed himself by pouring a dram of the strong liquor down his own throat.

The Abbé Tranchemontagne had his quarters in the archbishop's palace, a dingy, red brick structure south of the cathedral. In consequence, he accompanied Beaulieu, about half past ten, on a diagonal path across the square, the two of them pushing their way through several inches of slushy snow, heads bent, their hats and shoulders white. Beaulieu had consumed a bottle of port, to the abbé's one meager glass, and he was in an expansive mood.

"Come in with me, my friend," he said. "Ah, but you will see a fine young artist's work here. There will be no Easter cakes in Montreal the equal of these."

So it was that Beaulieu had a companion when he arrived at the door of the atelier. The door was locked on the inside. Movements could be heard within.

"Open, Monsieur Malther," shouted the confectioner jovially. "I have a guest. We wish to see what I have described to him as superb beyond belief."

The sounds ceased. "Go away." It was Malther's voice, but it was incredible to Beaulieu that he should be so addressed by one of his people in his own shop.

"Who is it that speaks? Who is that? What do you say? Open the door at once!"

"Go away! It is I, Malther."

At this the irate Beaulieu seized the handle of the door and shook it so violently that the very fabric of the building was imperiled. Only the restraining hand of the abbé upon his arm stopped him.

"Beaulieu," said Malther in an ominously quiet voice, when the rattling had ceased, "I am about to sing a song. When I have finished, I may find myself in the mood to reduce these cakes, superb beyond belief as they may be, to ruins. But, if you attempt to force that door, I assure you I shall not await the proper mood, but will destroy them forthwith. You are a bully, sir, and a wicked, fat, grasping old man. Now go away."

"He is mad," whispered Beaulieu to the abbé.

"Or drunk?" suggested the abbé, whose austere features were belied by a twinkle of amusement in the eyes, which would have shocked both men if they had been aware of it.

"What shall I do? If the cakes are spoiled, I am ruined."

"H'm-m-m," said the abbé speculatively. "He has a wife perhaps?"

Beaulieu shook his head.

"Or a—a sweetheart?"

"Ha! It is an idea. She lives with her aunt, the widow Huot, in the Rue Lagauchetiere. Come, we will get a sleigh. It is a hope."

It was almost midnight when the little party of priest and confectioner and the young girl were driven up to the shop in a flurry of snow and a music of sleigh bells. Denise, a little terrified by this extraordinary summons and quite overawed by the august company in which she found herself, had nevertheless to assume the principal role under the direction of the abbé, who had taken over generalship after the initial defeat of Beaulieu.

"Speak now, mademoiselle, I pray you," whispered the abbé when they had climbed the stairs and stood outside the locked door. "It is not a deceit," he added reassuringly. "It is only that he may listen to reason."

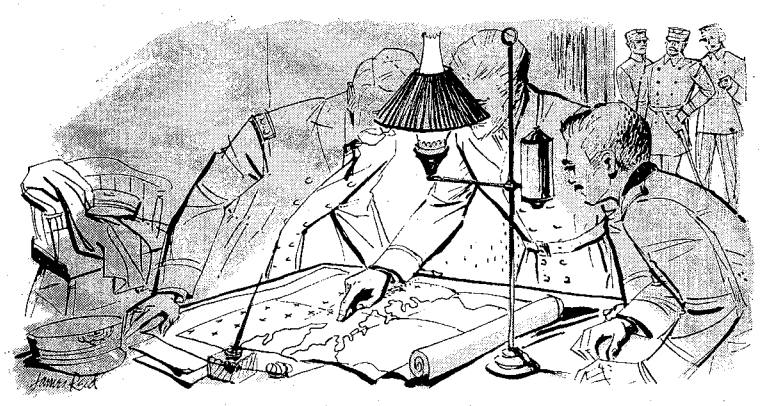
In a low voice, but firmly, Denise spoke. "Ernest? It is I, Denise. Will you not open the door?"

Movements from within, previously audible, ceased, while the three outside the door waited. But the movements within the brain of Malther had not ceased. There was a silence; then his footsteps could be heard approaching the door. Beaulieu nodded eagerly to the abbé, satisfaction upon his features. It was a short-lived satisfaction.

"But certainly, little one," came the words of this reprehensible workman. "Since papa Beaulieu has brought you here, I assume he has relented, and proposes no doubt to give his blessing to our marriage."

"Eh!" gasped Beaulieu. "Papa Beaulieu will enter, sir, and thrash you within an inch of your life. This is not mere insolence. It is blackmail."

The footsteps retreated unhurriedly. Then there was a sound difficult to describe, as if some soft substance had been deposited violently on the floor. Poor Beaulieu winced. Tears started from his eyes.



What's Going On Here?

A member of the distinguished Lee family of Virginia devises a plan by which he nets a sizable fortune in sound United States dollars from the Civil War. Although his plan results in a thumping personal profit, what he has done is considered so far above reproach that no one in authority questions his action. Who was he, and what did he do?

Ardmore R. Addington

(*Answer on page 84*)

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"There remain seven, Monsieur Beaulieu. Perhaps you will think again."

At this point the abbé silenced Beaulieu, perhaps in the nick of time, by raising his hand authoritatively. "Let us do nothing for three minutes," he cried, negotiating a truce. "Mademoiselle, come with me. . . . Stay here, Beaulieu." And he gently placed the girl's hand on his arm and led her a little way along the corridor.

Whatever was said between them was brief, but it seems to have satisfied both, for there was something of her accustomed gaiety in Denise's look again. The abbé, too, was smiling as they returned to the scene of battle.

"Why not, Beaulieu?" whispered the abbé. "There is no doubt they will marry anyway. They are in love. Is it not you, perhaps, who have driven the young man to this extremity?"

"Never!" shouted Beaulieu. "That I should be threatened and ordered about on my own premises, I, Beaulieu ——" His voice died in his throat. A hideous smack assailed their ears, a sound all too suggestive of spattering confectionery.

"There are yet six, monsieur," announced Malther relentlessly.

"Villain! Villain! Villain!" cried the vanquished tradesman. "Marry her if you will, but desist from the murder of my livelihood. . . . Mademoiselle, ask him to whom you are now betrothed to open the door and blame me not in the future that you are a rascal's wife."

Denise did not have to make the request. The bolt was thrown back, and the door swung open.

Like a mother elephant to her young, Beaulieu charged in, quite forgetting the precedence owing to church or lady. The abbé followed, while Malther and Denise disappeared together into the shadows.

The eight cakes lay on the workbench under the electric lights, surrounded by the litter incidental to the final stages of their manufacture, this litter including two bowls of soft paste emptied upon the floor and the telltale brandy bottle from which had sprung the roaring lion and the cunning fox that had successively possessed our young artist and lover. But Beaulieu had seen only the first of the cakes when his agonized cry rose again. Whatever he saw, it was too much. He sat down upon a stool and buried his face in his hands.

"Abbé," he said presently, "never, never employ an artist for a tradesman's work. Remember Beaulieu and the destruction of his business."

The priest was gazing spellbound. "Destruction?" he said. "You call this destruction? Come, look again."

Sadly the confectioner rose and examined the cakes in a weary, cursory manner. He went from one to another of the glittering edifices with the tears of vexation still on his cheeks. Then he turned to the abbé and shrugged his shoulders. "What is all this to me? It is beautiful. Perhaps it is more beautiful than anything ever done in such a medium." His voice rose to a shout. "But my customers have ordered cakes for Easter, and they do not want beauty; they want Easter cakes. And the Easter cake, it is a cake with eggs and roosters and bunny rabbits! What are these? Ah, these splendid things, they are not what my customers want and have bespoken. Beaulieu is finished. It is the end."

"Is this not, then, an Easter cake?" said the abbé, lost in contemplation. "See, it is a young man sitting upon a stone. It is a young man, and his countenance is as lightning, and his raiment as snow . . . and three women approach; so skillfully is it done that you perceive it, that which cannot be there—the sun, which is now risen. Oh, Beaulieu, Beaulieu. These are Mary Magdalene and Mary, the mother of James, and Salome, who are come, and the young man speaks to them—see, it is written here in silver: *Surrexit, sicut dixit*—He is risen, as He said."

Now Beaulieu the tradesman was temporarily in abeyance, and the artist in Beaulieu stood in humility before the work of a master hand. Together he and the priest moved through the display, and the bunny rabbits were forgotten. A hush had fallen upon them. Beaulieu read the mottoes, while the abbé translated the Latin; it was a curious little ceremony, as of prayer and response, as if they trod some *via gloriosa*, making the stations of

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Not So Big

By Lee Avery

Today, when buying eggs, I find
Before the sizing stops,
They've "extra large" and "jumbo";
"Large" is no longer tops.

It once was the epitome,
The biggest egg of all ——
Whoever thought the time would come
When "large" meant "almost small"?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

What medium influences a woman most?

(Ask your wife . . . or 6 million other women)

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The result of this is not merely Journal readership, but Journal *leadership*. 6,000,000 women are now buying the Journal each month, more than buy any other magazine.

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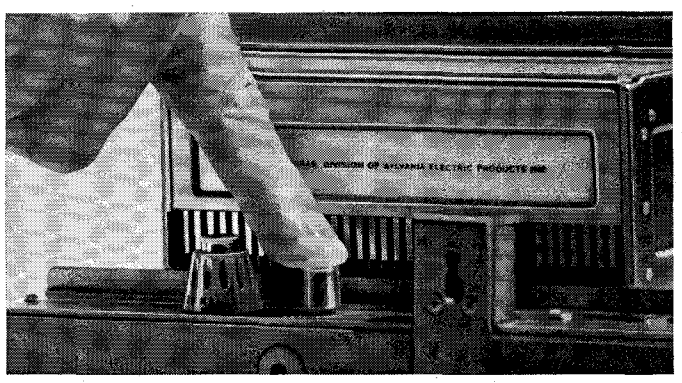

and Go sit in the audience!

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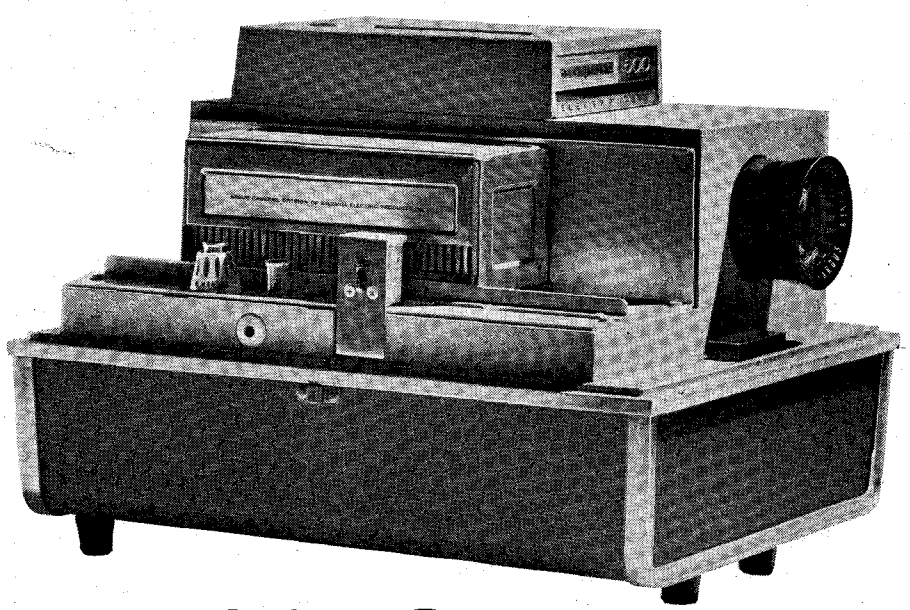

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the splendor of the Resurrection. "*Haec dies. . . .*" "This is the day which the Lord hath made: let us rejoice and be glad in it." "*Christus resurgens. . . .*" "Christ, rising again from the dead, dieth now no more, alleluia! Death shall no more have dominion over Him, alleluia!" And at each station the little sculped figures of sugar sang the glory of Easter—angels spread their wings and tiny choirs seemed to raise their voices, and roses blew in pride and a sad world sprang into sparkling life—and all the bitterness and hunger of young Malther had poured itself out and been sublimated in a tremendous handiwork.

With great solemnity Beaulieu rummaged out another bottle. "Come," he said, filling four measures, for our hero and Denise had emerged from their colloquy, "it is late. It is nearly two in the morning. Mademoiselle, monsieur, I give you happiness. . . . Your health, abbé. I am a man who will be in bankruptcy soon, whose customers will go in future elsewhere because their orders have not been filled in the manner they desire. I will go to my grave in poverty, yet I will remember that the greatest work ever to come from the shop of a confectioner was executed in mine."

"Sir," cried the remorseful Malther, I will do them again. This very night. By morning they will be ready to deliver, the badge of the club, the arms of the city, the *Joyeux Pâques*, the bunny rabbits."

But Beaulieu shook his head. "Though they be my undoing, I cannot destroy them."

"I am too poor to wager," said the abbé, "but be assured, my friend, your fame will be redoubled. They to whom these cakes will go will come to you to express their delight and astonishment. It cannot but be so."

Beaulieu was inconsolable. "I will make a promise," he said; "not a wager, but a promise. To you, my children, I will give a wedding present of one hundred dollars. To you, abbé, I will give a hundred dollars for your poor. All this if these customers are satisfied."

"Oh, Monsieur Beaulieu," sobbed Denise, "I hope it will be so, not for your gift, but—but it would break my heart if you were harmed because of Ernest and me. Sir, Ernest has promised me tonight to drink no more. Never again will a terrible thing happen like this."

That Denise! Such a pretty girl she was, and so silly, worrying about the welfare of her employer as if it were her own. And Beaulieu, the old fool, the old despot, comforting the girl with a kiss upon the forehead! How well it is that the principles of management are a matter of widespread knowledge today, so that there can be no such confusion of interests as that displayed by Denise, no despotisms like that of Beaulieu, no scenes like this kissing upon the forehead!

Easter came, and a few days after, Beaulieu walked into the archbishop's palace to see his brother-in-law, the Abbé Tranchemontagne.

"Abbé," he said mournfully, "I bring you a check for a hundred dollars."

The priest smiled. "I was right, eh? And the young people have their present to start them out as man and wife?"

Beaulieu nodded. "It is their desire that you should marry them."

"With great pleasure. No doubt it can be arranged. And you will dance at their wedding?"

"Of course. I attend the weddings of my own people. Soon I will have none. My ruin is accomplished."

The abbé looked at the check. "I do not understand," he said.

"It is those cakes, of course. I am now considered, on their account, the greatest confectioner in the world by the people of Montreal. Before, I was good; now I am great."

"And this you call ruin?"

"I ask you, reverend. What will be expected of Beaulieu now? For Christmas, say? Next Easter? Another season comes, and they will look at one another and say, 'Beaulieu is slipping. Remember his work in his better days?' And the season after, they will look for someone else."

"What Malther has done he can do again, surely?"

"Alas, no, abbé. Never again. Was he not the prey of love, and of anger—and of cognac brandy? And the little Lalande, how will she ever understand what she has done? 'Ernest has promised me to drink no more.' Pah! He will be fat and contented. Like me, abbé. What now can I expect of him but—but bunny rabbits?"

Beaulieu was not ruined, of course. He continued to prosper, and Malther embellished his cakes. Little Malthers were born, beautiful as their mother. To the first of these the unregenerate Beaulieu appointed himself godfather, naming the infant boy by his own incredible name of Hyacinthe, to the delight of the parents and in face of the mild protest of the Abbé Tranchemontagne. Malther's sculptures came to enjoy a sound ecclesiastical market; his *Pietá* at the Etoile de la Mer is mentioned in the guidebooks.

Ah, well! The shop stood on the east side of Dominion Square. It was pulled down years ago to make way for an office building. Anyway, Easter cakes are made now by automated processes, bunnies and all, each bunny perfect to the last detail. There are no more midnight commotions, no more brandy bottles. All is changed—all is improved.

But for me it is only change, and the giants and the fairies are dead.

THE END

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 82)

Samuel Phillips Lee, a distant cousin of Robert E. Lee and a career officer in the United States Navy, was among the many southern naval officers who remained in the United States service in the Civil War. He commanded ships which helped to open up the Mississippi at New Orleans and Vicksburg. Then he was appointed acting rear admiral and given command of the blockading squadron off Virginia and North Carolina. The ancient system of prize money for captures was still in effect. Lee instituted the system of a double blockade—one row of ships inshore, another row offshore to seize blockade runners who slipped through the inshore cordon. His prize money amounted to an estimated $150,000, the largest sum awarded to anyone.

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Ordeal on Blood River (Continued from Page 43)

The *Clan Cameron* footed down fast and passed so close alongside the *Orr* that Cohill could see faces in lantern light at her rail and a man climbing her side ladder from a small boat below. They were picking someone up after clearing the port. The irregularity of it was apparent, but the thought of illegality was the mate's as he stepped beside Cohill for a moment and watched. "*Amos Orr* could be fined a thousand dollars for that," Moxley said. "Who's that important to pick up?" With Alshard's last word to him on Inigo Barras, Cohill could have answered that if he had been a talking man. A movement on the quarter-deck above caught Cohill's eye and, looking up, he saw Senator Bentinck at the port rail with night glasses held to his eyes, watching the *Amos Orr* as it came up into the wind again, its passenger now aboard.

Then Bentinck saw Cohill, cased the glasses as if satisfied with what he had seen and stood for a moment looking down at him. The wind brought his words clearly. "You have seen fit to set dead lines on this ship, Cohill. Keep to them. You nor none of your men will put foot beyond the limits you have established—or they will be fired upon," and as he said it a militia guard detachment under arms came up out of the after hatch to post deck sentries.

After evening mess Cohill gave his own six noncoms the ship routine orders, the fatigue details and the guard roster. Old Sergeant Satterlee wrote the orders laboriously in his notebook with a stubbed pencil. When he was finished, Cohill had them read back to him and plugged the one or two holes Satterlee's slow brain had missed. "That's it then," Cohill said, and for a moment he let his eyes sweep the hard-bitten faces. "Except that at all times, all fatigues including stables and all other formations—and breakoffs—will be under arms. Light picket-duty issue—hand guns, twelve rounds per man." Satterlee and the three corporals met his eyes narrowly in question. Sergeant Ohms, his wiry shoulders hunched as he leaned against a pinion, raised his head in sharp reaction. Without changing his tone of voice Cohill said, "And no man of this detachment will leave this area to go to any part of the ship except on my orders for stipulated duty. On such duty no man will go alone. You will bunkie-up in twos from now on. Two men together—at all times."

Satterlee closed his notebook and stepped to unlock the chain of the improvised arms rack. He began the hand-gun-and-ammunition issue to the men. Sergeant Ohms stiffened to duty stance.

"Second squad, Pumphrey," Ohms ordered, "the deck tonight. Get your blankets and move up topside now. First squad—the guard detail. Fogas is corporal of the guard. The hatchhead here is the guard-relief area. Lead out!" He reached over to Satterlee and took his own duty belt and gun.

On deck again, after he had set up the second squad's sleeping area at the roped-off hatchhead, Cohill sat on the coamings and went over the situation coldly. Not only was he decisively outnumbered aboard but, with the animal care necessary, his men would be eternally grindstoned to fatigue duty in the cul-de-sac of the stall deck, with scant warning of trouble if it started with this uncontrolled mob aboard. As it had been on the dock when Lieutenant Haight was knifed, a personal hassle could flame to a free-for-all in a split second; and in the constricted space of the ship, his detachment caught off guard could be overborne by strength of numbers and snuffed out.

In that moment, he saw Captain Houget's spare figure silhouetted in the light of the suddenly opened door of the stern cabin. The captain had a cigar in hand. As if it were offensive to him, he turned it distastefully and looked at the lighted end. Then in an obvious gesture of disgust, he hurled it over the lee rail, slammed the door and stalked forward through the port gangway toward his own cabin. Of immediate necessity, Cohill crossed the deck to the gangway mouth and spoke to the captain.

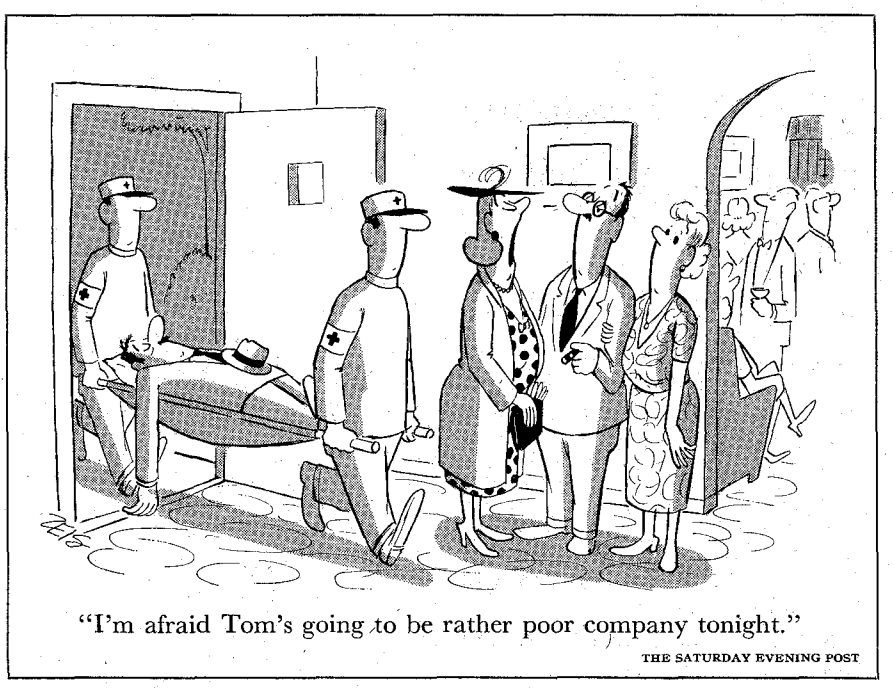
"Who is it?" Houget peered with temporarily light-blinded eyes.

"Cohill."

"So?" with contained spleen and with no return of the greeting.

"I put it to you," Cohill said, "that this crowded ship can be dynamite. Your arrangements with Bentinck are your own. My detachment is aboard by right of Government commandeer. I intend to exercise full freedom of movement necessary to the health of my men and animals. In the event of trouble I want to know how you and the ship's company stand."

"Look, mister," Houget lashed the words out bitterly. "I'm a shipmaster with a clean ticket. I'm in this for my regular pay only. I don't take bribes. My owners made the charter to Bentinck, not me



"I'm afraid Tom's going to be rather poor company tonight."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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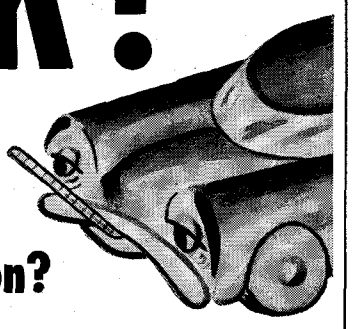

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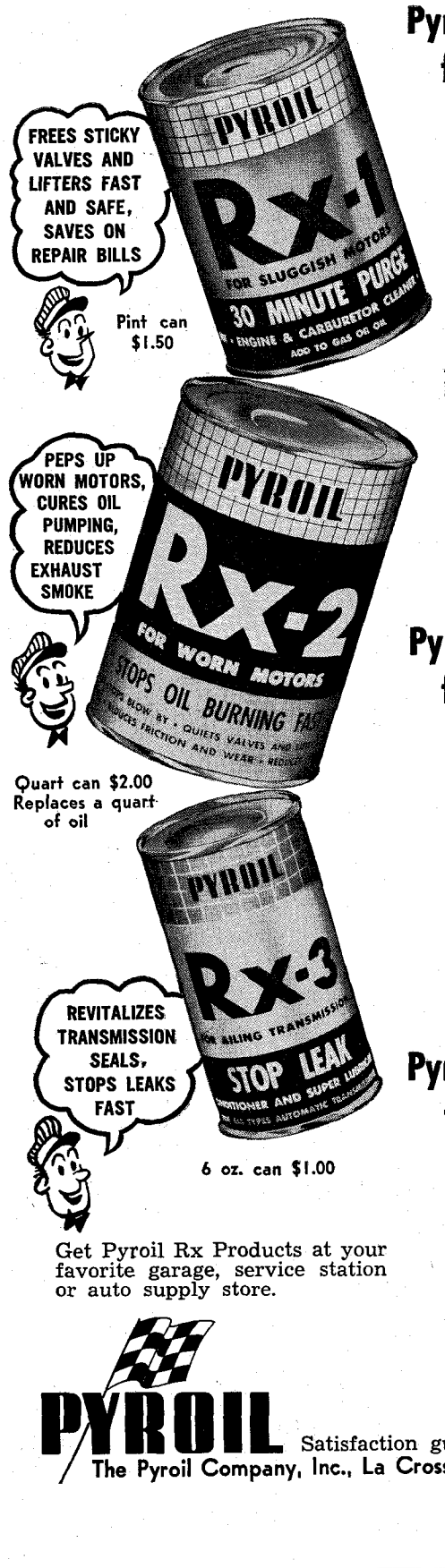

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personally. And nobody buys me! What's bothering you—a gall burn of conscience?"

"Explain that!" Cohill said sharply.

Houget snorted in contempt. "Explain? As the senator explained it to me just now? Would that explanation do?" He pointed a righteous finger aft toward the stern cabin. "'Never mind Cohill—he's been bought for fifty thousand dollars. And by now Marshal Eudaley and Colonel Alshard at the Presidio know it by letter at safe hand; so anything he does or says can be completely discredited.'"

Captain Houget yanked open his cabin door, and the light of the oil lamp swaying slightly in gimbals within flooded across Cohill's shocked face. "I was at Mobile Bay and the bombardment of Vicksburg, sir!" Houget cut the words at him. "I lost a son in Butcher Butler's Fort Fisher landing. I never thought Regular Army shoulder straps were for sale in the open market—but I was obviously wrong! My back to you, sir—and keep off my course."

The door slammed contemptuously and left Cohill in the sudden darkness of the gangway's mouth, trembling violently under the accusation, livid with anger. From long habit, as he always had to do for his own protection, he beat the savagery back into himself so that he could think. It was of no earthly use to condemn the laws that allowed anyone to make a deposit in a man's bank account without his knowledge—for all that mattered now was the fact. And you cannot run to people with, "He says he gave me fifty thousand dollars, but I'm really an honest man!"—not when you carry a draft in your pocket that indicates plainly that you have accepted the money. *Time*, he told himself. *Take time.*

But in that moment, Cohill had no time left to take, for a slight movement flicked the corner of his eye and, turning his head, he saw Sergeant Ohms standing casually across the after hatchway behind him, thumbs hooked in his belt, the light from below pooling his eyes in shadow. The following wind could not have failed to have funneled most of the conversation to him.

Cohill walked slowly out under the quarter-deck overhang. "What is it, Ohms?"

Ohms snapped his boot heels together and came to attention. "Just what the lieutenant sees, sir. The Lance Trumpeter Weigandt ain't no good for an officer's galloper. He's stripe-proud and fumble-brained. So I took the duty tonight—seein's you left the hatchhead area, sir."

"When I ask for a galloper I'll get a galloper, Ohms!"

"The 'tenant asked for one plain, sir—when he bunkied us up and issued twelve rounds and hand guns," Ohms said stolidly. "Don't need it asked no plainer with this setup we're on."

"You swallowed your guts, Ohms. You heard what Houget accused me of. Say it!"

Ohms veiled his eyes and pressed his lips tight shut—a killer, held nebulously to control by the blue shirt and the thin veneer of three buck stripes. Cohill had to nail him now, and whichever way the sergeant broke could be high, low, jack and the game. "You're relieved, Ohms. Get back to the stall deck!"

Ohms nailed himself. "No, I ain't relieved," he said. "You need me, Cohill." His sullen eyes became cute-cruel. "I ain't relieved. I stay. For a half cut of fifty thousand dollars, I stay a long, long time!"

There was no break in Cohill's movement. It had no component parts. His right arm whipped like the strike of a coral snake. His hand flashed to Ohms' hand gun, snagged it from Ohms' holster, snapped it muzzle-up to his underjaw and cocked it. He snorted short and hard through his teeth into Ohms' tight-drawn face. "All right now, Ohms. I know your price."

Ohms' mouth fell open in astonishment. His eyes flicked to his gun in Cohill's hand. "I'm in arrest with what I know about this crooked deal?"

"To free-ride in the hatchway in shackles? Not a chance." Cohill shook his head. "To tell all the other men your stripes were cut for twenty-five thousand dollars? No, Ohms. You're not in arrest and you keep the stripes so you can't talk; for with the stripes nobody will believe that you aren't in this too, if you try to make them think I am!" Cohill whipped the gun's muzzle twice across the sergeant's shirt above his belt. Short, angry whips that tore a button off. Then he deliberately uncocked and turned Ohms' gun in his hand and, grabbing at Ohms' shirt, slammed the weapon back into Ohms' holster and dusted his gloved hands.

Ohms gaped, and his mouth stayed open.

"And here's my back to you—for when you feel safe to plug me." Cohill turned as if the sergeant no longer existed and walked toward the forward hatch.

For three days the wind held steadily out of a shade west of north, and the *Clan*, footing between seven and nine knots under full spread, ticked off Sur, Piedras and Concepcion and ran down the rain-misted Channel Islands to past Santa Catalina and into the steaming breath of the Baja California coast, out of American waters.

In that time Cohill had sight of Athena distantly several times, but not to speak. He faced the fact coldly that, his vibrant attraction to her notwithstanding, he knew nothing about her except what she had been pleased to tell him.

Having locked Carracoe in to dry out, Cohill looked in on him at intervals and found the man in the limbo of helplessness where the tide of drink ebbs from crazed arrogance to self-commiseration. "I was born Romany," Carracoe sobbed like a child. "Gypsy-born and in gypsy it's written I'll die—by the curse of the burned hands," and he turned his face hopelessly to the wall.

Off Cabo Cabonet, Cohill found the cabin door splintered and the lock broken. Carracoe was on his feet stumbling around the filthy hole, half drunk again, his yellow irises glass-bright, the whites of his eyes smeared blood red with broken capillaries. "I'm an old first sergeant!" he shouted in a bumble of slurred syllables. "Come up the hard way! Promoted to captain in action in 'lyss Grant's bloody, burning, corpse-stinkin' Wilderness! Brevetted major—and benzined out of the regulars in peacetime garrison after!" He lurched across the cluttered space to his peg-hanging blouse and tugged a bottle from the pocket. He shook it at Cohill. "To blazes with you and the stinkin' Army! And nobody owns the Colorado River country—except who can take it, and the millions in it waiting for the take." He necked up and drank long, leering at Cohill with crafty intentness. "And I'm going to have my share!"

Cohill watched him narrowly for a moment to separate in his own mind the blabber of drink from the surging impulse to truth that might make the man talk. Cohill had been leaning slightly toward the gypsy with his own insistence to make him keep on talking. Then with diabolical instinct he raised his gloved hands slowly toward Carracoe.

For a second the gypsy stared in horror at Cohill's threatening hands; then he flung himself half about in violent recoil from them, dropped to his knees and

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groveled trembling in the cabin's far corner. "Don't touch me!" he shrieked, his own hands held up, their backs to his tortured face, fending off Cohill's outstretched fingers. Cohill stepped back from the wretch to keep from smashing a boot into him, and this time he left him to his bottle.

By late afternoon of the day they bore off to round Cape San Lucas the weather stiffened, with everyone on the crowded decks driven to his stifling quarters below to escape the drenching, deck-lashing gouts of water. On the stall deck the horses were stiff-braced and screaming. By full dark the horses were braising against the stall timbers, rubbing their flanks raw. Sergeant Satterlee, with the entire platoon, was standing to when Cohill went down the feeding alley on night inspection. They rigged girth preventers to draw the mounts to the tail gates so that the animals could brace on them. The men then lengthened and cross-rigged the halters.

The stallion was in a box stall on the half deck above the platoon horses, where it had traveled coming up from Mazatlán. Cohill had been up to look in on the animal several times, but with the weather stiffening he made the box stall part of his regular rounds now—for he was fearful the stallion might break loose. Now he found Athena standing next to Turk's head, gentling the horse with her voice.

Her sudden nearness in the half light of the passage lantern stole all his resolve. "How long have you been here?"

"Off and on since the storm started."

He stood silently at her side, studying the fine lines of her profile.

"Why didn't you get out of this mess in San Francisco?" he asked her angrily. "You had shore freedom. You could have got around the authorities eventually—you're an American by birth."

She turned slowly and faced him. "I could not get out of it. It was impossible."

"Because you didn't want to?"

"If you care to believe that," she nodded.

"Tell me why!"

"There is no reason why I should."

"There is," he said bluntly. "A woman like you has no part in a thing of this kind," he gestured aft and upward. "You didn't marry Bentinck—or did you? Before we sailed?"

"No."

"What then?"

"Don't force yourself into this," she said quietly, "for I cannot let you trespass upon my life. It is not tolerable that you should."

The words shocked him, for they were not a curt dismissal, but spoken rather from deep necessity as if some explanation were due him.

"My offer to help you at the Alshards'," he said slowly, "was as strong an impulse as I have ever had. I suppose that was trespassing upon your life. If it was, I have no apology, for you have not been out of my mind at any time since."

"That must not be!" For a moment again there was the same shadow of panic in her eyes that there had been when she tore free of him in the straw. As if she would run blindly now. To stop her, he gripped her wrist.

"Don't do this to me, Athena," he said hoarsely. "You know what it is that I am saying."

With her free hand she pried at his fingers. "Yes, I know," she said on an intake of breath, standing slender before him, looking full into his eyes. "Let go of my wrist," she said quietly. When he let her go she turned half away from him, rubbing her wrist lightly, and stood for a moment looking off into the shadows, her lip caught between her teeth. "I told you that you are a very disturbing man. You knew that I found you so when we met on the road that first day." She turned to him again. "You are a very decent man, I believe," she said evenly. "So you must dismiss all thought of me—for I have not one tatter of self-respect left to me to honor the good opinion of any man."

"Don't do this now!" he warned her sharply. "It's what you always do."

"That is part of it," she said simply, "burned in habit in my mind."

"It is not a part of anything forthright—that anyone deliberately humiliate himself!"

"Humiliate?" and her voice rose almost to the pitch of shrill laughter. "I worshiped my husband! Adored him beyond all reason. There was a completeness between us that beggared all understanding. I remained with him in voluntary custody all the weeks they held him prisoner at Guadalajara"—her words were tumbling over one another as if she had no power to stop them—"all the weeks that Bentinck's Neutrality Commission spent in negotiating the treaty with the Mexican Government. I know now that all of it was vicious self-seeking, but I didn't then. For his own ambitious reasons, Bentinck had to get Inigo Barras off with safe-conduct to Tampa. To do this it had to be agreed with the Mexican authorities that ten of the legion's officers be publicly executed in the plaza. By the names selected, it was obvious that Barras was making the selection to get rid of dissenting spirits and his enemies at the same time he bought his own immunity." She looked steadily at Cohill for a second with a ravaged, haunted light deep in her smoldering eyes. "What I did, I did of my own volition—to save my husband. I will not have you think that the bargain was made to me. I made it to Barras, and he agreed to save Paul's life. I stripped myself to Barras and kept my bargain in the shame of that filthy cell. I counted the first nine volleys. Then they fired the tenth, and I knew that Paul had died under it. It did not matter after that, that Barras laughed at me and left me to the *comandante*—the guard detail ——" She wiped both hands to her face and shuddered in the helpless rack of animal revulsion. "But that ended me as a woman for as long as I shall ever live!"

For a moment Cohill had the shocked feeling of being a witness to something that he could not ever think about again. Of being shown it alone, for some worth—some integrity she recognized in him and of being utterly unworthy of her trust. Then a savage surge of rage tore through him, and his whole body trembled under the impact.

When he thought he could control his voice he said, "You have told me this for some reason beyond yourself. You did not have to tell me." But in spite of himself his words broke into ragged hoarseness, "Why then did you!"

"Because there is a simple honesty in you that I will not have affronted. Now that you know, you may go your way without regret of me."

"I don't know, 'Theena," he said helplessly. "I cannot say what word another man would pass. But I deny any man or woman the right to sit in judgment on you!" His voice was shaken with his intensity.

She half raised her hands as if to fend off terror. Her words were a throaty whisper. "For heaven's sake," she said, "don't offer me compassion. Don't give me kindness—pity!"

He reached quickly and took her wrist again. "This way of your living that you find worthless to yourself—does it include Bentinck now?"

"I am not his mistress—if that's what you are asking me," she said. "Men like Rutherford Bentinck are contradictions. It is as if their natural deficiencies goaded them to dreams of power, until they live only in the potencies of their ambitions. Women to them are merely shields of pretense before the eyes of other men. I have used him wretchedly and shamelessly for my own ends. In Mexico I followed every faint trail to find Barras—but he had left the country. Half starving with poor old Oscar Willebrandt's debt-ridden circus in Mazatlán, I had definite word that he was in northern New Mexico Territory. That is the only reason I used Bentinck's kindness to come to San Francisco. I will kill Barras when our paths cross again."

"Yes," he nodded slightly, his eyes watching hers. "That would have to be the way of it—with a woman like you. But it will be in cold blood, now remember. Can you face up to that?"

"Face up to it!" her voice was acid. "I have lived for two grisly years with no waking thought beyond killing him!"

"They murdered Docher aboard this ship," Cohill said, "to cover for Barras' joining the expedition? To draw the marshal off his trail in San Francisco? Is he the man the *Amos Orr* picked up?"

For a second she stared at him again as if for a moment the thought was beyond belief. Then she said fervently, "That would be too easy, wouldn't it?"

He took her hand gently in his, and his instinct for a moment was to bow over it in formality; for all of her innate dignity had come back to her, and it was suddenly impossible for her to have laid her soul bare. Everything she had said to him was utterly unreal in that moment. "Athena," he said solemnly, "I have nowhere to take you, but I will not let you go."

Slowly she withdrew her hand from his, utter disbelief in her eyes. "But you must not say that," she said, and her voice broke.

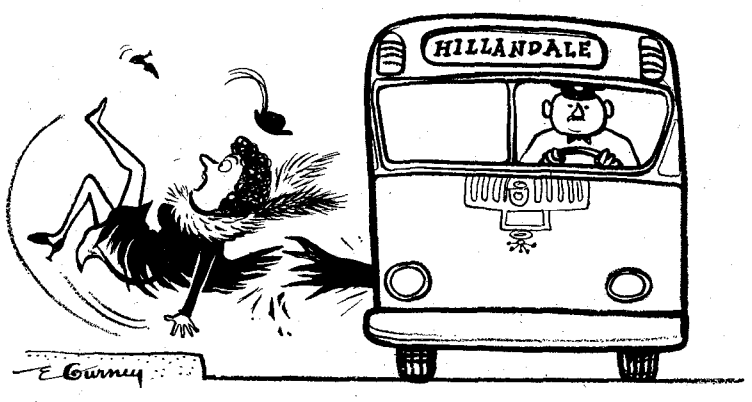
"I had to," he said softly, "for I would not give a continental for a man who had not been to the wheel and survived his point of breaking—nor for a woman. It's the battles we lose that count. It's the gay jackets we wear in pride to cover our wounds that make us worthy of them," and he drew her into his arms; but she shuddered and turned her head from him. "I cannot"—she whispered—"yet."

With the wind rising higher and the ship bucking it, the platoon settled doggedly to the long fight to save the animals, and the hours drained snail-slow across their weary minds.

Moxley, the mate, came down on an inspection tour. "We're beatin' up once again for San Lucas Cape on the third try," he shouted to Cohill, "but it's no time of year for the Colorado!" His Adam's apple quivered violently. "She runs a ship-killing tidal bore in spring and the *golfo* gets these sou'westers in narrow waters so we'll be blown halfway to the top before she peters out, you mind!"

The men lashed on their own blankets as additional stall padding—then their blouses. They stripped to their drawers in the close heat and bound on their sweat-sogged trousers and shirts. They cursed, begged, coaxed and prettied the beasts. There was no question of food until it was over—except for an acid black-coffee bucket from the galley, gone scum cold. The tortured hours of the fight crawled on endlessly; and then it was that everyone began to go out on his feet. They hooked their arms over the crossties in the feed alley, and reflex held them. But you could talk to a man and not make sense, and he couldn't hear you. Hours later you'd still be looking at his gaunt face—and he'd still be trying helplessly to understand.

Cohill was aware that he was sleeping on his feet. (*Continued on Page 89*)



You be the Judge

By SARAH MORRIS

Agnes, riding on a bus, wore a loose, ankle-length coat unbuttoned. As she got off, it trailed behind her. On seeing her alight, the bus driver started forward. But her coat caught in the door. She was jerked to the ground and injured. Later she sued.

"Your bus driver was negligent in starting his vehicle before he was certain that the passenger was safe," counsel for Agnes argued.

"It was Agnes who was negligent in wearing that lengthy coat, open and flapping, at that," the bus-line attorney replied. "It was up to her, not our driver, to see that the coat didn't catch in the folding door."

If you were the judge, would you make the bus line pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The bus line had to pay. The court ruled that the driver must observe carefully and be certain that the passenger's clothing, as well as person, is clear of the vehicle before going ahead.

Based upon a 1956 Louisiana decision.

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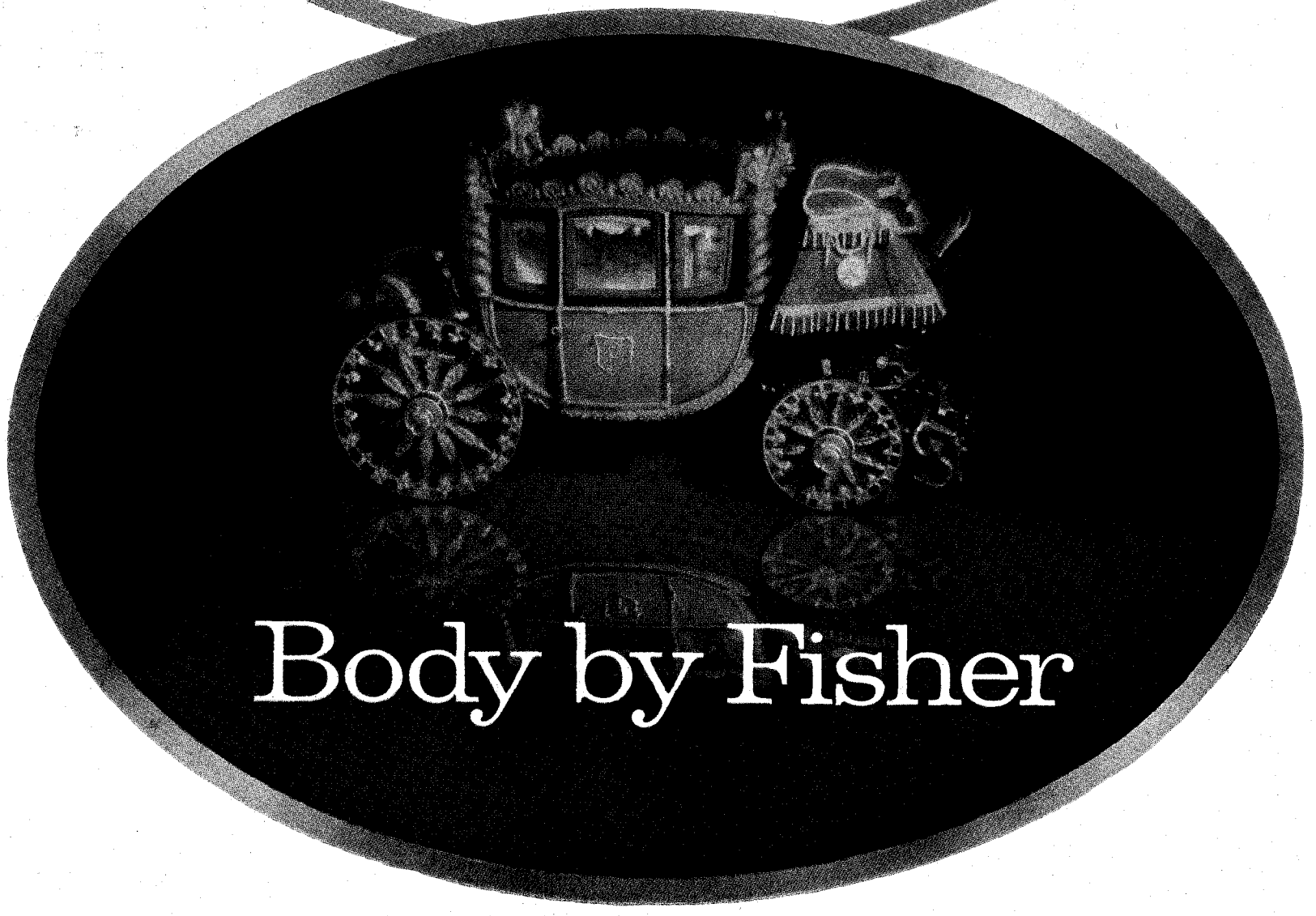

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(*Continued from Page 87*) Exhaustion rode him like the weakness of old age. Seventy hours later he and Ohms climbed wearily up the forward hatch to the broad white light of early morning. The wind was torn ragged at the tail end of the long blow—with the afterbreath of the storm still scudding the *Clan* under reefed canvas, but the heart dying out of it. Half a dozen miles to starboard, they could make out the low blue haze of running shoreline. With unbroken land on that side, they were well up the *golfo*, headed north toward the Colorado's mouth.

Working against the inertia of seasick apathy and hopeless overcrowding, Captain Houget and the ship's officers got the *Clan* wide open fore and aft—hatches, ports and gangways—to try to freshen her.

Cohill's platoon stumbled up on the well deck and sprawled in utter exhaustion, the hot sun drying the tatters of their sludge-rotted trousers into hard, noisome encrustation.

From the cramped hours battened below in foul and stifling closeness, Bentinck's people crawled up to the open decks in slow-footed stupefaction. Five of them had died. They corded thick to the rails as if to get as near to clean air as they could. Unkempt, unfed and presently heat-seared, they snarled disorganized rebellion against all of it.

The ship's officers began to set up details of Bentinck's men at the pumps, but as soon as they were goaded forward to stand to, they drifted away from the work, sat down, sprawled out flat. The second mate, Olafsen, was badly roughed and driven from the deck when he let his squarehead temper break over them. They gang-rushed him with the blind ferocity of baited animals. Houget ordered his mates to arm themselves, and the sight of the guns whipped the resentment to sullen fury.

By late afternoon the next day stark necessity had brought a semblance of order into the ship; but the decks were still a shambles of weaving, restless men constricted to narrow space. The whole ship was short-fused to violence at the first overt break; and with the entire crew of the ship working to repair storm damage, Cohill realized that control would lie only in his own twenty-seven men and that blood would run freely if he were forced to exercise it.

The gulf narrowed all that day and, when evening came, the mountains began their slow purple march down upon the strait waters. The spined mountains of Baja California have no gentleness. There is a charred and ragged upthrust to them still from the day they were born in the agony of volcanic fury. As Cohill watched them march slowly on the ship from both sides of the narrowing gulf, he had a sudden consciousness beyond their gateway of the limitlessness of the whole vast Colorado country north to the *Cañon Grande*. Seven hundred-odd miles of river opened up into it, with the wide reaches of land on both sides a huge segment of United States territory, uncontrolled, sparsely settled, unpacified—and dividing the whole southwestern sweep of the country from Texas to California. But a day would come, as he had seen it come in eighteen years to other parts of the frontier, when one small desperate battle would change it all—when roads and towns, schools and churches would begin to weave the fabric of civilization across that great resounding spread of land.

The day they raised Ship Rock, which is landfall for the river's mouth, they sighted the *Amos Orr* at dawn for the first time they had seen her since the storm. She was on the port tack off Sargent's Point heading to pass between Montague and Goree islands. Captain Houget studied her long and doubtfully with his glass and kept the *Clan* on her own close reach for the point so that he would pass between Montague Island and the west shore. Then the *Orr* let a small boat down, and it began to pull over toward the *Clan*.

On the hatchhead Sergeant Satterlee had a pair of glasses trained on Robinson's Landing. Presently he said, "There's an outfit in there under canvas," and he looked around in puzzled question. He handed the glasses to Cohill. "That's old Camp Number One from the survey days. What outfit would be downriver this far into Mexico?" Cohill adjusted the glasses, saw the uneven rows of tents—and a flagpole with blue colors limp at the top. The site was ragged and sprawled wide with slight semblance of disciplined order—but it was obviously an attempt at military encampment. There were about four hundred men, by the size and number of the tents; and in that moment a breath of wind bellied the blue flag, and he saw the star pattern of Barras' legion's Southern Cross ensign. He turned and put the glasses on the small boat approaching from the *Amos Orr*. In the stern sheets there was a gaunt figure in riding boots, staring intently toward the *Clan*, braced back against the boat's transom, not in ease but in tension, almost as if he would spring upright at any moment and stand to come alongside.

Outnumbered as he was and worn with fatigue, Cohill had one desperate moment of hesitation; then it became plain to him that there was only one possible way to keep control. That he must take it at the top—and hold it from the top down. He handed the glasses back to Satterlee and turned to survey the crowded deck between the hatchhead and Bentinck's quarters. With the open decks the only place tenable in the heat and ship stench, the tension of Bentinck's people had relaxed during the night; but it was rising again now. It was beyond all word of mouth to control them, and every man in the platoon knew it. With no leadership, the weight of numbers would be beyond reason, once they broke full. One shout now, one overt movement and they'd overrun all semblance of order as they had on Meiggs Wharf. They were brutalized men, half-fed men, packed like stockaded animals in the narrow waist of the ship, forced backward and jammed tight between the quarter-deck overhang and the stall-deck hatch—with only that open space and the sight of ship's officers and the platoon's service revolvers to hold them; but to hold them only for a moment if it were one card badly played.

The *Amos Orr's* small boat came alongside and fended aft toward the starboard quarter of the ship. The crowd on deck surged to watch it, clearing a space on the portside as they bunched together. The side ladder went down from the quarter-deck, and the gaunt man in the boat below rose in the stern sheets, grasped the lower rungs and climbed slowly up. Bentinck was at the rail to meet him, and in the sudden silence of the watching crowd he said, "Well, General Barras—we meet again!" and they shook hands formally. Then they turned and went below.

"Ohms," Cohill said, "I'm going aft. You're coming with me." Ohms turned slowly toward the restless, milling crowd on the deck behind that they would have to pass through, looked sideways at Cohill, and Cohill saw fear shadow the man's eyes.

"If you have a mind to earn your money!" Cohill lashed at him.

In old Satterlee's face there was open, blank-eyed question. "You stand by, sergeant," Cohill told him, "and issue full belts fast. Fifty rounds, hand gun—and unlock the carbine stands. Don't let yourself be rushed!" Then he sprang to the port bulwark and raced along it above the crowd toward the portside ladder, Ohms following—and climbed fast to the quarter-deck.

Moxley had the watch, but Captain Houget was still with him. "Get off the quarter-deck, mister!" Houget's cheekbones burned livid. Cohill took two steps up to the old man. "Anchor this ship!" he shouted into Houget's face. "At once, where she is!"

"Anchor? I'll ——" Houget's hands came half up in an uncontrolled flutter, and his whole face suffused deep crimson. His voice gurgled into a choking gasp. A muscle spasm caught his entire body, and he pitched downward, his head striking the deck with the sound of a half-ripe melon. Cohill put his gun on Moxley's belt. "Anchor this ship, Mr. Mate!" Moxley's eyes wavered just for a moment. "I'll anchor," he said and he cupped his hands and shouted forward to Olafsen.

Cohill stepped across to the curved-top companion shield, opened the door and looked down into the black face of Ramillies Moktir halfway up the steps. He jumped into it with both booted feet, struck the man like a ram and carried his body under him to the gallery deck below. Moktir hit head and shoulders first, rolled limp on himself and lay sprawled with Cohill straddling him half crouched. Ohms hit the deck right behind them, and his lips pulled tight across his teeth in a fiendish smirk. All fear burned from his eyes under action.

"Holster your gun, Ohms," Cohill told him, and he holstered his own.

Bentinck's voice from the stern cabin shouted, "Ram!" Cohill opened the door with a swift tug that crashed it back to the bulkhead. "Keep your hands on the table—both of you!" and he stepped into the cabin with Ohms a pace behind him.

Rutherford Bentinck was sitting at the upper end of the table with the remnants of his breakfast before him. Inigo Barras was on his right. Both men's hands were on the table, rigid in the act of pushing their chairs back to get up. Both their faces were turned to Cohill in indignant question. Neither man moved. A long-bodied man, Barras had thin hair accenting the heavy dome of his forehead, which gave a grotesque narrowness to his face below the knobbed cheekbones. He held his head slightly forward and to one side as he watched Cohill with hot intensity in his deep-set eyes.

Bentinck wore a light linen jacket, a starched riding stock high to his neck. For a moment the question shadowed the senator's eyes still; then their bleached paleness frosted to cold fury. "This is General Barras," he moved his head imperceptibly. "There are upward of four hundred men of his legion encamped at Robinson's Point waiting for my expedition to land. We are at present in the territorial waters of the Republic of Santa Cruz del Sur. It is no longer a part of Mexico. General Barras as military governor by *de facto* right of occupation, informs me that he has revoked the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. Therefore United States troops may no longer land here, nor pass up the Colorado River into United States territory. After my two ships are unloaded, you and your regulars will return to San Francisco ——"

Inigo Barras cleared his throat. "Or be shot as insurgents. Now get out of this cabin," his voice rose in contained fury, "and don't come back unless you are sent for!"

Cohill studied Inigo Barras' eyes closely for a brief second. "Put me straight on one thing first," he said. "I am not allowed to land by this decision of yours—but the Colorado expedition is? It can land its people, unload supplies and use the Colorado as an avenue of entrance to the north? But the United States Army can't?"

"That is so," Bentinck nodded in studied formality, "by agreement between myself as appointive governor of Western New Mexico Territory and General Barras. We are the authority—there being no recourse to higher, in the isolated position we find ourselves in."

Barras' shoulders moved slightly in an insolent shrug. "For twenty years the United States Army has not done one thing out here in this Colorado country, compared to the work I have done in the last six months! The Apache has never had faith in any previous negotiation until I made my treaty with him—nor in the allocation of lands in the American Southwest, until I gave him northern Sonora east of this gulf, Chihuahua State to the River Conchos and Coahuila. All of the territory my legion was denied by the United States Neutrality Commission two years ago—after we conquered it," his voice trembled in fury. "But which the legion now, once more, controls—under my hand!"

"You're in conspiracy." Cohill bit the words sharply. "Long planned between

"I know I insisted on coming . . . now I insist on going!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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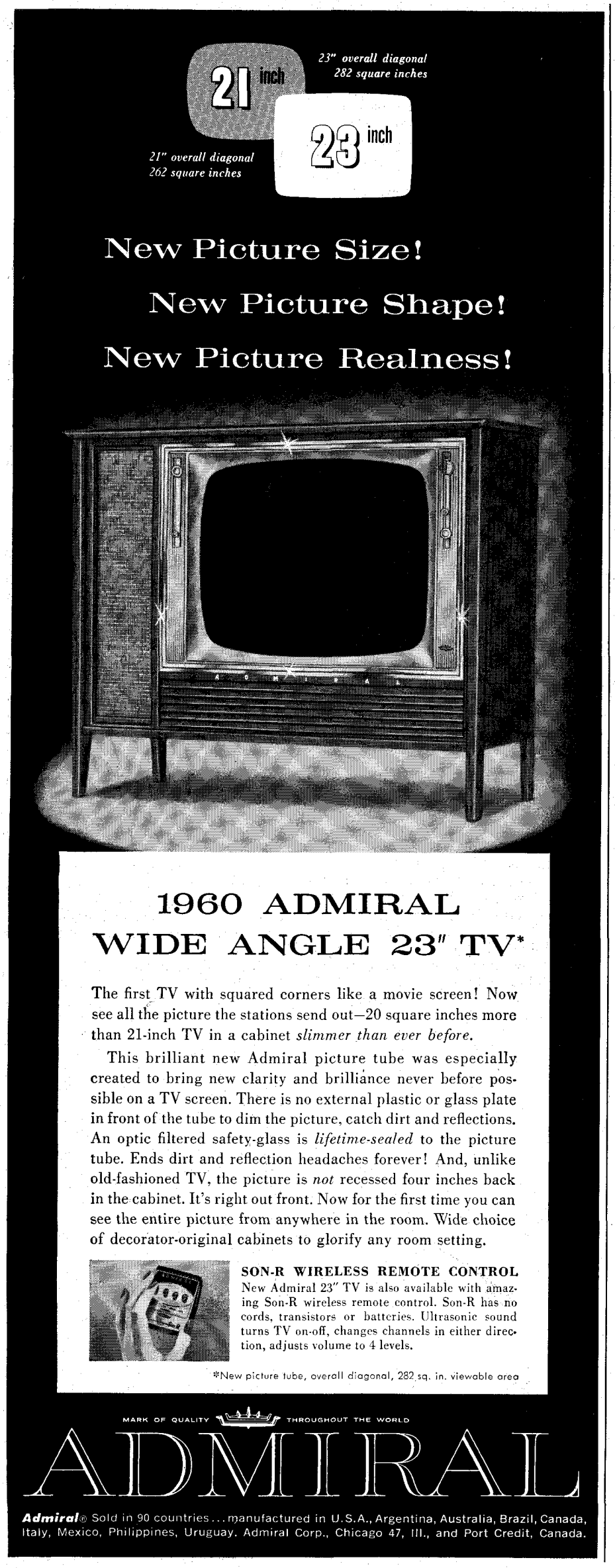
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282 square inches
23 inch
21" overall diagonal
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you. You've played every filthy political trick in the deck to keep the United States out of this! How far will you run it out? To open treason? With the international line sketchily surveyed as it is—and the Arizona country in a state of all-out war with the Apache—your precious whole-cloth republic can creep steadily north up the Colorado into the whole of the southwestern territory, until one of you goes completely mad and declares himself emperor!"

Astoundingly Bentinck's pale bleached eyes never faltered under the indictment. He seemed to draw himself up slightly in his chair as if the charge had subtly flattered his ego, as if he were secretly pleased deep within himself that someone else had found hidden virtue in him and had commended it. He nodded again in frigid formality. "If," he said, "complete political separation from the States becomes the only way to bring peace and order and sound government to a great and otherwise entirely wasted and isolated land. Where governments have failed in the past, strong men have been the only answer. I, sir, am such a man. Make no mistake as to that."

Dumfounded at the bald-faced admission of what was patently not guilt to Bentinck, Cohill felt the compulsion of the man's eyes, so pale as to be almost a deformity. Then the light faded out of them into a cold animal stare, and he knew that the gnawing maggots of power hunger had long since destroyed all possibility of reason in Bentinck. Cohill knew that the hot flame of Bentinck's ego, fanned by the minor triumphs of his early life, had fused his soul.

"Come, Cohill," Bentinck spoke quietly, "you have nowhere on earth to go—and nowhere to go back to. In San Francisco or Washington you will be utterly discredited for taking a bribe. You've been paid your blood money in full to default—and that's of record. Now earn it. Go forward and disarm your men. Save twenty-seven lives—for your own remnants of personal honor."

Strung tight in every muscle of his body, with the faces of both men washed crimson under the red film of outrage that suffused his own eyes, Cohill heard Sergeant Ohms' spurs tink slightly, and he tightened his spine under the thought that in a split second more he would feel the spike of Ohms' gun muzzle in the muscles over a kidney—that the barbarism in Ohms would buy this bald-faced business, and he would carve his own profit from it, and to blazes with the oath and the uniform. But in that moment Ohms sucked in his breath, and the words exploded from him, "Take 'em, lieutenant!"

Cohill stepped one pace right to uncover Ohms, reached for his own gun and leveled its long barrel on Bentinck as Ohms drew on Barras. Behind Ohms he saw the black man Moktir up on his feet, leaning against the door frame, his hands pressed tightly to both sides of his strained neck and shoulders, his eyes rolled white in pain. "For sake of the book, Bentinck, I'm invoking the Sixtieth Article of War, which makes you subject to all other punitive Articles of War—as every soldier in my platoon is. You and all your people on this ship are, as of now, persons accompanying a component of the Armies of the United States—outside United States territorial jurisdiction and in time of war. I and my detachment are no longer traveling with your expedition. You are traveling with me!"

He turned to Inigo Barras. "So are you—but in close arrest until I can turn you over to the civil authorities on that Justice Department warrant. Put the general in irons, Ohms!"

As he said it the long hollow roar of the anchor chain racketed through the ship as it began to plummet out of the hawsepipes forward. With the *Clan* slowly heading up to the swift flow of the river current, undercut by the outgoing tide, the sun ran its bright morning wash completely around the windows of the stern cabin until it now suddenly flooded through the open doorway to starboard.

Athena was standing on the deck just outside as if she had been caught there in mid-stride. She held a gun half up and steady in hand, and every line of her body under the folds of her light, long-skirted dress was taut with vibrant intent. Behind her the sun splintered in bright shards, flaming in her ash-gold hair, shadowing the drawn planes of her face.

Moktir leaped for her at the moment she fired into Barras. Her bullet sprang the renegade from his chair—his face gray-slack in frantic terror as he turned to face her—doubled him over the chair arm and spun him in a ragged dance into the portside lockers. Moktir's rush for her, arms outstretched to stop her, bowled Cohill and Sergeant Ohms apart. Ohms twisted completely around and clobbered the blackamoor to the deck with his gun barrel. Athena was in the cabin now in a crouching feline rush. Her second shot into Barras trenched the table crosswise in a shrapnel burst of oaken splinters that half blinded Bentinck. Her feet and legs spurned a heavy chair across Cohill's knees and, before he could grab her, she was around the table emptying her gun at Barras, firing down into him, the shots blurring their echoes.

When her gun snapped empty she fell back against the buffet, a bubbling scream caught so tightly in her throat that it would not tear free. The empty gun fell to the deck, and she stood to her full height, her face a clenched mask of anguish. Then she flung herself toward the open door, the scream trailing behind her.

When Cohill caught her outside her cabin door he restrained her brutally for a moment against her own hysteria. He got both of her wrists in his left hand and, with the right, he began to lash her face in sharp, buffeting slaps that jerked her head until the horrid sound in her throat stopped, and she stared up at him in wide-eyed pleading. "I'm free now," she gasped. "Free of it all!"

"I hope so, 'Theena!"

"I killed him?"

"You cut him to ribbons."

At that moment on deck the riot of Bentinck's people broke full from a reverberating clatter of booted feet on the forward well deck to two muffled shots and then the thundering bull-throated roar of open violence. Still supporting the girl, Cohill moved to the head of the gangway and saw the murderous rush sweeping down on Sergeant Satterlee and his men who were firing point-blank into it from the stall-deck hatchhead. At the after ladders there was a crowd of shouting men, fighting to swarm up to the quarter-deck. Above all of it, on top of the afterhouse, the frenzied figure of Carracoe towered against the morning sky. He was naked to the waist, with his trousers rolled up from his bare feet. There was gore matted in the tangle of his chest hair, and fresh red blood smeared the entire right side of his distorted face. His whole body was braced upward and back in a muscle arch to swing a great double-bitted ax. He cut it down fiendishly at a clawed hand reaching for him from the screaming mob below. The blade struck the forearm where it braced on the coamings, and the arm stub spun over the milling heads like a billet of stove wood, the fingers of the severed hand spread in bloody benediction.

TO BE CONTINUED

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The Boy Called Sal (Continued from Page 25)

record, *Start Moving*, sold 1,200,000 copies and a long-play album called *Sal* is listed as a smash. He has been the box-office draw in numerous television dramas, and was only nineteen when he got $25,000 for a single appearance in the TV spectacular, *Aladdin*. He was still in the short-pants stage when the critics noticed him in *The Rose Tattoo* and *The King and I* on Broadway, and his humble starting salary of sixty-five dollars a week has now grown to more than $300,000 a year.

He has just finished making *The Gene Krupa Story*, with Columbia Pictures gambling $1,000,000 or more that Mineo, alone in the star billing, is worth the risk. "We're not losing any sleep," says producer Phil Waxman. "Sal will draw them in. He always does."

Waxman is not guessing. The teen-age movie-goer is ubiquitous, far more impulsive and vocal than most adults, and easily influenced. One evening last spring, to mention a seemingly trivial clue, Bob Hope, in the course of a monologue, kiddingly said, "No school tomorrow, kids, because it's Sal Mineo's birthday. All those in the Bronx can stay home." It was not Sal's birthday, and it was one of those casual throwaway lines. The next day hundreds of students were missing from their classes in the local high schools. Sal says he got some letters from the

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REX MOBLEY

Board of Education that weren't enthusiastic at all.

The phenomenon of Sal Mineo—pronounced Min-AY-o—is a sign of the times, as O'Flaherty suggested, and cannot be shrugged off as a lucky, orbiting shot into outer space. In case there are any doubts, though, there is a quite remarkable ground crew, shrewdly galvanized by Sal himself, which fires off booster charges now and then to keep the Mineo satellite at the proper altitude.

The Mineo promotion organization, a vast network that reaches halfway around the world, has its nerve center in a $200,000 home at Mamaroneck, overlooking Long Island Sound. The house was a gift from Sal to his parents, Salvatore and Josephine Mineo, and it was promptly converted into a G.H.Q., with Mrs. Mineo, a plump, happy and dedicated little woman, as general manager of the campaign.

Mineo's fan mail, which averages an astonishing 4000 letters a week, is funneled into the Mamaroneck house from movie studios, television stations and other distant points. The post-office people, obviously *au courant*, unerringly deliver letters addressed, SAL MINEO, U.S.A., or SAL MINEO, ACTOR. Since each letter is a direct link to a devoted Mineo partisan, the fan mail is given the same reverence as the moneybags in a Brink's truck. One recent morning, when an unenlightened dog snatched a bag of letters from the mailman and took off with it, Mrs. Mineo frantically called the police. But the panting postman, aided by the neighborhood kids, ran down the street with such hue and cry that the fleeing pooch got confused and dropped the bag.

Five paid secretaries, alternately working at the Mineo house or in their own homes, struggle with this cascade of letters, and when they fall behind, Mrs. Mineo pitches in and types out answers herself. "Many times I've worked until midnight," she says with a weary smile, "but every letter is important for Sal."

Most of the Mineo constituents want some little memento—a picture, an autograph, even a lock of hair. Sal obviously does not denude his scalp for these requests, but he does send out biographies, color photos and fan-club buttons. Mrs. Mineo buys some 110,000 color and black-and-white photographs a year and 30,000 plastic and metal fan-club buttons. These two-and-one-half-inch insignia, with Sal's picture in rich, lifelike color, cost Mineo twenty cents each. The whole operation costs more than $40,000 a year, but, as will be seen, it is a cheap investment to keep things jumping at the box office.

Much of the mail, of course, is not spontaneous. It is inspired by a twenty-year-old admirer named Eddie Gould, who lives in Detroit and wears an imposing mantle. He is president of the Sal Mineo National Fan Club, and devotes all his waking hours to the job.

Gould, a volunteer who receives no salary as president, has direct supervision over some 200,000 members in the Midwest area and delegates authority to sub-presidents of clubs in other districts. He collects a fifty-cent membership fee, which covers expenses of the Detroit headquarters. Members receive an autographed picture furnished by Sal and a monthly bulletin, published by Gould, which tells the fans what kind of necktie Sal is wearing that month, for instance, the ingredients of his favorite sandwich, and similar harmless tidbits. The bulletin does not mention the many girls Sal is romancing. This information might take up too much space and disenchant the swooning lassies in many a high school.

Gould is efficient and impersonal. When a new Mineo picture opens, he notifies the far-flung legions—it is actually more like an order from the high command—and they storm the theaters to see the film, not once, but five or six times. "Eddie does a lot of great work," Sal says. "It's such a national thing. It's bigger than the Government sometimes. It really is, you know, because they do all this."

And it really is, as more than one theater man has learned when he adds up the receipts.

In Manila not long ago, where a Miss Delia Provado is Gould's ambassador and guardian of the Mineo banner, the municipal fathers were having a juvenile-delinquency problem. Consequently when a local theater booked the movie version of *Dino*, the violent drama which won an Emmy nomination for Mineo when he played the role on television, the Manila powers banned the film. And this is what happened, as Mineo tells it:

"Our girl down there had the whole fan club and went up to the whole committee, the mayor and the whole bit, and they forced them, you know, they had banners and everything like that, and so the mayor and these people were getting bugged, you know, and they figured they'd better lay off, you know, it was getting too much. So they said, 'We'll run the picture in front of the committee. If they think it should be banned, that's it.' They ran it, and they released it."

The records don't show whether Miss Provado was promoted to be president of the Greater Pacific Mineo Fan Clubs, but the assumption is that she earned herself a little niche of immortality back at Mamaroneck.

Gould, of course, is on a higher echelon. Two or three times a year he and members of his volunteer staff are flown to Mamaroneck at Sal's expense, and there, in an atmosphere no less electric than a security conference at the Pentagon, they are briefed on the latest Mineo plans.

No satirical observations, however, can soften the astounding impact of mass worship when the teen-agers are on the march for one of their idols. They not only make smash hits out of mediocre movies or records involving their man, but their influence shakes the seismographs in other directions. Thus the name Sal, for example, begins to pop up in crossword puzzles as a three-letter word meaning actor. One of George Clark's syndicated cartoons, THE NEIGHBORS, shows a meeting of five teen-age girls with one of them saying, "I feel it my duty to announce that a certain member of the Pat Boone Fan Club is carrying a picture of Sal Mineo." In Hollywood retired mobster Mickey Cohen and aging actor George Raft both announce that they want Mineo (*Continued on Page 93*)

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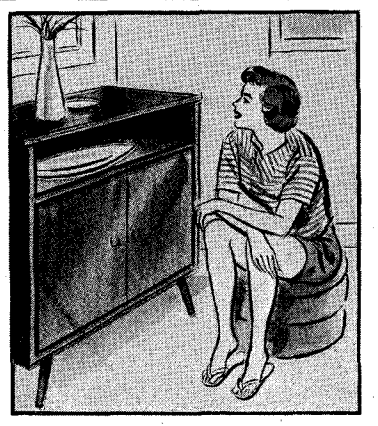

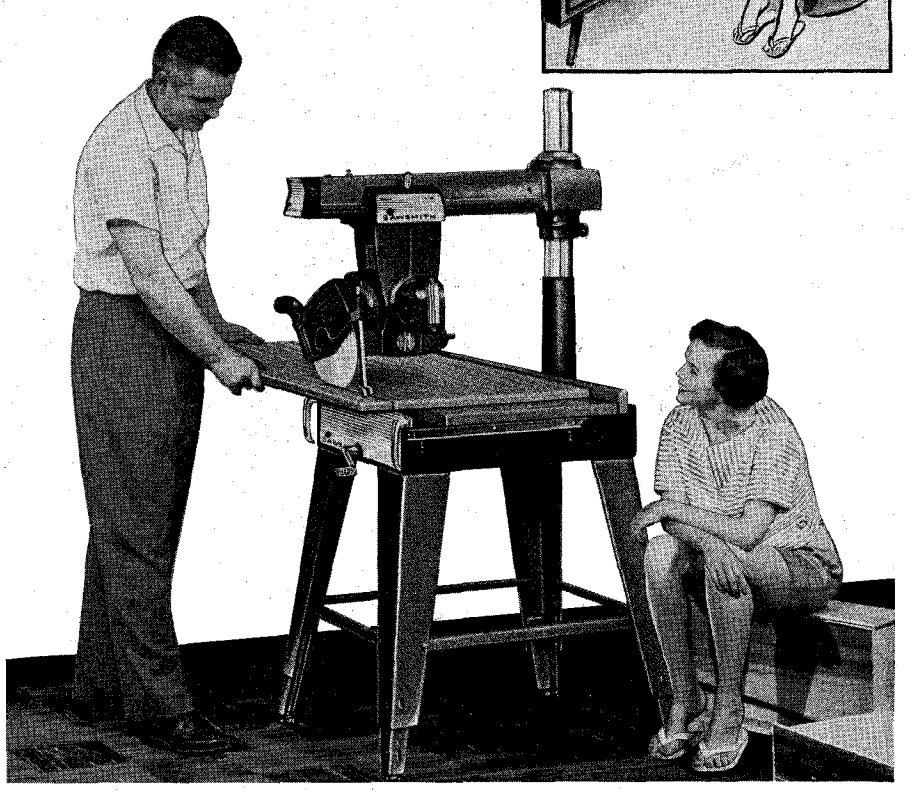

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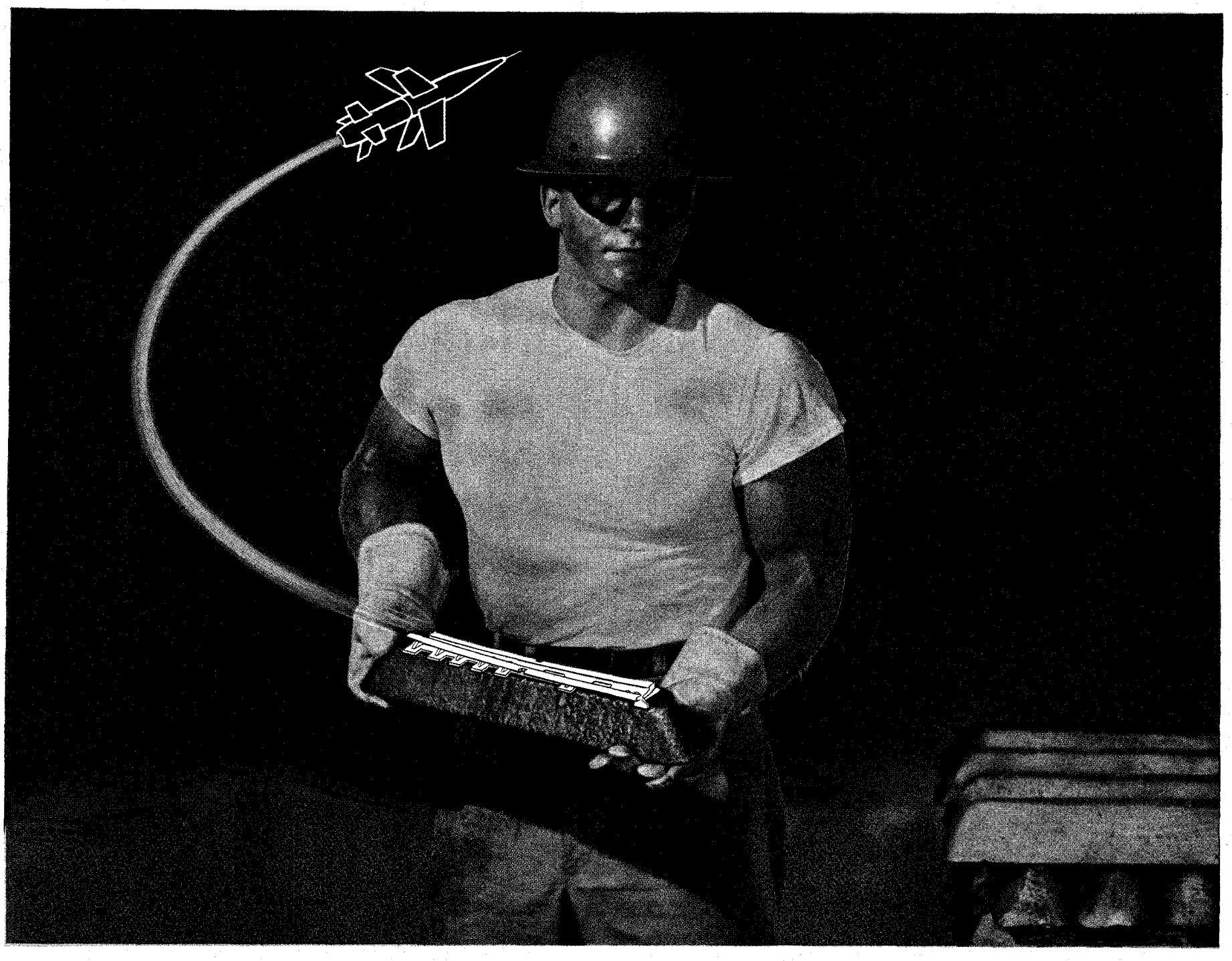

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(*Continued from Page 91*) to portray them in their life stories on the screen.

When Sal gets involved in a news story that makes the columns or even the front pages, manufacturers in a dozen cities light up like theater marquees.

One evening some months ago, Sal went to the Beverly Wilshire Health Club in his car, a 1957 sports model with New York license plates marked SM 95. He is vague indeed, incidentally, about how he happens to have plates with his initials, except to say that they were obtained for him by "influential" friends in New York. In any case, any completely indoctrinated Mineo fan can spot the car, and in this instance the scouts were five high-school girls.

They cornered Sal inside the building and got autographs. Then, when he went into the gym for a workout, the girls grabbed all his clothes and his wallet containing fifty dollars, and vanished in the dusk. Sal was naturally touched by this exuberant gesture and chose not to call the police. He never saw the clothes again, but his wallet, minus the cash, was mailed back to him two days later. This was a sad disillusionment.

Anyway, when the story broke, Sal's agents were badgered with propositions. One slacks manufacturer said, "If Sal will say in his next interview that he was wearing our slacks, we'll keep him supplied with pants for a year." A shirt maker had a similar inspiration. So did a wallet merchant and a sweater-company man.

Sal turned down these propositions, but since then there have been many others. A cosmetics firm wants him to endorse their hair cream. An automobile company in Detroit is willing to send him a new model every year, gratis, if he will permit his picture to appear in their ads. One enterprising hustler pestered him for weeks to endorse a Sal Mineo switchblade knife and a zip gun. Another wanted to market a Mineo black-leather jacket, similar to one he wore on the Ed Sullivan show. A third proposed a Mineo comb in a plastic case, complete with a lock of Sal's hair.

All these endorsements—and some of them meant thousands of dollars in royalties—were rejected by Sal and the family council. For a while, when he learned that teen-agers from coast to coast were wearing narrow neckties similar to his own, Sal considered backing a Sal Mineo Slim Tie, but even that idea was finally shelved.

For a twenty-year-old youth—and there are some who would consider this age not long out of the pupa stage—Mineo has uncanny presentiments about business alliances that might distort the carefully planned trajectory. "Some of these things wouldn't hurt, I guess," he says, "but I just don't want to prostitute myself. I would feel badly if the kids went overboard on an item because I said it was O.K." With the sure knowledge that fame in show business is a fickle and ephemeral prize, Sal is unwilling to risk an error that might snatch it out of his hands.

His mother, who tries—not too convincingly—to be objective about the miracle that has changed the family's life, says that Sal had an adult perception about his place in life when he was not long out of the third grade.

Sal was born in New York on January 10, 1939, and when he was nine his father, a Sicilian-born casket maker, moved the family into a two-story house on 217th Street, far out in the Bronx. It was not exactly a Park Avenue neighborhood, and Sal, like his two older brothers, Victor and Mike Mineo, ran the streets and alleys and vacant lots with the local boy gangs. Sal admits he was a pugnacious gamin, quick with challenge and fists, and at his parochial school he was considered a problem boy. He was eventually asked to withdraw from one school for slugging a rival boy while a nun was trying to break up a bloody yard brawl, and that was his last experience with formal education.

As the story goes—and Sal and his mother are both in agreement on the details—he was playing sand-lot ball one day when a stranger prowled the neighborhood looking for children he could enroll in a midtown dancing school. He singled out Sal —"This kid's graceful," he later told Mrs. Mineo—and dangled television bookings as a bait. Mrs. Mineo, interested in anything that would take Sal off the streets, and admittedly gullible, signed up for the course.

Two years later, when Sal and his little sister Sarina were still clogging and tapping away and had not come within miles of a television camera, a Broadway talent scout pulled him off the floor at the dancing school. "Boy," he said, "let me hear you say, 'The goat is in the yard.'" Sal said it. Two days later he signed a contract to play a bit part in the Tennessee Williams drama, *The Rose Tattoo*, and for his one line about the goat Sal got sixty-five dollars a week. That was the end of Junior Mineo, as he was then called, and he was in show business to stay. He was eleven years old.

He was with *The Rose Tattoo* for a year and then, while appearing with Walter Abel in *The Little Screwball*, at the Westport, Connecticut, Country Playhouse, he was seen by a Rodgers and Hammerstein man. Presently, though he had never done any singing, he was asked to audition as the replacement for the young prince in *The King and I*.

"All the other kids," Sal recalls, "were smart. They all did *Young Lovers* from the play, but not me. I ran out to a music store and grabbed the sheets on a thing called *Down Yonder*, a real jumping hillbilly number. And I sang it. Man, it was a blast. Everybody was in hysterics, and I knew that was it. I had goofed. So then a guy ran up and says, 'You got it.' It was crazy!"

Sal was an understudy for a year, then took over the role and played it for the second year. Sal shudders when he recalls that two-year period. With his delicate features and sensuous lips and a make-up kit clutched in his hand, plus the fact that his old cronies in the neighborhood knew he was singing and dancing on Broadway, Sal was a natural fall guy for the Bronx gangs. Many a night he showed up at the theater with torn clothes or a bloody nose.

It was no better in Manhattan, where he killed time in stores and poolrooms. Always alone, and afraid to tell his parents because they might have yanked him out of the show, Sal was frequently waylaid in the subway by midtown hoodlums who saw him as an intruder in their territory. Often, like a terrified animal, he switched trains half a dozen times, scuttling through the labyrinth of subway stairs and levels, up to the street and down again, to shake off the young switchblade thugs.

Long afterward, as Plato in *Rebel Without a Cause*, he played a flight scene with such heart-stopping realism that he won an Academy nomination. "It wasn't really acting," he says modestly. "I guess I was still running away from those punks in New York."

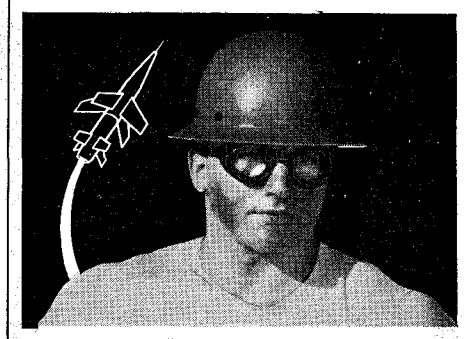
Mineo was, and still is today, an inviting target for belligerent strangers. He had a brush with a street gang in Boston and was whisked to safety in a hotel, while playing his first movie role in *Six Bridges to Cross*, the story of the Brink's robbery. In *Somebody Up There Likes Me*, the Rocky Graziano biography filmed on the lower East Side in New York, Sal was challenged by some Mott Street toughs. Talking their language, he offered to take them on one at a time. He

What Would You Have Done?

The bus in which we were traveling along a lonely stretch of North Dakota highway suddenly halted with a flat tire. Several of us had to make connections in the next town. "I'll miss my plane," one elderly lady moaned. The driver and several passengers jumped out to change the tire. Some of the bolts, however, refused to budge. A garage mechanic apparently had tightened them excessively with a power wrench. Precious time was passing; we were becoming impatient, for we would soon miss our connections, and no help was in sight. The bus driver stared helplessly into his parts box. He had to find a solution quickly. What would you have done?

Buses always carry flares in case of trouble at night. The driver got out one, lighted it and applied the flame to the stubborn bolts. In a matter of minutes, when he removed the flame, the bolts yielded. We changed the tire and made connections.

EARLE T. CRISSMAN



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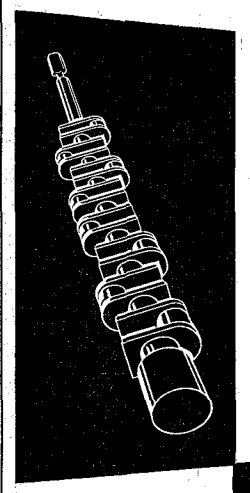

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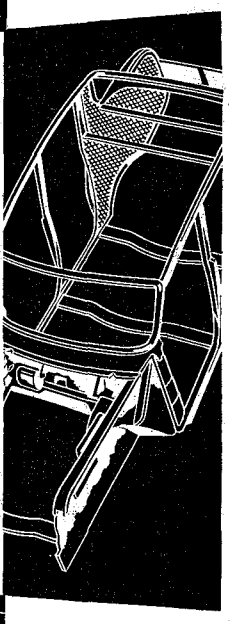

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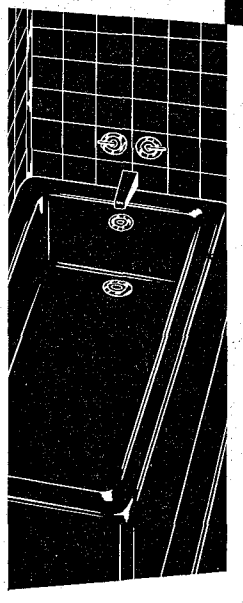

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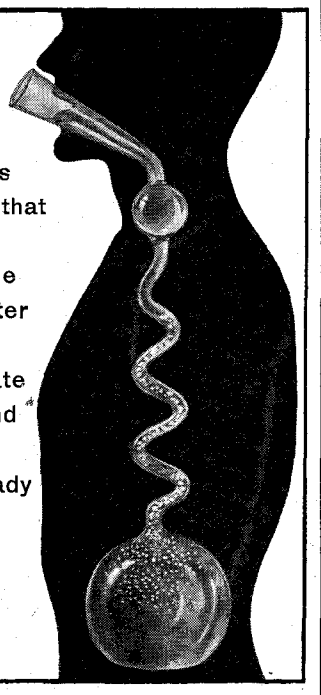

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ended up giving out autographs instead of left hooks just as the cops, summoned by frightened studio officials, arrived to disperse the gang.

Nowadays in Hollywood Sal purposely dines in popular restaurants where expert bouncers are on hand to protect their celebrated customers. He would prefer the small, offbeat place, but too often in such restaurants he barely got through the *minestrone* before some snarling character, drunk or not, stepped up and said, "So you're the tough switchblade kid? Step outside and let's see how tough you are." Usually Sal was happy to oblige, but this is not the kind of hazard the studios want for a million-dollar property.

The truth, as Sal confesses when he's pinned down on the subject, is that he nurses the legends about his toughness, and vicariously and romantically identifies himself with the gangster prototype of prohibition days. Thus his favorite picture of himself shows him in what he calls his "gangster outfit"—tight, velvet-collared coat, slouch hat pulled down over the eyes, dark shirt and white tie. He and his brother Mike, wearing identical clothes, have often been mistaken—to their secret delight—for a couple of mobsters on the prowl.

The results, of course, are not always what his managers would consider good publicity. They caused an awkward little scene in Romanoff's one evening when, unrecognized at first, they were about to be heaved out.

Another time, cockily strolling along Fifth Avenue late at night, they were suddenly braced by two no-nonsense cops who leaped on them from a patrol car. "Get 'em up, you guys," the first policeman said, gun in hand.

The fun suddenly vanished from their pretense, and both young men hastily identified themselves. Two gunmen, they learned, had just pulled a robbery at a nearby restaurant, and the whole neighborhood was swarming with cops.

In Hollywood now, though, Sal still affects the gangster pose when he can do it with impunity, and he has been badgering studio executives to let him make a gangster movie in which, like the villains in *Al Capone* and other recent films, he can end it with a dramatic death scene. "You're nuts, boy," one producer said bluntly not long ago. "You're a leading man now, and leading men don't get killed off. If you want to make pictures like that, get your own company."

Sal, unabashed, may do just that when he has money enough. "Those gangster days," he says dreamily. "That was the era. I wish I was born then, because that's when everything was going, you know. Mike and I should have been there. The fact is that those were the days when everything was going. Prohibition. Everybody was swinging and really living it up."

If Mineo is not quite mature in every dimension, he has enough adult associates in Hollywood who, knowing the destructive effects of sudden fame, are willing to wait for him to grow up. Actually, aside from a few idiosyncrasies that can be directly attributed to his age and background, Sal is an engaging, intelligent and intense young man who labors with consuming frenzy. After a long, steaming day on the set where, incidentally, he amazes directors with his control over the lines, he heads for the Beverly Wilshire Health Club. He spends an hour or two there, lifting weights, shadow-boxing and performing other exercises to strengthen his slight frame, and he keeps a bar bell at home for the same purpose.

Sal's preoccupation with health and strength seems almost obsessive. He is sensitive about his height, and keeps an anxious eye on his upward and outward progress. Studio biographies, press handouts and similar documents reflect wide disagreement on this point, and the figures range from five feet six to five feet eight. Actually, since Mineo often wears high-heeled boots or shoe lifts, these variations are not out of line. But his clothes designer, Ron Postal of Beverly Hills, who has to do some ingenious cutting to make suits hang right on broad shoulders and a twenty-three-inch waist, says he's five feet six in his socks.

Sal naturally burns up a lot of calories in this pursuit of muscle, and in order to maintain energy he gulps down pep pills at the rate of ten a day when he's working on a picture or under pressure from other jobs. He carries a rosary and won't work without a Christopher medal around his neck. He does not drink and unfortunately, as his mother knows when she heaps the table with homemade treats, he has only a so-so appetite.

Sal more or less commutes from New York to Hollywood. During the filming of *The Gene Krupa Story*, he rented Scott Brady's Laurel Canyon home, and for a month or so Mamma Mineo was on hand to do the cooking for him. But when the picture was in the can, Mineo packed up and went home to Mamaroneck.

He is a loner in the sense that he has no real personal friends, and he tends to shrink from direct contact with the mass adulation of his teen-age fans. He has learned from painful experience that a swarm of screaming, moon-struck girls can be destructive. In Savannah, Georgia, a couple of years ago, hundreds of girls swarmed into the Hotel De Soto, blocked stairs and fire escapes and gave the police a virtually insoluble control problem.

Another time, when Mineo was making a record in New York, conductor Ray Ellis had to do costly retakes because a group of some forty girls invaded the studio again and again to claw at the star's clothes and continued to yell when they were locked out. Many other times, in theaters, hotel lobbies or on the street Sal has tangled with roving bands of feminine admirers who, if they were left alone with him, would grab everything but his socks.

He is happy to stir up these adolescent glands, of course, because every scrambling lass means money in the bank.

But when he is in a romantic mood, which means constantly, he prefers to be alone with a girl. Sal's dates fall into three classifications—the girls he takes to premières and other important public events, and they are almost always hand-picked starlets such as Sandra Dee or Susan Cabot; the girls who like music or books and are apt to be introduced to mom, and those he takes to night clubs or for a moonlight ride along the beach.

Sal has so many temporary sweethearts that he has to carry around two personal telephone directories—the red book for Hollywood numbers and the black book for girls in the New York area. "These books get switched," Mineo says with a grin, "or I leave the wrong one home. Then I have to call my mother to send me the right one. It slows things up."

Some months ago one of the fan magazines carried a cover story under Mineo's by-line—though he didn't write it and never saw the copy—with the title, PLEASE HELP ME FIND A WIFE. He was flooded with intimate letters from girls all over the country—each one eager and willing—and the five secretaries at Mamaroneck were kept busy sending out diplomatic but negative replies.

"I haven't yet met the girl," Mineo says bluntly. "Marriage would slow me down in my career, and not only that, it would slow me down in life. I want to travel and do a lot of things."

You can be sure he will. THE END

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My Father F. D. R. (Continued from Page 36)

happy. Once, prematurely, I practically pledged father in advance of election to repeal of Prohibition. Father's political generalissimo, Louis Howe, gave me the worst bawling out I ever have received in my life. Father, however, merely told me that he, too, had committed some classic boners—for example, the time at the "possum banquet" tendered him in Georgia at which he referred to his home state of New York, of which he then was governor, as "that great sink of iniquity!" The moral, pa told me, was to open the brain before opening the mouth.

The late Louis Howe probably was the most devoted and completely faithful aide father ever had; he also was the only one who had the nerve to get angry and rant and rail at father. I was in the open limousine that carried father to his hotel in Chicago before he was to deliver his acceptance speech to the nominating convention. Louis had strong objections to parts of father's proposed address and began arguing with him even as the car was rolling in from the airport. Father listened to him with one ear, argued back out of the side of his mouth—all the while smiling and waving at the wildly cheering crowds. Finally I heard him explode, "Dammit, Louie, *I'm* the nominee!"

On the campaign train I became the "centerpiece" for a little family act pa developed. He would come out on the rear platform on my arm and introduce mother and my sister Anna. Then he would cock his head upward at me—I was a couple of inches taller than father since polio had shrunk his legs—and say, "And this is my little boy, Jimmy!" He would pause for effect, then add, "I have more hair than he has!" The crowd's roar of laughter was my cue to grin as if I were hearing a virgin gem of repartee, but, to me, the joke got pretty thin—as thin, in fact, as my hair.

Another of my campaign chores was to appear on the rear platform at the midnight-to-six-A.M. whistle stops and try to explain to the faithful few who gathered even at those hours that father had to sleep some time. One morning in Seattle, after coming out at two A.M., I decided to stretch my legs on the platform. I was accosted by a tall, thin, determined female, who said, "You're that Roosevelt boy, ain't you?"

"Yes, ma'am!" I admitted, flashing her my best eager-beaver campaign smile and extending my hand.

"Young man," she said, ignoring my hand, "I came here to see your pa. Now you just go right in that train and fetch him out!"

I tried to explain how weary father was and how cruel it would be to awaken him. The more I talked, the madder she got, and finally she began hitting me on my head with her umbrella. I turned tail and ran. She was in hot pursuit, still whamming me with the umbrella, when father's bodyguard, Gus Gennerich, came down the platform and rescued me. Pa had the story from Gus before I even awoke that morning and thought it was the funniest thing he ever heard.

I came to Washington with father as an unofficial, unsalaried aide, and I lived and worked with him in the White House during those exciting first "Hundred Days" of closing banks, priming the pump, starting up industrial-recovery and farm-relief programs and launching scores of other emergency measures.

On Inauguration Day I was at his side, lending him an arm as he made his slow progress to the rostrum on the Capitol steps to take the oath. I had ridden on the jump seat of the limousine that carried the outgoing President Hoover and father to the Capitol. Mr. Hoover, a most unhappy man, sat in the car, grim as death, and for once father, an acknowledged master of the art of small talk, was unable to keep a colloquy going.

One of father's first orders when he moved into the White House was symbolic of the New Deal's humanity. He circulated word to his staff that, if distressed persons telephoned to appeal for help, they were not to be shut off, but that someone was to talk with them. If, for example, a farmer out in Iowa was about to have his mortgage foreclosed and felt desperate enough about it to telephone the White House, father wanted help given him if a way possibly could be found; he was keenly cognizant of the suffering he had seen on his campaign trips. Many such calls were taken—sometimes by me, when I was in the White House, and occasionally by mother. Often ways were found to cut red tape with some Federal agency. After father's

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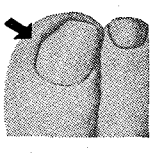

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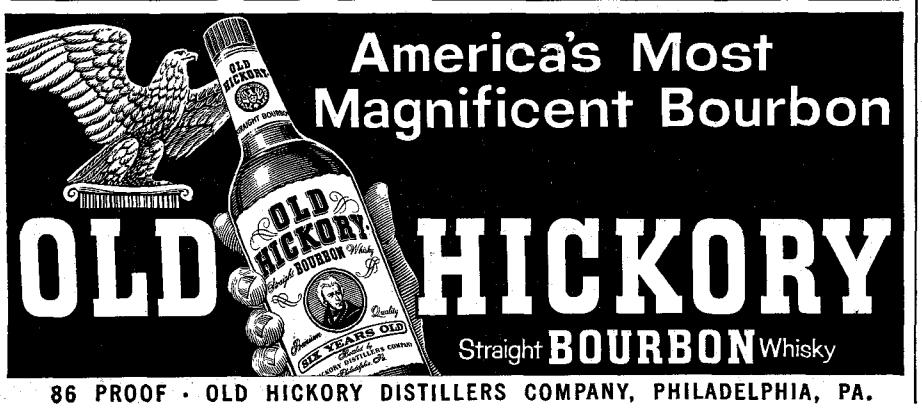

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death mother received letters from strangers who told her how in the dark depression days they telephoned the White House and received aid.

As the Roosevelts settled into the White House, life in that historic mansion certainly took on an informal flavor. The living quarters gradually acquired the look of any Roosevelt residence from Hyde Park to Campobello. Family pictures, snapshots of the kids and grandchildren (and their pets) at various ages, pa's inevitable naval prints, ship models, assorted bric-a-brac and all sorts of odd gadgets which people had given him, were strewn about the place.

Pa's office was even worse. One hardly could see his desk top for the gadgets he piled on it—figures of donkeys galore, a sad elephant or two, porcelain pigs, and mechanical toys, such as flags that waved in an artificially created breeze. My little daughters, Sara and Kate, and the other grandchildren, who all called him "papa," would drool over papa's toy collection.

Living in the White House required certain adjustments. For instance, mother, Anna, Elliott, Franklin Jr. and I sometimes try to explain the fact that our maverick youngest brother, John, has turned Republican, by saying he must have been traumatized by his experience at the White House the morning after pa was inaugurated. Sometime after midnight, Johnny, not quite seventeen, drove up to the gates in a disreputable roadster, and the guards wouldn't let him in. "I'm John Roosevelt!" he protested. "Go on!" they told him. "No son of the President would be driving such a junk heap!" So poor Johnny spent the rest of the night in a hotel lobby.

Shortly after that Johnny complained to mother with great indignation that he had come in hungry, tried to raid the icebox and found it locked. "What kind of a joint is this?" he demanded. "You not only can't get past the gates, you can't even get into the icebox!"

Soon after his inauguration father had a rather startling personal experience that drove home to him how nothing about the private life—or even the afterlife—of a President could be considered sacred. At the time he first told me about it, he did not think it amusing, though later he came to regard it wryly as rather funny.

An appointment with the President had been requested by the Rt. Rev. James E. Freeman, Episcopal bishop of Washington. Though hard pressed for time, father, a lifelong lay leader of the church, did not want to refuse the bishop. (Former Labor Secretary Perkins relates that this incident took place outside the National Cathedral, but this is how I remember father telling the story.)

The bishop had been with father only a short time when Marvin McIntyre, the Presidential appointment secretary, got the buzzer that signified father wanted the appointment interrupted. As soon as the distinguished churchman had been shown out, father summoned Mac again and, almost spluttering with indignation, told him the bishop had wanted father to help the "prestige" of the National Cathedral, still in process of building and in need of donations, by agreeing, if he died in office, to be buried there. "If that man ever asks to see me again, don't let him in!" father exclaimed. "He's a body snatcher!"

When weary in mind and body, father always could restore himself by taking a cruise. He infinitely preferred sailing ships, but would settle for a steam yacht or naval cruiser. I sailed with him several times on the *Nourmahal*, the palatial yacht—a veritable miniature ocean liner—owned by his Hudson River neighbor and distant kinsman, the late multimillionaire, Vincent Astor. There was a regular "*Nourmahal* gang"—mostly New York bluebloods, conservatives and Republicans—who sailed with father. To me it was the most incongruous thing in the world that the F.D.R. who had just been elected as the champion of the "forgotten man" could relax and enjoy himself so thoroughly in such unlikely company. Recently I rashly suggested to mother, who always was less tolerant than father of "frivolous" society, that perhaps he sailed on the *Nourmahal* as a means of learning what the "other side" was thinking. Mother promptly squelched me by observing that he did not have to go off on the *Nourmahal* for that—"he could get that every day of his life from Ma*ma!*"

On one of his *Nourmahal* cruises pa pulled one of his famous pranks at the expense of his shipmates. Each day a daily summary of the news, as it came in over the wireless, was published in a mimeographed bulletin. One day father decided that the real news was just too dull and undertook to juice it up a bit. In his own handwriting he dashed off a series of fake dispatches. One reported that the New York State Supreme Court had just reversed all decisions handed down by the late Justice Frederic Kernochan, who then was sailing with the "*Nourmahal* gang," and that the state bar association was demanding a probe of this "discredited jurist." Another told how the United States Supreme Court had invalidated all "quickie" divorces granted in Western states, thus casting doubt on the legality of remarriages made in the wake of such decrees. The latter item was a real blockbuster, for it would place several members of the "gang" in the position of being bigamists or living "in sin."

The *Nourmahal's* "newspaper" came out with father's alarming inventions duly recorded. After all hands had suffered sufficiently, pa and Vincent Astor finally broke the news that it was all in fun. Just before he died early this year, Astor told the authors regretfully that, after he had saved the originals of pa's handwritten dispatches for years, someone finally had swiped them from a desk on board the yacht. He did not even have copies of the bulletin in which they were reproduced.

I was with father in 1936 when he went to Franklin Field in Philadelphia to deliver his renomination acceptance speech. That was the time he had the almost disastrous near fall—the only such incident in his public life. He was holding my arm, ready to walk to the platform, when he spotted the white-bearded poet Edwin Markham. He reached out to shake his hand, and at that moment his left brace became unlocked. The sudden lurch almost threw me over, but the alert Gus Gennerich and Mike Reilly, of the Secret Service detail, moved in swiftly and the three of us managed to keep him from falling. Father snapped instructions for us to lock his brace, straighten his disarrayed clothing and pick up the pages of his speech, which had tumbled to the ground. Then, to my amazement, he completed the handshake with the now-aghast poet, walked onto the platform and delivered his speech as if nothing had happened.

Late that November after his smashing second-term victory over Governor Landon, father sailed aboard the cruiser *Indianapolis* to Argentina to attend the Pan-American Peace Conference at which the Good Neighbor policy was further advanced. He wanted me to go along as his aide, so he "drafted" me from my Boston insurance business and, to give me appropriate rank, commissioned me as a lieutenant colonel in the Marine Corps. Frankly I felt like an impostor in that starched white uniform with the silver leaves on the shoulders. It didn't help any when along the route pa received a letter

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from mother, inquiring in that disingenuous way of hers: "Is . . . [James] a 2nd Lieut. or a Lieut. Col.?" Father kidded me for days about that one.

Going down we stopped at Rio de Janeiro for a state dinner, and the Palacio Carlos Guinle—private residence of one of Brazil's richest men—was turned over to father. He was enormously intrigued by the parlor-sized bathroom, carpeted with what appeared to be white bearskin rugs. When he saw the huge, partially sunken bathtub, pa exclaimed, "Say, I'm going to take a bath in that thing! Run the water for me."

Dutifully I went in to turn on the water, but could find no fixtures. I reported this to father and he decided he'd just have to do without the bath. Then, acting on impulse, he told me, "Why don't you just get in it, even without water, and tell me how it feels?"

It didn't make much sense to me, but pa was giving the orders, so in I got. The moment I sat down, water began to bubble up from the bottom—delightfully warm. Luckily I was in my shorts. "Pa!" I yelled. "It goes on when you sit in it!"

"Well, keep sitting—then come get me and I'll take a bath!" he yelled back from the bedroom.

As the water rose past the halfway mark, I became momentarily panicky when I wondered how I would turn it off. Then I realized that whatever mysterious force made it turn on when the tub was occupied would turn off the water automatically when the tub was full or vacated. Pa had a grand bath. After that he always talked about obtaining a similar tub for the White House, but never did anything about it.

On the day he addressed the Peace Conference in Buenos Aires, father learned he was not the only President whose sons sometimes caused him embarrassment. While father was talking, a wild-looking young man in the front row jumped up and shouted, "Down with imperialism!" Father was startled, but went right on speaking as two army officers hustled the heckler out of the hall. Later father learned that the demonstrator was the son of the then President Agustin P. Justo of Argentina.

En route home we stopped for an official visit in Montevideo, and father noticed that the Uruguayan President, Gabriel Terra, seemed uncommonly nervous. Father inquired diplomatically if anything was amiss, and was told that this was the first time the president had been out in public since the President of Chile had visited Montevideo some months ago; they rode together in a parade—just as he and father were about to do—and a gunman had wounded President Terra.

Father, who should have been concerned, just chuckled and, through an interpreter, made what I thought was a pretty poor joke. "I'll tell you what we'll do," he told the Uruguayan President. "We'll put my boy, Jimmy, in the little seat directly in front of you. He's nice and tall and if anyone takes a shot at you the bullet probably will hit him!" All during that parade, in my gleaming white uniform, I felt exactly like a clay pigeon!

As we neared Trinidad, where we were to be received by the British governor-general, our wireless was crackling with news of the crisis over whether King Edward VIII—now the Duke of Windsor—would renounce his throne for the American-born Wallis Warfield Simpson. Father even dashed off a note to mother: "Do I or do I not propose the health of the King? Awful dilemma. . . ."

Meanwhile father, an incorrigible promoter of betting pools, had tapped each of us in his party for one dollar on an Edward-Wallis sweepstakes. We wrote our guesses on paper slips, and the one who came closest to predicting what His Majesty would do would win the pot. Lt. Col. Watson (later Maj. Gen.), father's military aide, was to lock the slips in a safe until the king's decision became known.

Father was unusually gleeful—but secretive—as he wrote out his prediction. He gave no one the slightest hint as to what he wrote.

Next day, after King Edward announced he would abdicate to marry "the woman I love," Pa Watson opened the safe. All the slips were there except father's.

Never have I seen father so disturbed—and he wasn't putting on an act. "Listen!" he told Pa Watson. "You've *got* to find that slip and destroy it! If what I have written ever gets out it may mean war!"

Pa Watson searched high and low, but father's slip never was found. I begged father repeatedly to tell me what he had written, but he flatly refused. I suspect it was something quite ribald.

The missing slip never has turned up. My hunch is that the late Pa Watson—though he never would admit it to me—took a peek at father's prediction, realized its potential danger and destroyed it. In any event, if the slip was anywhere on board the *Indianapolis*, it presumably went down with the ship when the Japanese torpedoed her in 1945; so the mystery of the President's provocative prediction must remain unsolved for all time.

Since Louis Howe's death in 1936 there had been a serious gap on father's staff which no one ever would quite fill. After his re-election, at father's request I again took leave from active participation in my insurance business to come to Washington as an administrative assistant to the President. Later I became one of his secretaries and co-ordinator of activities of the Little Cabinet—the second level of the President's official family. I was supposed to function with a "passion for anonymity" as did the other assistants, but this proved impossible. The press kept playing me up as the "crown prince"—particularly after father sent me out to make speeches for him on various important issues, including the Supreme Court reform proposal—and I was boomed as a possible candidate, though I never ran, for lieutenant governor of Massachusetts.

It was typical of father that he overrode strong objections from mother and from his favorite uncle, Frederic Delano, as well as from other advisers, in appointing me to his staff. Mother and Uncle Fred argued that the appointment would expose both of us to unfair political criticism. Father told Uncle Fred that he needed someone he could "trust" to act as his "legs," and to mother he replied, "Why should I be deprived of my eldest son's help and of the pleasure of having him with me just because I am President?" Their fears, however, were partially borne out, as the anti-New Deal press seized on almost anything I did—even my pre-White House efforts to earn a living through selling insurance—as an excuse to attack father.

From the very beginning father counseled me to be supermeticulous about my business activities. In 1931, when I formed my first connection with the late Victor de Gerard, father, then governor, wrote me: "When I see you, I will tell you . . . some of the reasons for the great willingness of some people to be awfully nice to you. . . . I wish you would impress upon Mr. de Girard [*sic*] politely but firmly that he must not use your name in seeking business." He also urged me to have nothing to do with any form of city, state or governmental insurance business.

Working for father was far more educational than Groton and Harvard. He taught me by example—and occasionally by direct advice contained in his delightful memos. On the art of speechmaking I followed his yardstick that the language be clear and simple enough "to go over with Moses Smith"—the colorful character who ran father's Hyde Park farm. I learned from him how to fend off importunate job hunters and favor seekers gracefully, and how to write a letter that said "no" without irretrievably alienating the recipient. Once he wrote me that "two short sentences will generally answer any known letter." While pa himself frequently violated this rule, as he loved to write lengthy letters on subjects that intrigued him, a choice example of his two-sentence answering technique is his comment scribbled on the bottom of mother's memo to his secretary, Marguerite A. (Missy) LeHand.

Mother wrote: "This bill is for Franklin Junior's treatment for piles. He went eleven times, but apparently it does not depend upon how many times you go, it depends entirely on the cure. I know F.D.R. will have a fit!"

Father wrote: "Pay it. Have had the fit. FDR."

Sometimes he even streamlined his two-sentence formula—for instance, on a sizzling letter which I forwarded him from New York's fiery Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia, assailing "cheap gutter politics" and "political cooties" in the Post Office Department, father merely noted: "Ho-hum!"

Father was remarkably tolerant of efforts by every one of us, from mother down through Johnny, to "advise" him occasionally on public issues, job applicants or politics. He listened to us, but, except when he elicited our opinions—as he frequently did with mother and occasionally did with me when I was his assistant—I doubt that we influenced him much. One typical telegram from mother during the Spanish Civil War, sent to him

... ...

Ana Making Cheese Straws

By Harriet Gray Blackwell

She creams the butter with
her hands
Disdaining use of fork or
spoon,
The grated cheese and
yellow bowl
Are sunny as the afternoon.

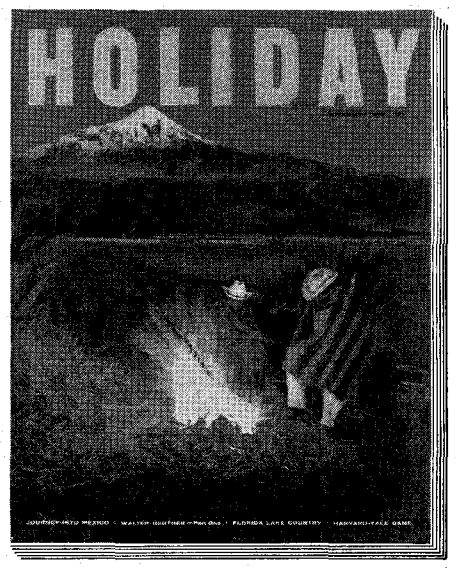
Like a caress she cups up
flour
As soft as silk, as white as
snow,
She sprinkles in cayenne and
salt
And rolls and cuts the
kneaded dough.

She fills the cooky sheet
and bakes
The tempting titbits golden
brown,
And now who cares that
weight goes up
Because cheese straws go
down?

... ...

HOLIDAY'S NOVEMBER HARVEST

a bumper crop of fine writing and colorful pictures



The Best of Florida

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"Why you come Mexico?"

Wright Morris searched Mexico for the answer to the border guard's question. He found his answer in the spellbinding scenery and the gracious people. John Lewis Stage's photographs complete this breathtaking picture of life South of the border.

Harvard vs. Yale

Why would 50,000 heavily furred creatures sit in the biting cold to watch two low-power college football teams? You'll find out why normally sane, staid people turn out to cheer Harvard and Yale—a football game still played just for fun.

How Walter Reuther got that way

William Manchester probes the personality of Walter Reuther to see what makes the dynamic head of the auto workers tick.

Also in this issue

Nancy Wilson Ross takes you to the Pacific Northwest *In Search of Tacoma*, you go down South to discover what became of *The Southern Belle*, savor the wonders of *Scotch Food*, meet TV's brilliant, caustic *Alexander King*, take a diverting trip with Lawrence Durrell *Across Secret Provence*, visit another of *The World's Most Fashionable Women*, and examine *Holiday's Handbook of Twentieth-Century Antiques*.

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in Warm Springs from Seattle, where she was visiting Anna and her family, read:

JUST RECEIVED WIRE SIGNED EINSTEIN, DOROTHY THOMPSON, ETC., ABOUT IMPORTANT LEADERS TRAPPED IN MADRID. ARE YOU OR STATE DEPARTMENT DOING ANYTHING?. . . .

Father's answer, an example of adroit fielding, was:

STATE DEPARTMENT DOING EVERYTHING POSSIBLE IN SPAIN. HAD SUCCESSFUL DEDICATION OF MEDICAL AND EDUCATION BUILDINGS. LOVELY WEATHER. MUCH LOVE TO ALL SIX OF YOU. F.D.R.

Even granny bombarded him with urgent, underlined messages that he do something about so-and-so. When she went abroad, she naturally was received by heads of government—the late Queen Mary was one of her good friends—and other prominent persons. She loved to send father what he and I called her "Assistant Secretary of State bulletins," and they were not always to his taste. For example, she wrote from Italy, where "the *Duce* sent *me* a grand bunch of flowers," that "all seems very flourishing and peaceful and the devotion to the Head of the Government is general, in all classes." And, from a Spanish-born countess, she relayed news that "there is great hope that the rebels under Franco will win, as they are the only hope for poor Spain. . . ." Sometimes father was irked, but usually he would read me an excerpt from one of these letters and say, "Well, M*ama* is having a grand time!"

As an example of father's scrupulousness about not tolerating family interference in governmental business, he once batted my ears down thoroughly in a kindly but unequivocal manner. After I left the White House I undertook, in the best of faith, to put in a good word for a Hollywood friend of mine who I felt was being unfairly persecuted—and I use the word advisedly—by the Treasury Department on an income-tax matter. Advising me that he was "a good deal upset" by my intervention, father wrote me:

Such theoretical "helpful" words generally make the Department suspicious and cause them, rightly, to lean over backwards because, stripped down to the naked reality, this is an effort to get "political influence." When any member of the President's family . . . communicates in any way with the Treasury Department or the Department of Justice in an income tax case, it is a simple fact that people charge attempted political influence.

Therefore, I think you should realize two things:

1. That any action on your part will, rightly or wrongly, be charged to attempted political influence, putting you and the Government in a difficult position.

2. . . . The tendency on the part of the Government is to lean over backwards and give him [the taxpayer] the third degree—just because somebody close to the Administration has spoken a word in his behalf. It is right that this should be so. . . .

Washington being what it is . . . every time you telephone or write or interview any Government official in behalf of a friend or client, the papers or the Congress will get hold of it and play it up for its political effect. That the telegram or letter may have been entirely innocent makes absolutely no difference. It is not your fault that you happen to be the son of the President, but it is the fact and it cannot be altered. . . .

The White House work load was heavy, but pa's irrepressible sense of humor kept life lots of fun for all of us. I was a party to one of his classic practical jokes in which Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau Jr. was the goat.

Father genuinely liked Henry, but was amused by some of his crotchets—particularly his periodic "resignations" when his feelings were hurt. I've forgotten how many times I or some other emissary would be sent to mollify Henry after father had provoked him into "resigning." Sometimes pa himself would pour on the soothing syrup.

One night pa's "inner circle," the "Cuff Links Club," composed of veterans of the 1920 vice-presidential campaign and a few more recent cronies, was having its traditional poker game in father's office on the night Congress was due to adjourn. The custom was for the group to play until father received a personal telephone call from the Speaker of the House—then Representative Bankhead of Alabama—that all business had been transacted and, unless the President had some special matter, the session would come to an end.

"Let's get this show on the road."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

That night Morgenthau was far ahead. He obviously was eager to cash in his chips, but could not do so in good faith until Congress—and the poker game—had been declared adjourned.

Pa determined that Henry was not going to walk out with all the money. He instructed me privately to telephone Speaker Bankhead and warn him that if he heard a lot of double talk when he made his call, not to think that the President had gone out of his mind.

The call came around nine P.M. and Morgenthau still was ahead. Father's end of the conversation went something like this: "Why, Mr. Speaker—you mean you have to stay in session *at least* another hour? . . . Well, all right, I'll be right here."

Then he turned back to the table and said imperturbably, "Deal the cards."

By the time father finally "adjourned" Congress by means of a fake telephone call I had arranged with one of the White House ushers, we had cleaned Henry of all his winnings.

Next morning when he read in the papers that Congress had adjourned per schedule at nine P.M., he realized he had been "had." Over to the White House came his "resignation." He was talked out of it, of course, but for a long time he kept muttering about what a really reprehensible trick this was that pa had played on him.

How keenly I felt my responsibilities to father was indicated in a letter I sent him on Christmas Day, 1937.

Dearest Pa, Only you can know what it's meant to me to be able to try to help you out in the grandest job of getting things done and fighting for things that really count. . . . It's an experience and confidence few sons have ever been privileged to have. . . . I often fear so greatly . . . doing something big or small which will bring some hurt to you, and I pray so hard that somehow it may never happen. . . .

I was not able, however, to adhere to my desire to remain near father and to do nothing to cause him hurt. By the middle of the following year my marriage to Betsey Cushing was drifting on the rocks, and I became critically ill with a serious ulcer condition that required major surgery. While I was in the hospital at Rochester, Minnesota, being built up for the operation, I had plenty of time for introspective thinking. I knew how silently wounded father had been by the two divorces—Anna's and Elliott's—that had occurred since he entered the White House, and I wanted to try to hold my marriage together. As I wrote father:

The hospital has been a grand place to get many things straight in my own mind. And one thing I want *you* to feel sure about. Whatever personal troubles I have are on ice as long as they even might be used to attack you. I believe so much with all my heart in what you stand for . . . so don't let any worry on that score linger. . . ."

When I was operated on in September, father came to Rochester to see me before I went under the knife and remained there several days until I was out of danger. He was in my room, squeezing my hand, soon after I came out of the anesthetic, and suggesting jokingly that if the doctors "knew us Roosevelts" they would be giving me baking soda instead of carbon dioxide for my postoperative hiccoughs.

After I had undergone a long convalescence, the doctors told me it would be quite some time before I recovered my full strength. I did not think it fair to father to give him anything less than all-out effort at the White House. Also, I was disturbed because I had come to realize it was going to be impossible to preserve my marriage.

While I was resting on a California ranch, father, for the only time in my adult life, made an indirect attempt to influence me in a major personal decision. He was deeply attached to my first wife—more so, in fact, than mother was—and he did not want to see us divorced. Instead of talking with me directly or writing me about it, he sent out his closest White House lieutenant, Harry Hopkins, as his emissary to attempt to dissuade me.

Harry Hopkins was embarrassed and uncomfortable about what he had been asked to do. Though I was devoted to Harry, I made it plain that I resented his intrusion into what I considered my private affair. I was hurt that father had sent him instead of taking it up with me himself. In retrospect, however, I came to realize that father felt he could not broach it to me, for all his life he had told us that he would advise us, if asked, but that our personal decisions were our own to make.

If I had any pique, I swallowed it and, shortly after Hopkins' visit in October, 1938, I wrote father about my future plans. Addressing him "Dear Mr. Bean"—a sentimental nickname I sometimes used in my Harvard days—I said I would have to absent myself from the White House until I recovered, but that I hoped to come back. I also stated that my wife and I would be together that winter.

To be with you, work with you and see the way you make things work is a privilege and a joy I've always felt and always will feel is a dream come true. To give it up is like a blow in the teeth, but I know it's right and fair, and after all it is the job for our Country that counts. So, Mr. Bean, I enclose my resignation with a busted heart but a world of love, admiration and respect for my old man first and for Mr. President next. . . .

The following month it had become obvious that I could not return to the White House any time soon, and, full of emotion, I wrote father again, as follows:

Dear Mr. President: Simply for the record, for you already know how difficult this is for me to do, I submit to you my resignation. . . . To you as my Father the blow of not being able to give you the fullest physical strength which the proper administration of my position demands is hard to take. I can only hope that you will always have comfort in what is in my heart. In the ever-increasing stress of the days to come, to you as the President of my Country in whose plans and efforts I have such a full faith, goes my never swerving loyalty.

All my love and affection to you from your son.

JAMES ROOSEVELT

November 3d, 1938.

Father's handwritten, very warm reply to me—redemonstrating and reaffirming the loyalty he always had shown every one of his children—was a wonderful document. It has been lost or misplaced somewhere—I hope someday I can find it—but I remember how he wrote me that I had his full confidence and love and that he intended to have me back with him soon. As I will relate in next week's concluding chapter, he kept his promise—the coming of the war years brought us together again.

Next week James describes the terrible burden that World War II placed on his father.

—THE EDITORS

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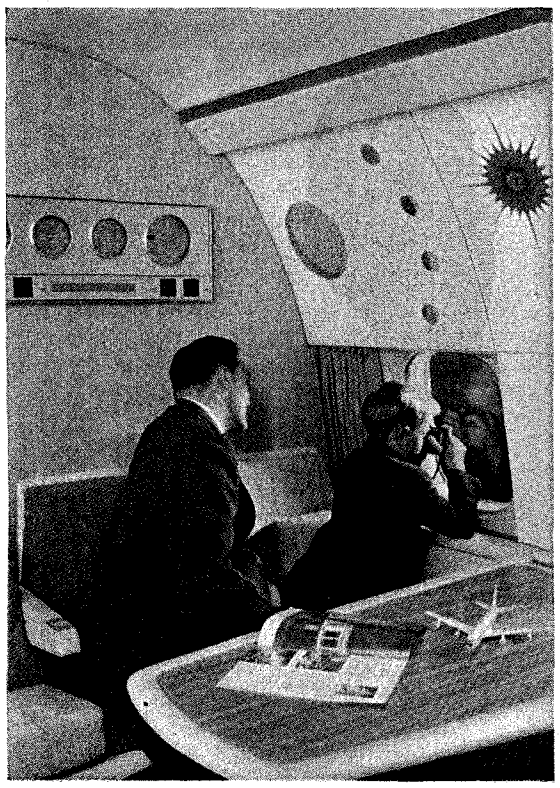

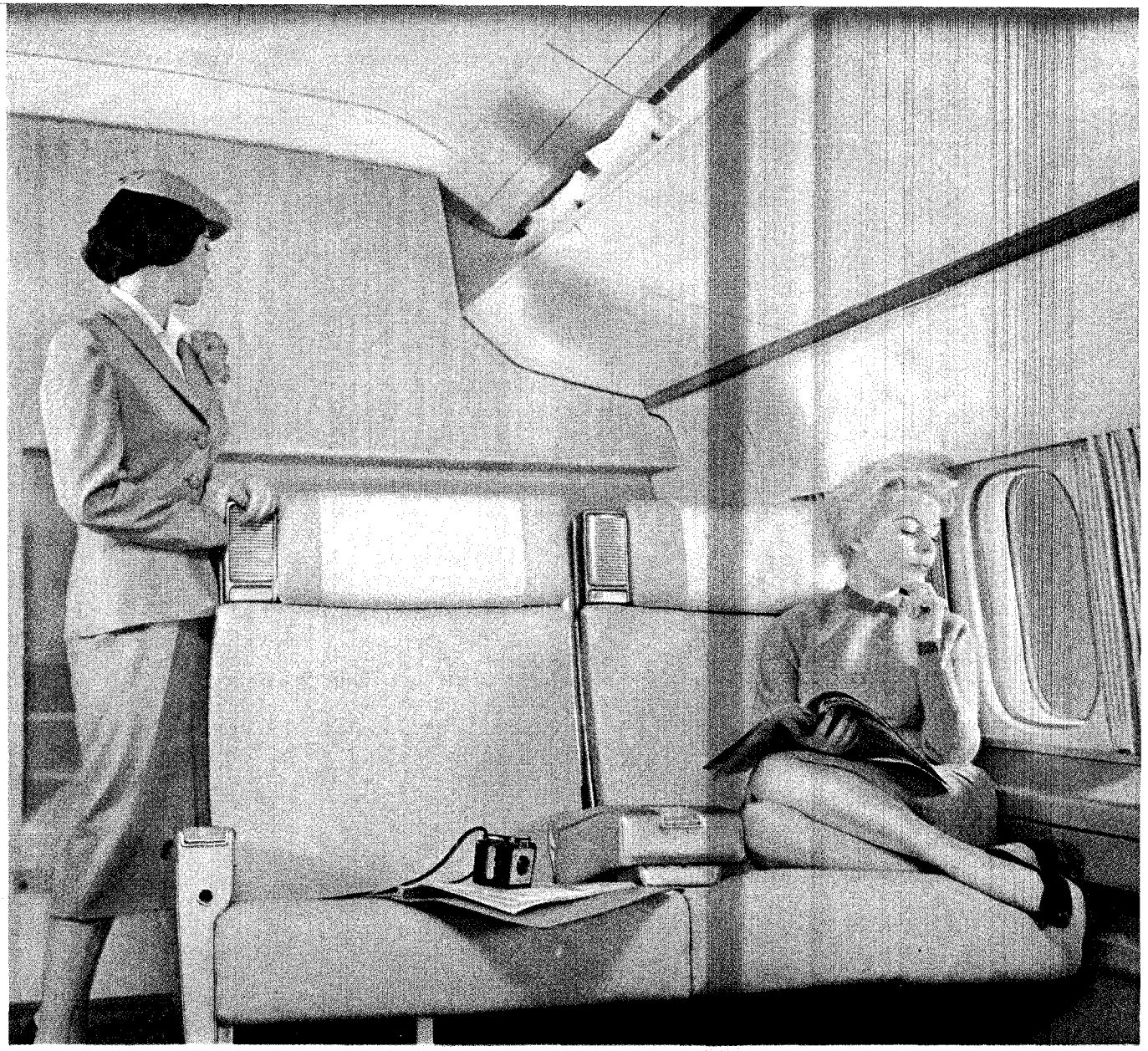

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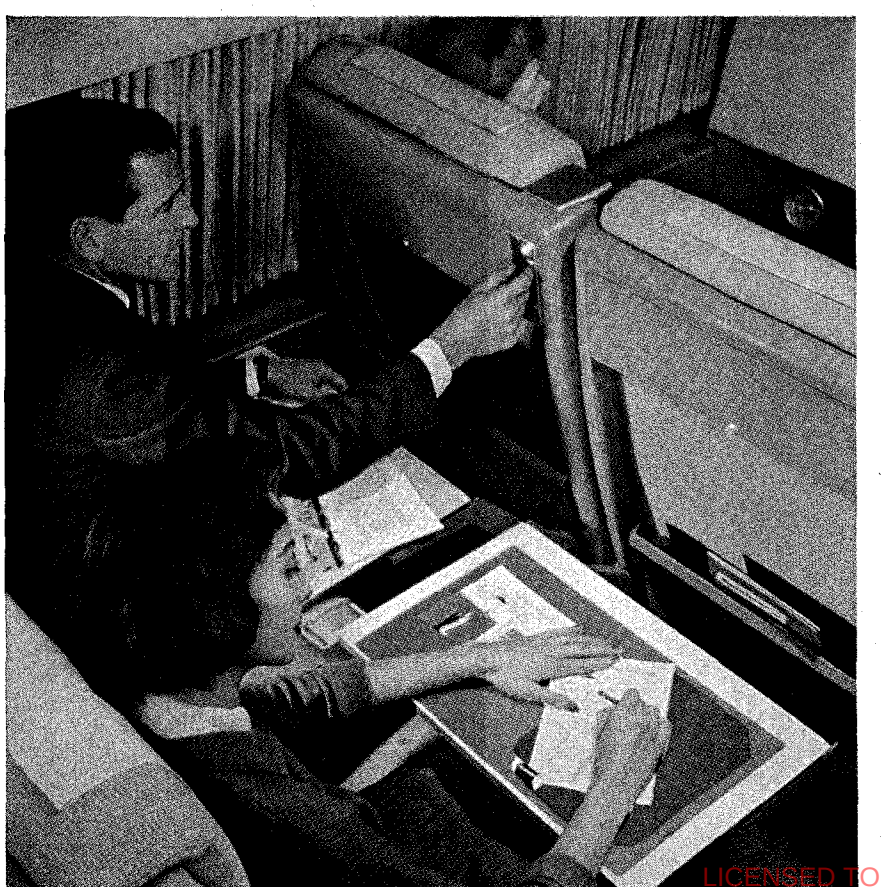

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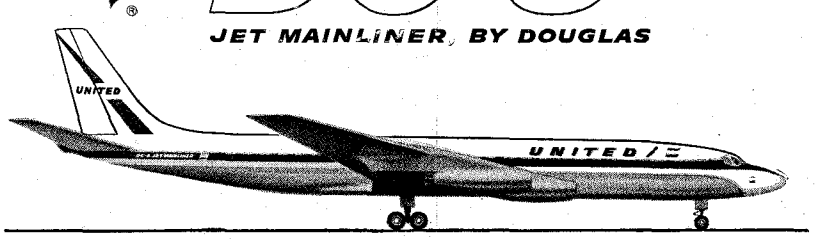

THE BEST OF THE JETS...PLUS UNITED'S EXTRA CARE

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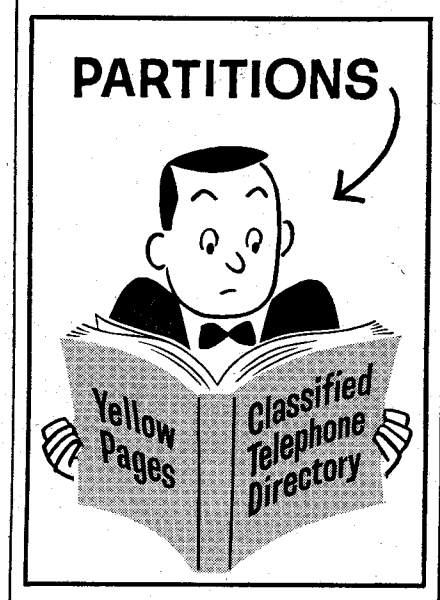

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Keeping Posted

Sergeant Peter and Sergeant Edith

Associate editor **Peter Wyden** presides over a new *Post* editorial office opened in Chicago to stimulate reportorial coverage of Midwestern people and their affairs, and a natural product of the office is Wyden's study of Gov. George Docking of Kansas on page 38. Besides busying himself at his own writing, Wyden is seeking out new article writers who have ideas and talent.

There are some pretty unusual biographical statistics about Peter and his wife Edith. He was born in Germany, came to the United States at fourteen and was educated in New York's City College; she was born in Germany, educated in England and then came to New York. They met early during World War II and, says Peter, "We were married after a whirlwind courtship of four years." Peter joined the Army's psychological-warfare branch and went to Europe, whereupon Edith joined the WAC and went to Europe. They were stationed several times in the same towns. Both were sergeants. All of which seems to mean that they were destined to become Mr. and Mrs. After the war Peter's writing profession took him to the Wichita, Kansas, *Eagle*, then to the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and finally to *Newsweek* magazine, where he was a Washington correspondent until he came to *The Post* early this year. Mrs. Wyden's vocation has included two subteen sons, Ronald and Jeffrey. Their dad is a man without a hobby.

The Wydens: Peter, Edith, Ronald, Jeffrey.

Ghost Story

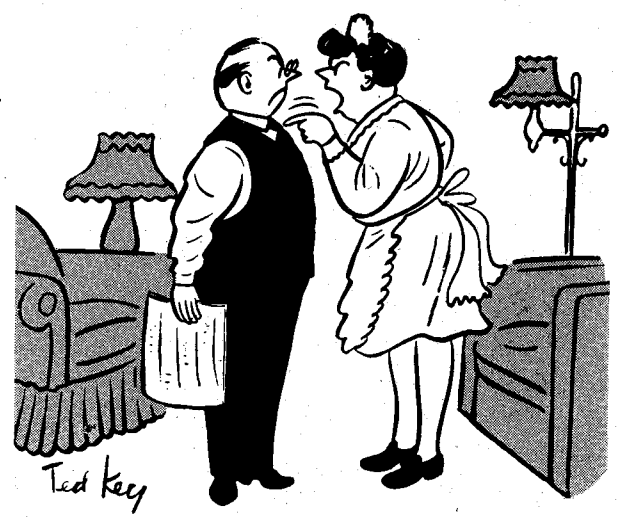
Paul Gallico, student of the preternatural.

"The stuff of which ghosts are made appears to be infinite," says **Paul Gallico,** who spent three years studying apparitions before tackling the ghostly serial which opens on page 22 and which Doubleday is currently publishing as a book. He cites the example of a British soldier of World War II who one morning at four o'clock was cycling back to camp over the moors after visiting a girl friend. Climbing out of a valley, the lad stopped to rest on a hilltop and suddenly he was astounded to hear men singing chants in Latin. Since this was an uninhabited region, the boy decided that unseen spirits were chiding him for keeping his girl up so late, and he went away from there fast.

Next night the soldier—an inquisitive chap—returned to the spot at the same hour without visiting his girl, and darned if the Latin ghost wasn't still on duty, chanting. Then he discovered that the singing could be heard only in one spot; if he moved away, silence. Eventually, through inquiry, he learned that some miles away was a monastery where monks always chanted at four A.M. and that, by an acoustical freak, the sound, funneling up the valley, was audible only on the hilltop. Gallico signs off, "End of ghost and ghost story."

The Girl You Love

Sixteen years ago the mighty maidservant in that illustration—Hazel, of course—volunteered as a wartime duty to do maiding for a family named Baxter, who live two pages ahead of this one. She has been bossing the daylights out of the Baxters ever since, doing this so hilariously that multitudes of people wish for cartoonist **Ted Key** a long life, say around 150 years. Even now, the Baxters' delightful tormentor has been around longer than any other *Post* cartoon series, of which there have been some mighty persistent ones. The occasion for these remarks is the publication by Dutton of a book titled *The Hazel Jubilee*, a collection definable as the sixteen-year quintessence of Hazeliana, with a charming introduction by *Post* humor editor Marione R. Nickles. The dictionary defines "jubilee" as an occasion of general joy.



"You're not talking to your wife now, chum!"

Leisurely Writer

When **P. B. Hughes** was fifteen—he's now fifty-three—he took a sea voyage as deck boy on a cargo ship; and he confesses that it took him a quarter of a century to evolve this experience into his first published short story—which was barely 300 words long. Since then he has stepped up his writing speed a bit, having scored with a number of stories, including his first *Post* contribution on page 30. You wouldn't be likely to deduce from his current tale that this Montreal-born author is an assistant professor of engineering at the University of Toronto.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Why Does Europe Have Less Delinquency?"

A significant firsthand report by an American authority on juvenile problems.

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